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The important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68". All notes except the
Connecticut ones are checked. I copied all except
those checked in red ink. The Connecticut notes are
abstracts in pencil from the Journal.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster
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William Brewster
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1893

Jan. 10. Clear, the morning up to ten o'clock perfectly calm and the air although frosty, having that peculiar ^{pure} and balmy quality seldom noted in winter except just after a snow storm. The storm came last night about six inches of damp snow falling, loading the branches of the evergreens and clinging to every twig of the deciduous trees. How it redeems and etherializes the most commonplace surroundings. When I started for a walk at a little after eight o'clock I stepped out into fairyland. Hubbard Park with its snow-laden spruces attracted me first. I saw a Brown Creeper and a flock of six Chickadees there but no Grosbeaks. Passing through Lowell Street I next crossed the Hospital grounds and the strip of salt marsh beyond and came out on the old Coolidge lane. It has changed surprisingly little since I was a boy and haunted it so much. The ancient, moss grown pear trees next the marsh are gone but the wild apple and rum cherry trees (one of the latter a foot through at the base) remain and the delapidated old picket fence seems the same, while the thicket of barberry and privet clustered about a shaggy wild apple on the slope to the W. are precisely as I remember them of yore. This thicket, when I first sighted it this morning, was simply black with Crows feasting on the abundant privet berries. When they saw me and flew others joined them from the fields beyond where there were some steaming manure heaps and full fifty of the big big black birds whirled and circled over the

Wm Brewster
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1893

Jan. 10. Clear, the morning up to ten o'clock perfectly calm and the air
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after eight o'clock I stepped out into fairyland. Whistling
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Creeper and a flock of six Chickadees there but no Grosbeaks.
Passing through Lowell Street I next crossed the Hospital
Grounds and the strip of salt marsh beyond and came out on the
old Coolidge farm. It has changed amazingly little since I
was a boy and hunted it so much. The ancient, moss grown pear
trees next the marsh are gone but the wild apple and the cherry
trees (one of the latter a foot through at the base) remain and
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1893

Jan. 10. crest of the hill for a moment, a fine sight. During the con-
No 2. fusion four Meadow larks rose from somewhere near the manure
heaps and flew off towards the Winchester place. Soon after-
wards I heard a White-bellied Nuthatch in the belt of large
trees near the Coolidge piggery.

On reaching the old causeway I paused and listened to the
tinkling and rustling of ice in the salt creek below where the
tide was falling, the sound carrying me back thirty years or
more to a winter morning when I heard it for the first time in
this very spot. In the pool just above the road French and I
used to catch Sticklebacks in those old days. Spelman tried
for them there last year but could find none. It is singular
that they have disappeared for the brook has changed but little

A mink had crossed this causeway after the snow had ceased
falling, probably early this morning ^{coming} from the direction of
Charles River. Above the causeway he had followed the brook
closely for perhaps two hundred yards then struck across ^{the open meadows to} the
cemetery forcing his way with apparent ease through the fresh,
light snow leaving a continuous furrow about three inches wide
by as many deep with the foot prints clearly marked in the
bottom. These showed that many of his leaps had covered a dis-
tance of fifteen inches or more. In places he had tunnelled

1893

Jan. 10. under the snow for a distance of a rod or two at a time the entrance and egress holes, as well as the tunnels, being surprisingly round and firm in outline. His course across the meadow was straight in the main but in one place he had made a great loop, tunnelling here persistently, probably in search of mice. A man (one of the employees of the cemetery) whom I met said that the track led nearly straight to the Winchester place and ended there at a pile of logs under which the animal had evidently sought shelter for the day. According to this man no less than nine Minks had^{ve} been killed in the cemetery during the last few years. Of these six, an old female and her five young were slaughtered at one time two years ago. He also told me that wild Rabbits lingered in small numbers on the Winchester place up to within two years, but that none exist there now.

Perhaps the least changed of all the^{the} familiar scenes was the round hill which formed the limit of my walk. It has the same belt of noble black oaks on the meadow side with a shaggy old gray birch rising in twin stems which lean out towards the marsh. Under the oaks are a few wild apple, rum cherry, and privet trees, while on the open summit scraggy old cedars stand sprinkled about. Around the western base winds the rough cart-path with time scarred buttonwoods, neglected wild apple trees and abundant privet overrun with green briars forming a belt along the edge of the meadow precisely as when I first saw the

1893

Jan. 10. place. How the Blue Jays used to congregate in these thickets
No. 4. of a winter morning, screaming and flashing across the openings
as F. and I advanced, presuming much on our lack of skill with
the gun not always wisely for I remember one bird that paid the
penalty for his rashness and how we found him, lying back up,
the beautiful wings and tail wide spread, the snow under his
bill stained crimson with blood.

Most of the Crows just mentioned flew off over the marshes
at the first alarm but a few scattered among the trees and evad-
ed me by short flights. They were surprisingly tame and twice
I got within less than thirty yards of one, once walking direct-
ly under the bird as he sat perched on a dead branch. One or
more of them repeated, at frequent intervals, a rolling cry
almost exactly like that of the Tree Toad. Indeed had it been
summer I should not have doubted that the sound was made by a
Tree Toad although it was a little louder and stronger.

In the oaks on the edge of the meadow I found a Brown Creep-
er with no other birds near. After following the under side of
a large branch for some distance he scrambled around to the
upper side and ate several large mouthfuls of snow from a quan-
tity that had lodged there. On my return I followed the old
lane out to Mt. Auburn Street. There were a good many Pine
Grosbeaks scattered along the line of ash trees on the ridge to

Jan. 10. my left and as I approached Mt. Auburn Street their numbers increased until upon reaching Mr. Hayes's place I found the trees literally alive with them. Soon after I stopped to look at them they began flying from every direction into a large white ash which stands near the foot of the avenue. This tree was loaded with fruit and with snow clinging to the fruit clusters and to every twig. In a few minutes it supported also more than a hundred Grosbeaks which distributed themselves quite evenly over every part from the drooping lower to the upright upper branches and began shelling out and swallowing the seeds. The rejected wings floated down in showers and soon began to give the surface of the snow beneath a light brownish tinge. The snow clinging to the twigs and branches was also quickly dislodged by the movements, of the active, heavy birds and for the first few minutes it was continually ~~flashing~~ out in puffs like steam from a dozen different points at once. The finer particles, sifting slowly down, filled the still ^{and} air ^{ed} enveloping the entire tree in a gauzy veil or mist tinted, where the sunbeams pierced it, with rose, salmon and orange, elsewhere of a soft, dead white and of incredible delicacy and beauty, truly a fitting drapery for this winter picture- the hardy Grosbeaks at their morning meal. They worked in silence when undisturbed and so very busily that at the end of an hour they had actually eaten or shaken off nearly half the entire crop of seeds. Some men employed in a marble cutter's shop near the tree were ne-

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Jan. 10. glecting their tasks to watch and discuss them. One of these

NO. 3. men told me that a few Grosbeaks were seen in the tree late yesterday afternoon.

I left the place at 9.30 and walked directly home. Several small flocks of Grosbeaks were flying about Hubbard's Park as I passed it.

Jan'y 11 Clear with moderate N.W. wind. Very cold, ther-
-6° at sunrise and not above +14° at any time
during the day

This was the great Grosbeak day; the city was
simply flooded with them. Wherever or whenever I
stepped out of doors I saw flocks of varying sizes
flying overhead and the sound of their peeping
was always in my ears. Just after breakfast
I took a walk up Brattle Street and found
an immense flock feeding in an ash heavily
laden with fruit in Mrs. Piper's place on the
corner of Fayerweather Street. I counted 149 birds
in this tree and there were fully half as many
more in another ash in front of Mr. Richardson's
house on the opposite side of Brattle Street.

At a little before noon I walked down Brattle
Street to Miller's hearing Grosbeaks continually &
seeing several flocks of from 30 to 50 birds each.
They were in Hubbard Park the whole day and
I saw a few on my own place but never visited
the old cedar tree.

I had sent word to Fayon of this condition
of things and at half-past three he arrived
and we went together to the Piper place where
we found the birds even more numerous than
had been in the morning. They had stripped
both ash trees and were operating on the fallen
fruit. On the space covered by the spread of
the branches of the Piper ash they were crowded
together so closely as almost to conceal the trees

Jan'y 11
(No 2) He divided the flock into halves and made
a rough count Faxon getting 108 and I 115 birds.
He missed some and there were others in
the trees and on the roofs of neighboring
houses. 250 would be a low estimate for the
total number assembled here at this time.
They attracted much attention from the
passers by and people in stages & on foot
were continually stopping to look at them.
One man asked if they were "harbingers of
Spring", a question which gave us some genuine
amusement inasmuch as we were suffering
from the bitter cold and unable to stand
still for more than a minute or two at a time.

As we were returning, about sunset, Grosbeaks
were continually passing overhead flying from
the direction of the Botanic Gardens and
flying towards the trees. I afterwards learned
from Mr. Fernald that over 300 Grosbeaks
spent the entire day in these Gardens and
from Mr. Hoffmann that there were about
70 in the College yard during the afternoon.
These figures indicate that the total number
in the city to-day must have exceeded 1000.

I visited the Hayes place this evening
and again with Faxon in the afternoon
but saw only a few Gray Grosbeaks there.
The men as well as the maids in the garden told
me that the birds finished the frame of
the big ash before sunset yesterday. They spent
most of the afternoon eating the fallen buds.

Jan'y 12 Cloudy & calm with flurries of snow in P. M.
Ther. 6° at sunrise, 22° at sunset.

To the Pine place at 9 A.M. There were about Pine Grosbeaks
100 Grosbeaks on the snow under the tree but they
had eaten most of the seeds and began leaving
in small parties while I was watching them. I
returned to my house for a Kodak camera and going
back exposed a number of plates but the shutter
was out of order and I fear the light spoiled them
all. During these trips I saw or heard a good many
Grosbeaks. There were four on Governor Russell's place
eating mountain ash berries, others in the trees
on Appleton Street, and dozens in the white ash
on the corner of Riedel and Battle Streets. The
flock last mentioned contained a fine red male
which, with several of his gray companions, hopped
fearlessly about on the sidewalk within a few
feet of me. An hour later a red bird, probably the
same individual came to the Cedars tree in front
of the museum and was shot by Denton. Although
Grosbeaks have continued very numerous through
the day in the vicinity of my place their
numbers have decreased very considerably as compared
with yesterday—quite one half I should say. They
have evidently exhausted the food supply hereabouts
and are departing in search of fresh fields.

There was a Golden-crested Kinglet, a solitary
bird apparently, flitting about among some
syringes on Battle Street this morning

Kinglet

Watertown, Massachusetts.

Jan'y 12 At 3 P.M. George brought my horse and sleigh
(No 2) and we took a short drive through Watertown
and back around Mt. Auburn.

A flock of sixteen Grosbeaks, coming from the Grosbeaks
direction of the Adams place, passed overhead
and alighted in a tall ash which, however, was
perfectly barren of fruit.

In a field opposite the Adams place on Junco
the corner of School Street seven Juncos were
feeding on the ends of down weeds that
projected above the surface of the snow, moving
or flitting from stalk to stalk, making a
pretty winter picture.

There were five Song Sparrows similarly engaged Song Sparrows
among down weeds on the edge of a field where
the road crosses Arsenal Brook. It is unusual
to see so many together at this season and I
had to leave the road and wade knee-deep
through the snow for several rods in order
to fully satisfy myself that they were not
Tree Sparrows. I distinctly made out the
characteristic markings of each individual
before they took the alarm and flew into
the alders along the brook.

There were more Sparrows, which I took
for S. monticola but which I did not
identify, in a weed-grown field on Ashleigh
Avenue.

Mass
Arlington Heights & Belmont.

Jan'y 13 Calm, the forenoon cloudy with light snow falling most of the time but not "making" much. Afternoon clear. Ther. 14° at sunrise.

To Arlington Heights at 9 A. M. driving in a single file Brattle Street, around behind Fresh Pond, through Belmont, and up Prospect Street to the fork in the road above Marsh's. Here I left George to look after the horse and entering the cedar & pitch pine woods on the left walked through them to the maple swamp and back along the northern edge to the road. Saw only a single Kinglet (which I shot) and a flock of five Chickadees. Crossing the road I circled around the pine clad ledges to Hornbeam Run and back past Raven Harbor Spring. Jays were screaming among the pines and I heard Grosbeaks several times but as I could not find them concluded that they were merely passing overhead. There seems to be very little food for them in this locality the crop of cedar berries being very scanty. A remarkably tame Flicker, a solitary Chickadee tapping exactly like a Woodpecker, and a flock of five Kinglets (*Tataja*) were all the birds that I saw during this walk.

These woods were everywhere tracked by dogs. I saw one a big, black fellow passing along in the snow apparently hunting. There was a few mouse tracks also but no signs of Foxes, Rabbits, Squirrels, Ground or Quail.

Tracks in
the snow.

Wareley & Belmound, Mass

Jan'y 13 I next drove on through Marsh Lane seeing
(no 2) nothing until we came to Rock Meadow where
there were two Crows sitting in the top of a tall
elm. Thence to Wareley and home by way of
the Payson place. Opposite the upper mill pond
in Wareley a new slant has been cut. It runs
up over the hill to I know not where. Around
the lower pond the undergrowth has been trimmed
out and his piled in heaps under the trees,
a sad sight.

Four Grosbeaks which flew across the road and
into the spruces on the Payson place and a
flock of about thirty Goldfinches flying over
the Auburn were all the birds seen on the
way home.

Cambridge

About a dozen Grosbeaks spent the afternoon
feeding on the fruit of a flowering apple tree in
my garden. Denton made a noose of fine
copper wire and caught one of them with it.
I afterwards tried it and captured two more
(See notes under Pinicola)

Jan'y 19 Cloudless but very hazy, especially in the forenoon.
No wind whatever. Ther. 14° at sunrise, 24° at noon.

Met E.A. & Arthur Bangs by appointment at High on a
Fort Hill Wharf, Boston, at 10.30 a.m. Half an hour earlier than
later we started down the Harbor (Dr. Sidney Holdreith
accompanying us) in a large row loaded with city
garbage consisting chiefly of decayed fruits, vegetables
scraps of meats etc. from the market and birds
from private houses, besides a great quantity of
coal ashes and a miscellaneous assortment of
waste paper, paper boxes battered tin cans etc. —
in all some four hundred cart loads gathered
during the preceding twenty-four hours by the
city scavengers. This row alternates with another
of similar build in making daily trips, in tow of
a tug, to the dumping ground well outside the
outer islands.

Despite the ice which, in cables of varying size and thickness
and thickness, covered the water for the first half of the way
of the way, we made such good progress that by
1 P.M. we reached the Graves and got rid of our
redolent cargo. This was accomplished quickly &
easily by two men for the row is so constructed that
by the aid of a simple piece of mechanism the Method of
hold can be split in two longitudinally allowing dumping
a broad stream of water to flow directly through the row
the hold from stern to stern and sweep everything
out. The halves are hinged together of course &
are prevented from bucking by capacious air chambers.

Jan'y 19

(No. 2)

The tug steams steadily ahead during the operation so that the contents of the haw are not deposited in one spot but trail out behind forming a broad belt on the water for a distance of several hundred yards. The ashes sinkling quickly of course but much of the vegetable matter and all the paper floating, at least for a short time.

The great quantity of garbage thus spread out on the water usually attracts immense numbers of ^{Gulls as} ~~Gulls~~ ^{seemingly}. Indeed we had been assured by several persons who had made the trip that most of the birds in the harbor followed the haw to the dumping ground where others joined them from the open ocean until the assembled birds numbered thousands. The haw men confirmed this and added that the birds, having never been molested, ordinarily began in the most fearful manner flapping fast within a yard or two of the boats and even attempting to snatch choice morsels from her deck board. It was to be all this and perhaps shoot a few specimens if anything rare was found among the birds that we undertook this expedition but we were utterly disappointed for the Gulls showed scarce any interest in the surroundings of the haw to-day. Several, it is true, escorted us down the harbor and for a few hours for a moment one the floating garbage at the dumping grounds but not once helped himself to the smallest morsel while we were in sight of the place.

Jan'y 19
(No 3)

The Seals were had no recollection of any previous instances of such abstinence or fastidiousness on the part of the Gulls and were quite at a loss to account for it. There were birds enough but nearly all that we saw were resting quietly on the smooth water or on floating cakes of ice and those in the air were either soaring idly at a considerable height or making long straight flights from place to place. In other words few or none were seeking food. The character of the day - calm and comparatively mild after a long period of severe cold - had probably much to do with this.

Some of the groups on the ice were exceedingly ^{Gulls on} beautiful and interesting. It was not uncommon ^{the ice} to see one hundred or more birds huddled close together; many, evidently asleep, lying prone on their breasts with heads stretched out flat on the ice; others standing erect (often on one leg only); and a few walking about with that absurd, mincing gait peculiar to the Herring Gull & a few other species. The majority of these birds were ^{Herring Gulls} Herring Gulls, rather more than half of them young or immature. ^{Black-backed} Black-backed Gulls were very numerous, also, they mingled freely with the Herring Gulls and seemed to be on good terms with them. I counted 25 Black-backs in full plumage in one flock and there were many young, also. It was not easy to separate the latter from the young Herring Gulls when the two were freely intermixed on the ice cakes but

Jan'y 19 on wing the Black-bell of whom age & Flight of the
Black-bell
(No 4) plumage was readily distinguishable by its
darker, steeper wing beats and heavier, more
direct flight. This bore a strong resemblance to
the flight of the Bald Eagle. Indeed Mr. Bangs
& I agreed that it would be a difficult matter
to distinguish a young Black-bell from a
Brown Eagle at any distance beyond two or
three hundred yards, for the two are very
similar in general appearance as well as motions.

We saw no other Gulls of any kind save Hithwaite
a single Hithwaite flying about off the Grass.
Its hurried flapping and erratic movements gave
it some resemblance to a white Domestic Pigeon,
nor did it look very much larger.

Of Ducks we saw fully 500 Golden-eyes, Ducks
200 to 300 Red-breasted Mergansers, one Goose, one
one Black Duck and one Velvet Scoter, the last
an old male in full plumage.

Most of the Golden-eyes were in the Harbor Golden-eyes
wherever they could find openings in the ice.
Some of the flocks contained 70 or 80 birds each.
About 40% were males in full plumage. One
of the largest flocks was in a small patch of
open water off the mouth of the dock from which
we started and within 70 yards of a wharf.

The Mergansers associated with the Golden-eyes Mergansers

Jan'y 19 to some extent but were perhaps greatest seen
No 5) apart in pairs or small parties. Fully 70% were
adult males. Some or five of these swimming in
line along the edge of the ice with necks stretched
up and crests expanded made a striking picture
of winter bird life especially when, as was usually
the case, the background was formed by a broad
expanse of snow-covered ice with snow-covered
hills rising in the distance beyond. These Mergansers
were the latest of all the water fowl seen on this
trip. Many allowed the tug to get within half
gunshot before flying. They rose much more
awkwardly and laboriously than the Golden-eyes,
usually running for several yards before they
could get clear of the water each bird leaving
a fine of fast-vanishing foot prints on the glossy
surface and ruffling or dimpling it, for many
yards beyond the point where it drew up its feet,
by the wind caused by its powerful wing beats.

Red-breasted
Merganser

The Gooseander, a fine old drake in full plumage,
was swimming in a narrow channel in the ice off
Fort Winthrop near, but evidently not in company
with, several Red-breasted Mergansers from which
we had no difficulty in distinguishing it, even
without the aid of our glasses, for we passed
within less than 100 yards of the bird. Neither
Bangs nor I had ever before seen a Gooseander in
salt water.

Gooseander
in salt water

The Velvet Scoter, also an old male & alone, was

Jan'y 19 in a broad stretch of open water off Long Island
(No 6) I think there were two others among some
Golden eyes which we saw outside the outer islands
but they were too far from us to be certainly
identified.

The Black Duck was standing on a small
caper of ice directly in the channel near Port
Smithrop. This was the only Duck of any kind
that was seen on the ice.

Black Duck

Is one great disappointment no Gullmasts,
Arctic, Puffins, Loons or Grebes were observed
during this trip. (In this connection consult
Journal for Jan'y 24th 1879 relating to a similar
trip down Boston Harbor where several of these
birds were met with).

Absence of
Gullmasts
Arctic etc.

The most picturesque & interesting animals of
all remain to be mentioned. These were the
Seals of which we saw at least 25, most of
them on the ice in bunches of from three to
half a dozen individuals. Five which occupied
a cable floating in mid-channel near Port Smithrop
allowed us to get within eighty yards or less. They
lay huddled close together one or two resting
their heads on their companions backs as one sees
groups of Seals represented in pictures of Arctic
Scenes. These, evidently Harbor Seals, were of a
light grayish color, the largest animal being nearly
white on the back and looking, as some one suggested,

Seals

Jan'y 19
(No 8)

as if powdered with snow or hoar frost. The other two appeared wholly black and must have belonged to a different species for one was smaller, the other larger, than any of the Harbor Seals showing that the dark coloring was not due to a difference in age.

As we approached all three Seals began raised their heads and began hitting about nervously. Finally they took to the water, one after another, each taking a graceful "header" and a vigorous water popping up its head among the floating ice for a final curious look at us. A solitary Seal which we saw near the City came to the surface bearing in its mouth a large Horse-shoe Crab which it shook and crunched savagely the long, spine-like tail of the Crab waving to & fro the while.

We reached our wharf at about 4 P.M. and separated, I driving home to Cambridge in a sleigh. The Back Bay was wholly encased in snow-covered ice as I passed over the Harvard Bridge. The Golden-eyes which we saw down the Harbor on doubtless the same birds which were feeding here before the ice found Poor fellows! They are having a hard time of it now not only from starvation but also, I fear, on account of danger from gunners. We heard several shots below the forts this afternoon.

Seals

July 22 Cloudless, the air very clear and soft, no wind.
Ther. 14° at sunrise, 22° at 2 P.M.

Late yesterday afternoon Mr. Bolles left ^{Golden eyes} word at the house that he had seen some Ducks ^{Ducks in} in the water about the fountain at Fresh Pond. ^{Fresh Pond}
I visited the place this morning at about ten o'clock and found six Golden-eyes swimming about and diving in a space of perhaps half an acre ~~which~~ kept open by the ^{discharges} ~~constant~~ flow of the geyser-filler fountain which ~~brings~~ the water brought from Stony Brook. One side of this opening was bordered by the brow-wood in which covered all the rest of the pond, on the other the open water extended quite to the shore along the very edge of which runs the driveway. Two were passed along this driveway within gun shot of the Ducks without disturbing them but when I came nearly opposite them and stopped to look at them through my glass five rose and flew off over the pond. There were all females or young males but the fifth bird, which remained, was a fine old drake. He acted dumpyish and at first I thought that he must be wounded but when I clapped my hands and swung my hat he rose and flew a few rods easily enough, then dropped back into the water. His head & neck glistened in the sunlight and I could see the green reflections distinctly. I left him in the water and half an hour later saw one of the plain gray birds with him. John Clark,

Jan^y 22 The park policeman, told me that three
(No 2) ducks first appeared at the fountain about
eight days ago and have been there constantly
since only leaving when driven out and then
returning very soon. No one has watched them
as yet. This opening is doubtless the only one
in any body of fresh water in this region.

Norton has repeatedly seen a Hawk which he
could not identify, in Fresh Pond Grove, this winter.
Happening to think of it I walked one towards
the Grove, after leaving the fountain, and soon
discovered the bird sitting on the top of a tall
pine. The moment I put my glass on it I saw
that it was a male Duck Hawk in full plumage
the first that I have ever seen or heard of in
this vicinity in winter. It was perched on a
dead branch and the sun light striking fairly
on its breast brought out the color & markings
with perfect distinctness. The blackish nuchal bar was
very conspicuous and I could see that there was
a good deal of buffy on the breast & under parts.
The bird's attitude was erect, its pose firm yet
easy, its outline clean-cut. When I was perhaps
100 yards from the tree it started and after
sailing in circles for a moment, over clearing
down among the trees and then bounding upward
again, it crossed the pond, flying steadily and
not very rapidly, flapping its wings quickly a
few times and then gliding on its wings much
in the manner of a Butor. As it went off I

Duck Hawk
wintering
in Fresh P.
Grove.

Jan'y 22 (no 3) Saw that the birds was clear bluish slaty. The tail was closed during flight and looked long and pointed. The bird passed nearly over the fountain without appearing either to enter or to alarm the Golden-eye drake and finally alighted in the top of an old oak on the west side of the cove. Near the tree where I first saw it the snow was thrown with the feathers of a Tree Sparrow which had evidently been plucked by a Hawk of some kind & probably by this very Falcon.

The Fresh Pond hotel (of late years used as a Catholic mission) has been moved away since my last visit but its surroundings have changed very little in the last twenty-five years. In the five old hemlocks on the point I found a small flock of Chickadees and with them a male Red-bellied Nuthatch and a Brown Creeper. The Chickadees and Nuthatch were busy pecking the hemlock cones to pieces, sending the scales floating down to the snow beneath and doubtless eating the seeds. Only one other Nuthatch of this species has been seen hereabouts this winter although they were abundant last autumn, the flights doubtless having passed much further south. (cf. Sharpe's in Auk for Jan. 1893).

Red-bellied Nuthatch

Little Crow

On my way homeward through Fresh Pond I heard a Jay, ~~saw~~ a Colaptes and Ten Sparrows and saw two Crows, and there were two Pine Grosbeaks on the Gray place in evergreens

Jan'y 22 near the house. Both reports being a Meadowlark
(No 4) on several occasions during the past week in
the fields opposite Esang's pond.

The northern end of Fresh Pond Basin has been decisively marked by the recent cutting through of Hudson Avenue and kindred improvements on the front of the city and gayly land speculators. But the central and southern portions remain as of yore save that the trees have grown and now arch completely over the narrow roadway bordered in places by neglected hedges and hemmed in between tall, moss-grown old fences. I must visit this place next summer - if it is not ruined in the mean time.

There were Gray Squirrel tracks leading from
tree to tree in the woods near the fountain
& Clark told me that at least there a
pair of these animals are known to exist
there as parents. Looking over the fence
into Gray's woods I saw Squirrel tracks there
also but they were probably made by Sciurus
although I did not get near enough to
make sure of this.

Jan'y 24 Cloudy with light fleecing of snow, the clouds breaking apart in the W. at sunset & showing patches of blue sky. Much warmer than past two days with the snow melting a good deal in the streets.

Drove to Fresh Pond with Faxon at 4.15 P.M. Leaving the horse & sleigh in the lane in George's care we made careful search through the hemlock grove for traces of the Drake. Harkle hoping to find some ~~new~~ evidence as to what he has been eating there past two weeks. In this we were disappointed for we saw neither fur nor feathers save the few feathers of the Ice Sparrows noted on the 22nd. But we started the Drake himself - from a hemlock on the edge of the grove near its N.W. extremity next the pond. The bird flew from the middle of the tree and at first made straight out over the pond then, curving to the left, described a large circle around the grove and crossing Cambridge Brook alighted in one of the oaks on the border place, choosing a large branch near the middle of the tree. During this flight the bird moved as if weary of speed although this was not apparent except when he passed some prominent object for he did not appear to be exerting himself and the wing beats were seemingly very easy.

We found two men, one the Park policeman, Clark, shooting at the drake whistling in the pool about the fountain. They said the bird was wounded but we persuaded them to desist.

Jan'y 27 Cloudy with thin fog which, during the night, had frozen to the trees coating each twig with long spiracles arranged in rows on the side from which the wind (N. E.) came. Therm. about 32° this entire forenoon.

Bolles left word at the Museum yesterday that he had just seen a flock of about fifty Robins in Fresh Pond Lane. I went there this morning and found them eating ^{blackthorn} ~~hawthorn~~ berries near Craig's Pond. It was impossible to count them accurately but there were not less than twenty birds and certainly not more than twenty-five. This fact does not necessarily affect the reliability of Bolles's estimate of course. Indeed when I returned through the Lane this morning after spending an hour or more at the Grove & fountain the number of Robins had shrunk to about a dozen birds!

Robins
appear
suddenly.

In the Grove I started the Duck Hawk from a hemlock within 40 yards of the old barn and saw two Red Squirrels in an oak near the site of the hotel. Squirrels

Duck Hawk

There were three Hioisthes, all gray birds, in the pool about the fountain. I watched them for half an hour or more as they dived for food near the shore. Finally they flew & I saw two more coming in over the ice & presently recognized Fayon & Hoffman. The Ducks returned within a few minutes. After spending a little more time watching them we went to the Grove where we found a juncos & two Sparrows only. The Chickadees & Nuthatches

Goldeneyes

Jan'y 27 seen on the 22nd were certainly absent this
(No 2.) morning.

There were more Tree Sparrows in a field
near Gray's Pond feeding on the heads of some
weeds that projected above the snow. Something
startled them and they flew up into an apple
tree. When they returned to the weeds, one after
another, I counted thirteen birds.

Tree Sparrows

I was right in referring the tracks seen Squirrels
in Gray's wood last Sunday to the Red Squirrel
for we have two of these animals there to day, one
chasing the other up and down and around
and around the trunk of a large oak. One
or both uttered a continuous low whining which
was occasionally interrupted by the explosive chuckle.
One of this pair seen in the hemlocks wound his
clock. I do not often hear the latter sound in
winter. A mild day like this is sure to bring
the Squirrels out. Both Red and Gray really go
through a partial hibernation. A Red Squirrel
which is living in the lindens in front of
my window now shows himself when the
thermometer is much below 20°. He has kept
in his hole this winter for over three
a week at a time.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

This Winter's Cold Scientifically Examined.

Not a Record-Breaker After All—January's Continuous Cold—February Breaks Precedents.

People grumble at my report of January observations. They expected it to break all previous records, while in truth the mercury did not touch bottom, and the month stands third from the foot in a forty year's column. It takes a great deal of weather to overcome a maximum. Nature perhaps once in a generation makes a supreme effort in a specific line and challenges you afterward to beat that if you can. And the way-back January of 1857 still maintains position as the coldest month yet experienced in the last half of the nineteenth century, with a mean temperature of 10.8°, nearly twelve degrees lower than the average January of the same exposure.

During this severe January the mercury stood thirteen mornings below zero; coldest morning 22° below zero: two mornings 18° below. For twenty-seven consecutive days it stood below freezing point; on twenty days remained below 20°.

Next on our list is 1888, with a mean of 16.13°; lowest point 11 below zero.

| | |
|--|--------|
| January, 1893, mean temperature at 7 A. M. | 12.48° |
| January 1888, mean temperature at 2 P. M. | 23.12° |
| January 1893, mean temperature at 9 P. M. | 15.51° |

| | |
|--|--------|
| Mean of the month | 17.03° |
| Lowest temperature at 7 A. M.—6° below zero. | |
| " " 2 P. M.—6° | |
| " " 9 P. M.—3° below zero. | |
| Highest " of the month 42° | |

And so this cold January of 1893 ranged 6.25° above our coldest, but it is second in continuity of cold, the mercury standing below freezing point for twenty-one consecutive days. From 2 P. M. on the 10th to the 18th—eight consecutive days—it stood below sixteen; a record only equalled in 1852, and even distancing that of 1857.

The duration of the cold term and not its extreme severity is responsible for the ice blockades. The mercury stood below zero but four mornings, against eight in 1888 and seven in other years. The distinguishing characteristic of our late January was equanimity, freedom from high winds and sudden changes. Its results were obtained with the least expenditure of forces. No predecessor turned out such blocks of ice at six below zero, nor covered the earth with snow by one and two-inch snowfalls.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Mean temperature of January since 1852 | 22.41° |
| Coldest January, 1857 | 10.8° |
| Warmest January, 1880 | 32.92° |

It may be noted that these figures were marked by a high-toned hill-top thermometer that seems to sink to the depths of zero, or shriek up towards the hundreds like your low-lived valley instruments.

February is one of the most uncertain months in the calendar. Those who press the theory that Nature, however she may vary in details, is bound to maintain an average, would assume that upon February is laid the burden of equalization; and if the previous winter months have been over warm or over cold she must make up the difference. Thus, after the phenomenally cold January of 1857, we had the warmest February ever recorded. And as during the present winter December and January were below par, they promised us a warmer February.

But, as Emerson says, our "climate is a series of surprises," and those who venture to predict the character of any month of reason upon such basis are usually left out in the cold as on the present occasion. Our wilful February declined to make up the deficiencies of its predecessors and followed their example in staying below the average, viz.:

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| February, 1893— | |
| Mean temperature at 7 A. M. | 17.57° |
| " " 2 P. M. | 26.92° |
| " " 9 P. M. | 22.46° |

Mean temperature of the month.....22.95°

| | |
|---|--|
| Lowest temperature at 7 A. M.—3° below zero | |
| " " 2 P. M.—8° | |
| " " 9 P. M.—1° | |

Highest temperature.....47°

Mean temperature of Feb. since 1852.....25.58°

Coldest February since 1875.....19.02°

Warmest February since 1857.....33.60°

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| Mean temperature of December, 1892 | 25.06° |
| January, 1893 | 17.03° |
| " February | 22.95° |

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Mean temperature of winter months, 1893 | 21.03° |
| since 1852 | 24.65° |
| Warmest winter since 1889-90 | 32.11° |
| Coldest | 18.07-68.....21.39° |

And so our past winter was the coldest but one within the half-century, missing "the minimum by a mere fraction, and spring opens with a balance of nearly three degrees against her. What prophet wise enough to tell when and how this balance will be overcome?

The snowfall of the winter has been unusually abundant and satisfactory. The ground has not been bare since Dec. 20th, and most of the time has been wholly covered. January gave good sleighing with moderate snows, but after several attempted thaws in February the storms assumed a much more violent character. Whether the solitary phenomenal "sun-dog" that glinted out the morning of the 12th was Nature's signal of the coming change is open to conjecture. Of the twelve closing days of the month eight were snowy. Within five days were three distinct and well-defined snow-storms. The central storm—19th, 20th—was decidedly blizzard-like in character, the wind swinging round to the north at midnight with a terrific roar and immediate fall of temperature. Much snow fell the following day and travelling was greatly impeded. A large body of snow, heavily packed, still covers the ground.

Sunny days have been somewhat rare, January giving but fifteen; February, eleven. The frequent falls of snow have kept the landscape particularly fresh and beautiful. And even amid the clouds and storms of the last week, there were days upon which there was

"No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow."
And the sky was never bluer nor the snow whiter.
A. M.

1893

March 14

Cambridge, Mass.

Drive around Mt. Auburn

Clear and very warm for the season with now and then a puff of east wind.

Early in the forenoon I took a drive (on wheels) around Mt. Auburn hoping to hear Bluebirds & Song Sparrows but in this I was disappointed. The snow has been wasted considerably by the mild weather of the past week and to-day it melted very rapidly and areas of bare ground appeared under the pines and on wind swept ridges in the fields.

There were three Blue jays in the trees along the avenue in front of the Winchester Place and I heard others screaming over Arsenal Brook. Farson saw a dozen or fifteen (seven in one flock) at Arlington this morning and he is very sure that most of them were migrants just arrived from the South as they have been very scarce this winter.

Blue jays
arrive from
the South

Among some cypress in Mt. Auburn a flock of 8 or 10 Tree Sparrows were flitting about, one bird singing brief stretches of its wild melody now & then.

Tree Sparrows

Twenty or thirty Crows were ranged along the edge of a ditch in the salt marsh but I have seen quite as many there before, the past winter. Farson, however, thinks that a number which he observed flying high over Arlington, towards the N., early this morning were migrating.

Crows migrating

Denton heard three or four Song Sparrows in full song at Hellsby this morning (he is very sure that none winter there) but Farson & Hoffmann did not detect one during a walk before breakfast over Arlington Heights.

Song Sparrows
arrive & sing

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

March 14

(No 2)

Although I failed to hear Bluebirds during my drive
they nevertheless arrived in force this morning. Denton
heard three or four at Millisley this morning and
Faxon and Hoffmann saw - heard no less than six at
Arlington. Faxon tells me that at least two and he
thinks three of his birds were females accompanied by their
mates. His first experience is that the first Bluebirds
to arrive are usually paired. This is the exact reverse of
what I have observed.

arrival of
Bluebirds
in force.

Faxon reports two male Red-winged Blackbirds at
Arlington, fresh arrivals he concludes from the fact that
they were in a place where he has never seen the species
in winter. A flock of seven Red-wings, all males
in good black plumage, spent the last Dec. and the
early part of January in the swamps near West End
Cambridge. For a period of nearly six weeks in Jan-
uary they were apparently absent but they
reappeared February 26th in the same place. Where could
they have spent the interim? The entire Atlantic slope
southward as far as Virginia has been buried under
an unusual depth of snow most of the time and
the cold has been severe and unbroken.

arrival of
Red wings

Red wings
wintering
at Port Pond

1893,
March 17

Cambridge, Mass.

Morning walk to Fresh Pond

Cloudy, the sun shining feebly at times. No wind. The last two nights cold the thermometer falling below 20° .

At 9 A.M. took street car to Mt. Auburn and walked thence up Fresh Pond. Lane to the hemlock grove in the pine and back by way of the fields to the W. of the Lane. The ground is now bare in places but at least nine tenths of the country is still covered with snow which the recent rains and thaws have settled and the cold of the past two days hardened to nearly the consistency of brown ice. Hence the walking was everywhere easy and delightful. The morning, however, was rather gloomy and the air chilly and disagreeable. Nevertheless I saw a good many birds.

There were two Robins near the entrance to the Lane, one eating buckthorn berries, the other sitting in the top of an apple. Both birds uttered the laughing 'ha-ha-ha', the 'peep' and the 'sip' at frequent intervals and one looked like a female. Altogether they impressed me as being a pair of our local summer birds. Hoffmann thinks that ~~there was~~ a small flight of our local Robins arrived in the 11th inst. when he saw a flock of six, containing two or three females, at Fresh Pond which is not a winter haunt. The flocks of Robins seen here in winter are usually if not always composed wholly of males, according to Tappan's observations.

Robins

In the woods at the northern extremity of the Gray place a Downy Woodpecker was drumming at short, regular intervals on the upper side of a large horizontal branch of an oak. The branch appeared to be sound and its resonance was not loud but the bird, a fine male, seemed perfectly satisfied with it.

Downy Woodpecker
drumming

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

March 17

(No 2)

Two Crows, apparently mated birds, were making great outcry among the hemlocks on the point. They seemed both to leave the flock and circled around me, cawing vociferously, as I advanced. I suspect they were settling on a nesting site in one of these old trees. One of them uttered the kloc. kloc. kloc cry once.

Crows

A Flicker perched on the top of a dead birch "called" ki-u (this uttering notes on the spot and was answered at regular intervals by another on the opposite side of the cove. I also heard two Flickers "shouting" at Arlington on the 14th.

Colaptes
Bells

In the densest part of the grove the twittering & chirping of small birds caught my attention and presently a Chickadee, a Junco and a Red bellied Nuthatch appeared, flitting from tree to tree. The Nuthatch, a fine ♂, evidently the same bird seen by me in this grove January 22, and by Hoffmann Feb. 11, descended to the ground and rambled about over a wide space pecking the fallen hemlock cones to pieces for their seeds. He moved by a series of quick hops and quite as easily and gracefully as a Sparrow. The coloring of his under parts is much paler than it was when I last saw him in January. After returning to the trees he relieved his fleecings by indulging in the long, drawing whine peculiar to this species.

Red-bellied
Nuthatch

The Junco has also inhabited this grove during the entire winter. It is a female, a very brown bird which much pinkish on the flanks, but evidently a true J. hyemalis.

Junco

A Long Sparrow chirping in the cedar vitar hedge was perhaps a fresh arrival as no one has seen it there before.

Long Sparrow

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

Morning walk to Fresh Pond Grove.

March 18 Clear with brisk N. W. wind. Therm. 28° at 8 a. m.

By horse car to Fresh Pond Grove at 8.30 a. m.
Walked over precisely the same ground covered
yesterday but although the morning was much
pleanter I saw fewer birds. There was perhaps too
much wind for them.

At least a dozen Crows were collected in the Crows
Hemlock Grove. I started one pair from the same
tree where I saw a pair yesterday. The others were,
I think, migrants resting between the stages of their
journey northward. These birds were so tame as to
allow me to walk directly under them as they sat
among the upper branches of a great oak but when
I leveled my glass at them they flew.

The Red-bellied Nuthatch and Juncos were hopping Red-bellied
about on the ground within a few yards of the Nuthatch
spot where I saw them yesterday but there were
no Chickadees with them this morning. Juncos.

A Siberian Robin was the only other bird seen Robins
in these hemlocks. Paxson & Hoffmann whom I met
in the Grove told me that they had heard a
Robin singing somewhat brokenly in Arlington earlier
in the morning.

They also report Song Sparrows in considerable Song Sparrows
numbers in the Swamp this morning, one flock
of ten or a dozen feeding in a garden evidently migrants.

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

March 18
(No 2)

Taxon found ten Red-winged Blackbirds in Red wings
the swamps late yesterday afternoon and heard
them singing for the first time this season.
Others were in full song this morning. This
makes it clear that migrants have arrived for
for the flock of wintering birds has regularly
and invariably consisted of just seven individuals.

I saw two Red Squirrels in the Fresh Pond Grove Squirrels
yesterday and one this morning besides another
in Gray's woods. On the 14th, a very warm, still,
sunny day, I saw two in one birch, two
in the grove on the C.C. Little place (just beyond
the Nichols), and one on the elms in front
of Mr. Corwells. They are probably more numerous
in this part of Cambridge now than they
were thirty years ago but the Gray Squirrels
are much less numerous. The latter, however, still
inhabit Mr. Amburn, the Massachusetts place (now
a part of Cambridge Country) and the deciduous
woods on the south side of Fresh Pond.

Denton reports a large Otter seen about a week Otter at
ago at Mellesby by a sportsman who knows the Mellesby
animal well. It was on the ice in Charles River
and was eating something, apparently a fish.
Otters have been seen in Concord River up
to within three or four years. I was not
uncommon there ten or twelve years ago.

E. Watertown, Mass.

1893

March 20 Clear, still and warm at midday but with a hard frost last night the mercury falling to about 25°.

Took the 8.05 A. M. Street car to Mrs. Auburn and walked across country behind the Cemetery to French's hill, thence to the edge of the salt marsh and back across the Horn farm and Mt. Auburn to Brattle Street.

Near the old Coolidge homestead I Robins Robins was singing but in broken, disconnected phrases. Another was running about on a spruce of hemlock on the Howell place and still another calling in Mt. Auburn. They must have been our local hermine birds. (A ♂ in elm in my garden in P.M.)

Two Night Herons started from the cedars Night on French's Hill. One a fine old bird circled Herons back over me quaking and then flew off towards Mrs. Auburn. I got only a glimpse at the other as it flapped heavily through the trees.

About a dozen Tree Sparrows were running Tree about on the ice among the button bushes on Sparrows the little pond behind Mrs. Auburn. Occasionally one sang a few snatches in low but thrilling tones.

Near by at the edge of the pond a Song Sparrow Sparrows perched on the top of a brush pile was

E. Watertown, Mass.

1893

March 20 hearing so over - almost in a whisper.
(No 2) It was the only one I heard.

A Flicker among the oaks near Mr. Auburn Flicker Tower "chattered" at short regular intervals but it was not in really good voice.

Crows were everywhere flying about in pairs, carrying noise, and alighting in the pines. Crows

I listened and looked for Bluebirds among the Bluebirds the apple orchards but not one did I see a hear although Dutton reports them numerous & in full song at Hellsby this morning. Can they have forsaken the E. Watertown country?

English Sparrows were abundant and noisy throughout all the country that I traversed and their monotonous chirping was usually the only sound that could be heard. Eng. Sparrows

They are digging into French's hill on the South side for the gravel and if it proves of sufficiently good quality this beautiful wooded ridge is doomed, I was told. Perhaps it is just as well so for the trees are coming down & houses going up on most of the surrounding country.

Cambridge, Mass.

1893.

March 21

Warmer (ther. 38° at 7.30 a.m.) and cloudy with a strong, damp, penetrating E. wind; altogether a cheerless morning of a type peculiar to early spring but nevertheless a good day for birds to migrate - such a day as Teal and Blackbirds often choose for a wretched flight.

As I was with these our Blackbirds, we walked much of anything else during a walk of an hour (8.15 to 9.15) up Fresh Pond Lane to the Hemlock Grove and back by way of the fields to the Lowell place.

There was a single, silent Colaptes in an orchard near the grove, a single junco (not the brown bird that has passed the winter there but a black headed male) in a stubble behind the barn, and about twenty crows in the hemlocks. Actually I did not see nor hear a single Bluebird, Song Sparrow or Blackbird although for several days past the first two have been swarming in this country beyond Belmont & the Newtons. ~~The flight of all these birds must, ^{or avoiding} have passed quite outside the region~~ ^{of avoiding} ~~region~~ Sparrows infested region which my morning walks cover. The flight of Bluebirds seems to be exceptionally heavy this year. Mr. White counted 42 in one flock at Rock Meadow on the 18th.

Bluebirds,
Song Sparrows
etc. swarming
the fields
& orchards
near Mr. White's

On reaching the Lowell place I heard a Red Crossbill piping in the white pines but I could not find him although I went in and scanned the tree tops carefully with my glass.

Red Crossbill

1893.

Cambridge, Mass.

March 22

Cloudy and warm with soft, damp air but no wind.
This is the second distinctly Spring-like day (the first
being the 14th)

At 8.15 A.M. I started for my usual walk, passing up
Appleton and Highland Streets to the Reservoir and beyond,
thence across the fields to Baker Drive Avenue, and down this
street to the Bowell place where I took the horse car home.

In the fields beyond the Reservoir I heard my first
real Spring concert, a Bluebird, a Red wing, several Brown
Grackles and a Shrike, besides Robins calling. There were
no Sparrows of any kind except Passer. ~~There~~ A White bellied
Nuthatch was foraging among some apple trees on the Bowell place.

The Red wing was in the Swamp below the old cellar
perched on the tipmost spray of a maple singing steadily

The Brown Grackles were in the pines about Mr. Smith's
house where they have bred for so many years. Tabor saw
two birds there on the 14th and thinks that they always
arrive at this colony earlier than elsewhere ^{in or near} ~~about~~ Cambridge.
This morning there were fully a dozen birds, nearly half
of them females. They were very noisy and much at
home flitting about among the pines and making a variety
of sounds which I noted as follows: oo-l-e or oo-l-ek Notes?
(the song(?) of the ♂); cac (the call of both sexes); and a
scolding cha-cha or kru.

Six birds feeding in a field under an apple tree were throwing ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{fallen} leaves
the sodden apple leaves that lay on the ground in every direction ^{fallen leaves}
seizing them in their bills by the edges and plunging them ^{about}
to one side as cards are dealt, often plunging them four or five
feet. The leaves flew at times in a cloud as if some one were sweeping
them vigorously with a broom.

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

March 22

(No 2)

The Shrike was perched on the top of a large
hickory in the middle of the field. Here it remained
for 15 or 20 minutes singing pretty steadily most
of the time. The song resembled that of a young
Mockingbird learning to sing. There seemed to be only
three phrases each of which would be repeated many
times in succession before the bird took up another.
The favorite phrase was a liquid killée which resembled
one of the low, musical notes of the Blue Jay. This,
as well as the other notes, although seemingly subdued
in tone and far from loud when I stood directly
beneath the bird carried ^{surprisingly} ~~to an unexpected distance~~.
Indeed I heard the bird distinctly at a distance of
over two hundred yards. I noticed that while singing
he kept his head moving continually, turning it from
side to side and sometimes directly behind so that his
face was turned towards his tail like an Owl. These
movements and his alert expression suggested that
there may be, after all, some truth in the theory
that the song is intended to lure small birds
from their coverts. Certainly this Shrike seemed to
be on the watch for a victim but perhaps he was
only combining business with pleasure.

In the intervals of the song I heard him repeat,
many times in quick succession, a low sound like the
grating of teeth or still more like that of a squirrel's
teeth rasping the skull of a hickory nut. This sound
is new to me. I thought that it was made by
the bill but could not be the mandibles more
although I used my glass. Our Parrot makes a somewhat
similar noise by grating its mandibles slowly.

Shrike

Song

made sound
like the
rasping of
teeth

1893

March 27

Cambridge, Mass

(Morning walk to Fresh Pond Grove)

Clear and still. Ther. 30° at 7 A.M., the ground frozen, after the sun got well up the morning became warm and the streets & fields muddy or spongy.

Took the 8.05 A.M. horse car to Mt. Auburn and walked up the old lane to Fresh Pond. The orchards, groves and fields ^{along this lane} were perfectly silent save for the chirping of innumerable English Sparrows and the cawing of a few Crows, but when I reached the bridge over the Fitchburg railroad a Bluebird began warbling delightfully somewhere near and another, its mate probably, flew over calling.

Bluebirds

There were a good many birds in the Grove; the Red-bellied Nuthatch and its companion the brown juncos among the hemlocks, a Flicker chattering in the top of a hickory, and a little flock of migratory Sparrows, containing two Fox Sparrows, two Juncos, and a Song Sparrow, among the above vitæ near the old house. The Song Sparrow sang a dozen times or more but the Fox Sparrows were silent. A large, mangy-looking cat, which had evidently been stalking these Sparrows, fled under the eills of the old house as I approached.

Red-bellied Nuthatch

Fox Sparrows

Besides these birds I heard Red-wings singing in the distance towards Mescal Lane and started a small Falcon, which I took to be F. sparverius but did not get a fair sight at, from the hemlocks.

Small Falcon

The ice still covers the entire pond but it looks dark & sodden & will probably go out soon.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

March 31

Clear and cool with a blustering N.W. wind which sank to a pleasant breeze in the afternoon and died away wholly at sunset.

I came to Concord yesterday by the 4.25 P.M. train from Boston and passed the night at the Buttricks'. As I walked across the causeway from the Lowell Station a strong, chill, S.W. wind was blowing and the sky was gray and lowering. No birds were singing and I heard nothing but a few Song Sparrows in the bushes by the roadside and a Robin perched on an apple tree. The river was entirely free from ice and all over the meadows but not nearly so high as it often is at this season.

When I awoke this morning the sky was cloudless, the air still and frosty and the wind not yet risen. Bluebirds and Song Sparrows were singing on every side and I could hear Red-wings in the distance towards the river. It was such a concert as one must now go well away from the city to hear. Robins were calling but more long.

After breakfast I launched my small open canoe and started for Ball's Hill, Pat & George following in the former's boat. The wind had now come up and ruffled the deep blue water and whistled through the bare tree tops in true March style. A few Bluebirds & Song Sparrows were singing near the landing but I heard nothing below.

Concord, Mass.

1893

March 31

(No 2)

Near Hunt's Landing a Red-shouldered Hawk, Red-shouldered
an old but rather dull-plumaged male, was perched Hawk
in the top of a small elm watching the meadow
beneath with down-turned head.

Two male Marsh Hawks crossed the flooded meadows Marsh
looking extremely like Gulls as they tacked against Hawks
the high wind now rising to meet the blasts,
nest skimming close over the water on set wings.

At the lower end of the rapids below Hunt's a Hooded
pair of Hooded Mergansers started from the river Mergansers
close in to the bordering belt of bushes and flew
swiftly down stream. As I was returning, late
in the afternoon I saw them again flying over
the flooded meadows to a sheltered nook near
the Cemetery Brook where they alighted close to
shore in water only a few inches deep. They evidently
avoid the open water, where the Gooseanders like
to float and find some fear all danger, and
haunt the narrow reaches of the river and coves
near lines of trees or bushes. May not this, in
some degree, account for their present scarcity? They
are exceedingly shy birds at this season and
the pair seen to-day flew the moment they saw
my boat. On both occasions the drake followed
his mate. His crest was closed but showed a little
more white than that of the female. Both birds flew
with amazing swiftness. When I first saw them
they were within a few yards of the spot where
I started a pair last year at this season.

Concord, Mass.

1893

March 31

(No 3)

Just after passing Dakin's Hill (I followed the Black channel down to take advantage of the current) I Ducks. came in sight of a large number of Black Ducks which were swimming and feeding on Holden's meadow close to ^{the} edge of the water. They did not appear to notice me at first and I worked the canoe slowly across to the wood edge and up to within about 100 yards of them when all flew. Four which had kept apart from the rest on the water went off together in a different direction from that taken by the others. There were thirty six birds in all. I saw several pairs flying about later in the day.

At the Cabin everything proved to be just as I left it last December. There were few signs of mice in the house but they have wrought great damage to the turf in front of it by digging up the grass stems and eating the roots. Several square yards of turf look as if pigs had recently rooted all over it. There was a foot or more of old sodden snow in the woods on the north side of Ball's Hill but the south side, as well as Benson's field, was entirely bare. Birds seemed to be scarce in the neighborhood, a pair of Chickadees and five Tree Sparrows which flitted about past the cabin while I was eating dinner and a few Song Sparrows in the bushes bordering Benson's field being all that I saw.

1893.

March 31

(no 4)

Early in the afternoon I heard several shots Wood Ducks[✓] fired on the river below the hill and shortly afterwards Henry Lawrence appeared in his old flat-bottomed boat with his Shepard dog sitting in the prow. He had two musk rats and told of shooting at a Wood Duck which rose from the brush near Davis's Hill and which he claimed to have wounded severely. After he had passed on up river I put my canoe in the water and paddled to Davis's Hill. Just as I was approaching the landing a beautiful male Wood Duck swam out of the bushes and being uneased and flew off down river uttering the fee-ce-ce call repeatedly. It evidently was not in the least injured although it must have been the bird at which Lawrence had fired less than an hour before. He told me afterwards that he saw three more Wood Ducks flying together near Holden's meadow.

I saw no Gooseanders[✓] although I went well below Davis's Hill and scanned the meadows towards Carlish Bridge with a powerful glass. Lawrence had seen none, either, but he said that his brother Edward killed one last week. I fear that the flight has passed.

There was a single Herring Gull, a fine old bird, sealing about over the water, both above and below Ball's Hill, most of the afternoon.

Herring
Gull

Concord, Mass.

1893.

March 31
(No 5)

As I was returning from Davis's Hill at about Carolina^v
5 P. M. a Carolina Dove began cooing near Benson's Doves.
knoll. Paddling close in shore I presently saw
the bird sitting in a crouching position in a
large notch on a stout branch near the trunk,
about midway between the ground and the top
of the tree. I put my glass on it and watched
it closely, but could not detect anything unusual
at the instant when it was cooing. Another
Dove in the distance towards Benson's answered
my bird a few times.

The wind had now fallen to a gentle breeze and Red winged^v
Blackbirds appeared, scattered about
on the maples and willows along the channel
of the river, all singing of course. I saw &
heard about 15 between Davis's Hill and
Hunt's landing. This was not so many by far
as there should be at this date. One bird
made at intervals a prolonged snickering almost
exactly like that of a Red Squirrel. I do not
remember to have heard this so early in the
season before.

Besides the Red-wings I heard on my way
up river at evening a few Song Sparrows and as
I neared Thirt's Bridge, several Bluebirds. Robins
were again calling around the Poutricks' at evening
but none sang. Apparently only a very few have
come as yet for I saw none below Thirt's Bridge.
Where are the Flickers? I neither saw nor heard any at all.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1893.

THE RECORD OF MARCH, 1893.

Remarkably Consistent Weather—A March Without an Equinoctial.

Spring entered upon service under discouraging circumstances, with arretrages of temperature and a great body of snow left on its hands by its predecessor. Immediate change of policy and intemperate heat would have wrought freshet and devastation, but March accepted the situation. It is seldom one has a good word for this much-bested month, but the March of 1893 certainly deserves credit. Restraining its normal impetuosity, it has managed by gradual liquidation and absorption to get rid of the snow, minimize the frost, and put the ground in good condition for April showers and sunshine. Our mills and bridges have not been carried off nor our fruit buds prematurely swollen. It might be characterized as even a little tame—its lion and lamb held equally in abeyance. Even the time-honored "equinoctial" failed to make its appearance, though it sent a smart preliminary thunder-shower to keep us on the lookout. Snow-falls in this section were exceedingly light and gentle. The uniform mediocrity that marked the winter months has been consistently maintained—the mercury not having reached 50° since Nov. 18, an unprecedented record. March, like its immediate predecessors, has fallen below the average. We quote figures (in degrees)—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Maximum..... | 47 |
| Minimum..... | 3 |
| Mean temperature, 7 A. M..... | 24.83 |
| " " 2 P. M..... | 35.9 |
| " " 6 P. M..... | 27.74 |
| Mean temperature of the month..... | 29.49 |
| " " since 1852..... | 30.9 |
| Warmest March since 1852 (1871)..... | 35.88 |
| Colest " " 1872..... | 24.37 |

This phenomenally cold March of 1872 destroyed evergreen trees throughout the country and did much other damage. On the 5th the mercury stood below zero throughout the day, with a most piercing wind, and not a bird appeared till the 28th of the month.

By what instinct or prescience the birds graduate their coming is a perennial mystery. This year they appeared with the first breath of spring, March 3, as if summoned by special messenger. Robins and bluebirds are here in considerable numbers, and many flocks of black-birds. Wild geese are already wending their way northward, a large and most vociferous flock flying directly over my head on Sunday evening. Frogs are poking their heads out of the mud, and pussy-willow buds glisten along the roadside.

A. M.

April 1, 1893.

Concord, Mass.

2 Ball's Hill

1893.

April 1

Cloudless but the sun half obscured by a dense smoky haze. A high S. W. wind all day. Morning cool (ice formed on the ponds & covers last night) but the afternoon oppressively warm the thermometer probably rising to near 76°.

Soon after sunrise I heard through my open window Blue birds, Song Sparrows & Red. wings singing in every direction. As I was dressing a Meadow Lark began whistling just across the road in Mr. Hayes's field. After breakfast while I was on my way to the river the song of a Phoebe came faintly but distinctly from the trees by the North Bridge. Birds singing in the early morning

At 9 A. M. I launched the Rushton boat and loading it heavily with blankets and provisions started down river. Song Sparrows and Red. wings were singing on every side, but I heard no Robins and neither saw nor heard a Flicker.

Two Hooded Mergansers, doubtless the same noted yesterday, rose from the edge of the bushes just above Hunt's Pond and flew off down river.

Hooded Mergansers

Soon afterwards a Gooseander, a gray bird, passed me within 100 yards flying low down over the flooded meadows. Later in the day I saw another gray bird and a fine old drake flying up river past Ball's Hill.

Gooseander

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 1
(No 2)

There were no Black Ducks on Holden's Meadows this morning and I saw no other water fowl on my trip down except those ducks flying in the distance which I took to be this but of which I could not make certain.

I forgot to mention, among the birds seen near the Buttricks' this morning, a fine old Herring Gull which came into the flooded meadow at the mouth of Mill Brook and cruised about for several minutes descending to the water & apparently picking up some kind of food once or twice. It seemed strange to see a Gull flying over so small an area of water with houses, trees & bridges hemming it closely on every side.

Herring Gull

It was windy on the shore near the cabin and no small birds appeared there except two Chickadees and two Tree Sparrows. But in the afternoon when I walked with Spedden to Benson's we saw three Bluebirds and a Downy Woodpecker and in front of Benson's house ^{7:27} heard a Grass Finch sing sweetly three or four Grass Finch times. He then went to Holden's where flying about the barn twittering joyously was a ^{first} Whit White-bellied Swallow which, I am inclined to believe had only just arrived as there were none at the Buttricks' this morning. Probably this bird had pushed rapidly westward against the favoring & now oppressively warm S. W. wind.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April
(No 3)

On our way back to the cabin across the fields we saw a Carolina Dove flying, a large flock of Tree Sparrows in a swamp and a Fox Sparrow among some pines.

Near Benson's a dozen or more Juncos were flitting about in an orchard twitting & singing

Juncos

In the swamp behind Davis's Hill a Pickering's Hyla sang a few times doubtfully.

Pickering's
Hyla

Butterflies (V. antiope) were out in force this afternoon. We saw them together in our place and a dozen or more in all. A few flies and a spider or two were also crawling about in sunny places.

Butterflies

The willow juncos were very conspicuous in swampy places and along the river banks.

Hoffmann came up on the five o'clock train having appointed to pass Sunday with us. I met him with the boat and ferried him across. but instead of landing at the cabin we kept on down river past Davis's Hill. returning just as it was getting dark. The evening was cloudy and very windy and, despite the fact that it was warm enough for May, no birds were singing except a Dove which cooed a few times in the big red maple on Holden's meadow and then flew down & alighted on a stone wall.

Hoffmann
joins me

Dove
cooing

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 1

(No 4)

Shortly after sunset ~~one~~ pair of Hooded Mergansers Hooded ^W
came up river and turning in over the ~~back of~~ Mergansers
behind Ball's Hill crossed the land to the Great
Meadows. These, doubtless, are the same birds that
I saw this morning and yesterday. Five Black Ducks
also passed on flying N. E. toward Bedford Swamp.

Blackbirds were scarce during the day but at Rusty
evening a flock of 32 Rusties, the first I have Blackbirds
seen, passed Davis's Hill. They were followed closely Red-wings
by two smaller flocks at least one of which was migrating
made up wholly of male Red-wings. The flight
of the two species, although similar, is distinguishable
for the Rusty describes longer and easier curves
or undulations than the Red-wing whose flight
is more jerky. The Rusty is also, of course, a
slenderer looking bird and his tail appears, as it is,
somewhat longer.

All these Blackbirds were flying due north
rather high up and, I make no doubt, were
migrating on the crest of the warm wave that
reached here this afternoon.

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill

1893.

April 2

Cloudless with blustering N. W. wind. A cold, raw day in exposed places, but pleasant enough on sheltered sunny slopes. The water very blue - March water.

Hoffmann and I spent a quiet, uneventful night in the little log cabin at Ball's Hill. We rose this morning at daylight and found the sky perfectly clear, the air much cooler with a N. W. wind which came in puffs forebodings of the gale that blew most of the day. Song Sparrows were singing when we stepped out of the door, and a Redwing soon joined them. Next the solemn, bell-like voice of a Carolina Wren came from the Bedford shore. He scrambled up past the cabin to the top of the hill. Two Tree Sparrows were singing delightfully in the alders on the edge of the swamp and a Blue Jay giving the bell note near them. The song of a Robin came faintly from the direction of Benson's house and that of another more distinctly from across the river.

Birds heard
at daybreak

We heard nothing more until we returned to the cabin where a Phoebe greeted us with a few brief snatches of song. Certain slight peculiarities in his voice identified him at once as the same bird which spent a month or more near the cabin last spring, but, failing to secure a mate, finally left returning again for a brief visit in late summer. He had a companion this morning a silent bird which I trust is a female although the two did not appear to be on the best of terms.

Return of
the Phoebe
Phoebe

Concord, Mass.

Balls' Hill.

Narrative
of the
day's doings

1893.
April 2
(No 2.)

After a slight & hurried breakfast we launched the boat and following the west shore paddled down river to within half a mile of Carlisle Bridge where we landed and took a short walk through some oak woods where a solitary Song Sparrow seemed to hold undisputed possession into a wet, dreary meadow which appeared to be wholly devoid of birds.

Returning to the river we crossed it and tried to reach the big firs in the Bedford Swamp but the water proved too low on the meadows so we turned back and ran before the wind to Davis's Hill where we landed and walked through the fine old woods. The wind raked them reluctantly & we could find no birds there.

Reaching the cabin at 11 A.M. we cooked & ate another meal and then walked to Blakeston's knoll & thence to the glacial hollow returning through Bensen's pasture and field.

There is still plenty of snow in the woods & among young firs some of the drifts are then a foot deep. The fields are everywhere bare but the only trace of green grass was on the bank in front of my house where the change has come since yesterday.

Despite the raw & violent wind we saw several butterflies (one Comma?) and many flies, spiders and sand wasps. Snow fleas swarmed among drift wood & river trash along the edge of the flooded meadows.

Hoffmann left me at 4 P.M. and took the train for home. I decided to pass the night at the cabin alone. Peter called in the evening.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 2
(No 3)

Two Robins were singing freely near Ball's Hill this morning, a little before sunrise, one to the westward the other on the Bedford shore. Just before sunset another paid me a visit at the cabin hopping fearlessly about on the path within ten yards of the door pecking up and eating several small worms. I am very sure that this was the bird that nested in the oak near the cabin last summer. No other Robins besides these three were seen to-day.

Robins[✓]

There were at least five White-bellied Swallows on the river to-day, three in our lot, two in another. We saw them several times flying about over the water. They seemed to follow the river from Davis's Hill to Carlish Bridge & to return over the fields. When did they arrive? I saw only one yesterday.

White-bellied Swallows[✓]

Song Sparrows were generally distributed but it is evident that not nearly all of our summer birds have yet arrived.

Song Sparrows[✓]

We found three Grass Finches in Lawrence's field running about among some weeds. When approached they would skulk off running very rapidly, following the furrows and depressions and keeping behind clods & bunches of grass. If followed they quickly became tired and stopping crouched and remained perfectly still, until finding this ruse of no avail they would fly to the nearest tree for refuge. Their generally gray coloring and striped backs gave them a close resemblance to Snowish Sparrows.

Grass Finches[✓]

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 2
(No 4)

As we were skirting the flooded thickets on the Bedford shore of the meadows a Rusty Blackbird started from the bushes and alighted in a maple. The next instant a perfect flock of these birds followed and crowded the branches of the tree as with black fruit. As nearly as we could count there were about fifty, all Rusties. The wind was blowing briskly on the shore and the waves dashing in among the bushes. We saw single Rusties in several other places.

Rusty²¹
Blackbirds

Crows appear to be quite as numerous here as usual despite the hard winter and the reports of ~~their~~ mortality among the herds which winter in the Middle States. I have seen no migrants passing within the past two days.

Crows²¹

We saw two fine white male Marsh Hawks and one female coursing about the fields and meadows. At about sunset one of the males was passing Ball's Hill well over towards the Bedford shore I began squeaking. The bird turned instantly and with the usual long, steady wing beats came briskly towards me. I could see him and dimly through the bushes until he came to the line of alders in front of the cabin where he rose above them and discovering me thrust upwards and then turned back, twisting and doubling like a whip as he darted off in evident great alarm. He was within 50 yards of me when he made the turn and I distinctly saw his eyes and facial disc. I observed to-day that this species while flying holds the wings at an upward angle like the Turkey Buzzard.

Marsh²¹
Hawks

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 2
(No 5)

Carolina Doves were cooing at intervals during the entire day despite the raw and blustering wind. I heard one at 11 A. M. when even the Song Sparrows were silent. There were two answering each other on the Bedford shore soon after sunrise. Thus far I have seen no pairs. We started a single bird this afternoon among the pines on Benson's Hill. The voice of this Dove when heard at a distance is strikingly bell-like. Hoffmann remarked this fact when one was cooing this morning on the opposite side of the river.

Carolina^{vs}
Doves.

Most of the Black Ducks appear to have left. We saw only three, a single bird and two together. The latter came in over Great Meadows and alighted in the open water. Just before descending they sailed in a large circle on set wings.

Black Ducks^{vs}

Only three Gooseanders were seen all day. They flew up and down the river passing us several times but not alighting within the range of our sight. Two were gray birds, the third a fine drake which sometimes led, sometimes followed his companions. The wing beats of the Gooseander are invariably rapid and steady and the flight although heavy is very swift giving the impression of great momentum. The bird seems to shear quickly when under full headway and is probably incapable of the sudden upward springs or circling evolutions which the broader-winged, slower-flapping Black Duck & Mallard perform so readily.

Gooseanders^{vs}

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 2
(No 6)

Although we started no Partridges during our ramble we saw their droppings, many of which were apparently quite fresh, in extraordinary abundance throughout my woods. In one place a bird had evidently passed the night on the ground in the middle of a foot path probably under the snow which had afterwards melted. The droppings lay in circular heap of about the size and shape of an inverted tea-cup. The number of droppings which a single Partridge will deposit in one night is simply remarkable.

Ruffed
Grouse

Gorge Holden who paid us a visit at about noon told me that he saw a band of seven Quail in the road near his father's house just before the last great snow storm and several days afterwards he noticed their tracks near the same spot. He thinks that they probably survived the deep snows of February but neither he nor anyone else with whom I have talked here has actually seen any Quail since the snow melted.

Quail

Mr. Buttrick reports seeing two very large flocks of Canada Geese passing northward at about 8.30 yesterday (April 1) morning. These flocks were less than half a mile apart and were of approximately equal size, each containing fully 100 birds. Two hundred Geese in sight at once is a rare spectacle in these days.

Geese

Still no Flickers! What can have become of them? The total absence of their shouting calls is a sad lack of their only spring song.

Colaptes
still
missing.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 3

The sun rose in a clear sky and for an hour or more the morning was calm and beautiful but cold the ground having frozen hard in the night. By 7 a. m. clouds gathered and a chill S. wind sprang up. The remainder of the day was raw & gloomy.

I awoke a little before sunrise and as I lay Birds in bed with the cabin window open heard Robins, singing at Red-wings and Song Sparrows singing, a Dove cooing, day break. and Crows cawing. Dressing hurriedly I walked around the east end of the hill. Several Tree Sparrows were singing freely in the alders on the edge of the Swamp but two Fox Sparrows with them maintained a dignified silence.

Just after breakfast a pair of Geese flew past the cabin heading down river. I saw no other Ducks near Ball's Hill.

Pat came from Concord at 8 a. m. & loaded my heavier things into his boat when we both started up river. A pair of Wood Ducks which rose from some flooded bushes near the mouth of Century Brook, a Kingfisher (the first) flying over Bang's meadow, and a Red-shouldered Hawk soaring & screaming over Hunt's landing were the most interesting birds seen on the way to the Buttrick's. Near the landing Tree Sparrows were singing in some alders and a few Juncos rose from the blackberry bushes near the house as I passed.

The remainder of the day was spent working on my canoes at the house.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 4

Forenoon cloudy with drizzling rain and a few short, sharp showers. Clearing in P. M., the sunset almost perfectly clear. Nearly dead calm all day; a soft, beautiful haze veiling the distant landscape. Morning raw, evening very warm.

To Ball's Hill at 9 A. M. paddling down in the open canoe. Spent most of the day with Pat cutting down trees on the oak knoll near Benson's Landing. At 4 P. M. started for a walk, traversing the woods between Ball's & Davis's Hill. The air was soft & warm and the water over the meadows perfectly calm. The sun had just come out and Robins, Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, and Red-wings were singing joyously. A Dove was cooing near the glacial hollow and in the pines on the hillside above a Pine Warbler (the first) singing. An Osprey whistled several times in the direction of Davis's Hill. Saw two Fox Sparrows with some Tree Sparrows but both species were silent. Suddenly, as if at a given signal, a great number of Wood Frogs began croaking on the Bedford shore of the river. They are the first I have heard and I have heard no Hylas since the single individual that jumped a few times in Davis's swamp on the afternoon of the 1st.

First
Pine Warbler
Osprey

First
Wood Frogs
Only one
Hylas thus
far.

I started for the Buttricks' at 5.20 and paddled up in forty minutes crossing the meadows. The water was ^{as smooth as glass} perfectly smooth & the evening delightful. Red-wings & Song Sparrows were singing all along the lines of trees & bushes. I saw two Wood Ducks flying together near Hunt's Pond and two Marsh Wrens hovering near shore. A Kingfisher near Hunt's Landing rattling.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 4
(No 2)

There was a marked increase in the number ^{of} Robins of Robins to-day but either they are scarce here this spring or else the summer birds have ~~not~~ ^{not} all arrived as yet. There was very general singing when the sun came out this afternoon but only general calling this evening although the air was mild & still.

A little before sunset a flock of nine White-bellied ^{White-bellied} Swallows passed over Great Meadows flying well together ~~Swallows~~ and very steadily, as if migrating, in a N. E. direction. Later I saw a single bird floating & circling & evidently feeding.

Song Sparrows were very numerous along the river ^{Song Sparrows} to-day. There were three or four in the belt of bushes at Ball's Hill where before I have seen only one or two at most. Singing was very general and well sustained. Two birds which kept together in some bushes appeared to be mated. The female ^{took} kept ~~talking~~ short flights, the male following her closely with wide-spread tail. The males were continually chasing one another about. One drove another across the river when the pursued turned sharply about and drove the pursuer back. The spreading of the tail during flight was a marked feature of these gentle battles.

Red-wings have increased in numbers since yesterday. ^{Red-wings} A flock of fifteen or twenty males spent the day in ^{Blackbirds} a flooded tract near the E. end of Ball's Hall bawling out in song very little while the flock was singing. I have heard this year. I suspect that these birds were migrants.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 4
(No. 3)

While I was standing on Benson's knoll this afternoon five Carolina Doves, flying in company but each bird at least a dozen feet from its nearest companion, passed overhead at the height of about 100 ft. They came from the N.W.; otherwise I should have suspected them to be migrating. The pines cut off my view of them after they passed but a moment later a Dove began cooing in the ~~flat below~~ direction in which they went.

Carolina^{ns}
Doves

As I was passing Hunt's landing this evening a Cow Blackbird flew overhead in a wide circle, calling, and a little later I saw two sitting together in the top of a elm at the Buttricks'. I am satisfied that this was a veritable arrival for if the birds had been about this morning I should have almost certainly seen or heard them.

Arrival of^{ss}
Cow Birds

A Colaptes was "shouting" in a maple just below Flint's Bridge this morning but the appearance of one of these birds at last but serves to emphasize the absence of the others that should be making the air resound with their "shouting" these early spring days.

Arrival of^{ss}
Colaptes

A Hairy Woodpecker called a few times on Holden's Hill this afternoon.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 6

Clear and chilly with piercing N. E. wind. About four inches of snow fell yesterday last night and it was not wholly gone from N. slopes this morning.

I went to Cambridge yesterday morning and returned to Concord this afternoon by the 4.15 train from W. Lowell. As I walked across the Causeway the sun was setting and the light on the hills and meadows was very clear and beautiful. The chill N. E. wind silenced the birds and I heard nothing singing but two or three Red-wings and Song Sparrows.

A young man ^(Thos. Bergen) much interested in birds & a pupil of Mr. Hoffmann's came to see me in the evening. He had been up the river to Nashua starting very early in the morning. Shortly after day break when it was still snowing hard he saw flying about over the town, high in air, a flock of eight birds which from his description I judge to have been Wilson's Snipe. As he crossed the Causeway this evening he heard several birds making a "peculiar tremulous sound" and apparently flying in circles high overhead. I imitated the humming of the Snipe and he at once said that that was what he had just heard.

Wilson's
Snipe

He also told me that he saw three Meadow Larks ⁱⁿ together on Nashawtuck Hill this morning. It is encouraging to know that so many still exist in Concord.

Meadow
Larks

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 7

Morning cloudy with chill N.E. wind. At noon the wind changed to S. and it became raining hard, about four inches falling before night.

A carpenter came from Cambridge to work on the canoes and I spent most of the forenoon with him at the river landing. To my great surprise the forenoon was simply alive with birds the entire morning. Either there was a great influx of birds last night or, what seems more probable, they came yesterday while I was at Cambridge. Most of them were Sparrows, Fox, King-bird, Sparrows and Juncos, banded together in a flock containing upwards of fifty individuals. They fed on the ground among the blackberry bushes and drifted back and forth across the river, visiting the pines near the North Bridge several times.

Heavy flight
of Sparrows

There were ten or a dozen Fox Sparrows in this flock. ^{Fox Sparrows} When on the ground they walked busily and in perfect silence kicking the leaves behind them by a succession of vigorous backward flings of the feet. When started they would fly to the nearest bush or apple tree and fitting themselves into the thrush-like chirp which is so characteristic of the species. This chirp can be at once distinguished from that of any other Sparrow except Poecetes which makes a closely similar but slightly faster sound. None of these Fox Sparrows sang when they were in the open but once safely sheltered among the pines they sent forth at burst after burst of their rich music.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 7

(No 2)

The young man who came to see me last evening counted 37 Robins on this trip to and from Foxcham of Robins yesterday. This morning they were in great abundance about our house. I saw five, apparently all males, squabbling together in the top of an apple tree, making a squealing noise very like that of a Robin in the clutches of a Hawk. During the day, & even in the afternoon several birds visited the bitter sweet vine on the shed to feed on the berries. It is evident that the bulk of the Robins did not reach here this spring until yesterday or the day before. Our summer birds have now probably all come, and with them perhaps some migrants bound still further north.

A pretty little female Sparrow Hawk spent the forenoon in our orchard. Perched on the topmost twig of an apple tree, her head drawn down between her shoulders, her gaze directed steadily towards the ground she would sit at perfect immobility for ten or fifteen minutes at a time doubtless watching for mice. I was much interested to observe that a dozen or more Sparrows (Juncos, Song & Fox Sparrows) which were feeding within a few yards of the tree showed not the slightest fear of the Sparrow Hawk nor did the latter once appear to notice them. The Hawk was rather shy taking short flights as I advanced towards her and not permitting me to approach much nearer than 70 or 80 yards. On approaching her feet she invariably dipped down well towards the ground and then shot upwards dropping her feet & closing her wings at the same instant performing this with admirable ease & grace. Once she alighted on a fence post.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 7
(No 3)

A Sharp-shinned Hawk, a large female, also appeared [✓] Sharp-shinned
near the house but did not alight and, soaring Hawk
across the fields to the pine of pines beyond the
milk ridge.

In the afternoon there was much shooting on [✓] Jaeger
the meadows over which the Jaeger was hovering
last evening and I fear that some of the
birds fell victims. It is a shame that we have
should allow this species of a bird which
is so rapidly decreasing.

A large flock of Brown [✓] Grackles visited the
farm early in the forenoon coming and going
several times and descending to the open fields
to feed as they used to do, years ago, on the
place in Cambridge. At first there were sixteen
birds in the flock but afterwards the number
increased to twenty-seven which probably represents
the total colony that lived in the pines on the
same place every season.

A small yellowish bird which passed over in
the orchard flitting along in a jerky manner close
to the ground was almost unquestionably a
Yellow Palm Warbler but I did not identify
it positively.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 7

(No 4)

Later in the afternoon I walked to Derby's Lane, Derby's Farm. It was still snowing fast and fully five inches of damp snow covered the ground making the walking ~~both~~ laborious and ^{very} slippery. The wind was S. E. and of moderate strength.

Fox Sparrows and Song Sparrows were scattered about everywhere two or three in a place, both species singing rather freely in spite of the storm. I saw only two Robins. A Flicker was calling in an orchard and a disconsolate-looking Phoebe flitting about in some immense bushes under the lee of a bank.

Derby's Lane was never more beautified than when I entered it this afternoon but it looked even more wintry than the Spottis fields. The pines and hemlocks were laden with snow and fine snow dust blown from their upper branches filled the air and sifted down on ~~our~~ ^{my} ~~thor~~ ^{head}. The path was trackless save where a dog (a hound that I heard baying in the distance, probably) had crossed it and a Gray Squirrel ventured out a few feet to dig for a buried nut.

Two Crows came circling over me, cawing angrily as if they were already nesting, and a Red-tailed Hawk flapped hurriedly from the upper branches of a pine and made off through the trees obscured ~~in~~ over the meadow on the left. These were the only birds that I saw or heard in these woods.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 8

Forenoon cloudy and misty, perfectly calm and much warmer than yesterday. Three distinct thunder showers followed one another in quick succession in the early afternoon. It rained freely. Last night reducing the snow to a depth of ⁰about 2 inches.

I have rarely heard anything to equal the bird singing that greeted my ears this morning when, at 8.30 o'clock I walked down the hill to the boat landing. The air was perfectly still and rather damp thus supplying the most favorable conditions for conveying sound and literally scores of birds were singing within hearing. Fox Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, Junco and Song Sparrows were by far the most numerous and persistent singers but there were also Bluebirds, Robins, Red wings, Rusty Blackbirds and a Grass Finch or two.

Remarkable
Bird Concert

The Fox Sparrows had quadrupled in numbers since ^{the} Fox Sparrows last evening despite the fact that the night was stormy! There were ^{very} few left on the Buttrick farm and I found as many more at Ball's Hill. At the latter place there were about thirty in front of the cabin where they had scratched away the snow and turned over the surface of the sandy soil over a space of several yards square where I had scattered a quantity of hemp seed during my last visit. I threw out two or three quarts more this morning and the Fox Sparrows stayed about all day repaying me by many a burst of their

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 8

(No. 2)

Fox Sparrows

superb music. In fact they were seldom silent for more than a few minutes at a time. Sometimes a bird would perch in the oak directly in front of the door and send its rich notes pulsating through the cabin. A dozen or more birds were constantly engaged eating the hemp seed rolling it between their bills to disengage the husk in the manner of most Finches. Others were scratching among the leaves within a yard or two of my window through which I watched them closely and for the first time satisfied myself as to exactly how this is done. The bird invariably jumps forward from one to two inches and the moment it strikes the ground springs back to the spot from which it started. The feet sometimes strike side by side, sometimes one a little in advance of the other. At the backward spring the bird kicks behind it the leaves, small twigs etc on which it has just alighted thus exposing a small patch of bare earth within convenient reach of its bill. After examining this for an instant & picking up whatever food has been exposed it turns slightly and rolls the leaves from another area by another forward & backward spring. Where the fallen leaves form a thick mat the bird often repeats its jumps on the same spot several times in quick succession.

There were many Song Sparrows and a few Juncos with the Fox Sparrows at Ball's Hill. At the Buttricks' there were also Lin Sparrows in some numbers and here I heard the first singing, the wild, ringing chant of the Lin Sparrow

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 8
(No 3)

harmonizes perfectly with the rich voice of the Fox Sparrow ^{or} Fox Sparrows and then two species invariably led the chorus when the Song Sparrows and Juncos following, the single trill of the Juncos forming a monotone like a lower part. Twenty or thirty birds would often be singing at one time. Gradually one after another would cease until all were silent then after a brief interval as the wild burst of melody would begin. The Fox Sparrows sang fearlessly this morning in the tops of alders and apple trees.

At the cabin they sang & fed during the thunder showers when the rain was falling fast. Their backs became quickly covered with bead or rather pearl-like drops which rolled off without wetting their plumage perceptibly. Indeed it was perfectly evident that they kept practically dry although exposed to the full force of these showers.

The migration of Song Sparrows probably reached its height to-day. The country was simply alive with them. They were much more generally distributed than the Fox Sparrows with which they seemed to associate, however, when chance threw the two species together. The Song Sparrows sang freely but not as regularly & persistently as they do in their breeding season.

^{or}
Song Sparrows

Juncos, also, were very numerous and generally ^{or} Juncos distributed. They sang a good deal using the single summer trill & not over anything the warbling melody that one hears so often in early March.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 8
(No 4)

On the way down river I saw a Gray Squirrel near Hunt's Landing, a Meadows Lark, a Flicker, a Red-tailed Hawk, a Red-shouldered Hawk with nearly a quite half of the quills missing giving the wings a badly ragged appearance, a female Hooded Merganser which flew from the edge of the flooded bushes opposite Wakin's Hill, a Herring Gull, a solitary Canada Goose, and six Black Ducks.

Birds seen
along the
river.

The Goose was flying about over the flooded meadows at a height of only thirty or forty yards. It appeared to be looking for a safe place to alight but when about opposite Ball's Hill was fired at by a man in a canoe and kept on down river flopping hurriedly as if badly frightened. It did not once make any vocal sound.

Canada
Goose

The Ducks were in a flooded meadow behind some bottom bushes at the head of Hunt's Pond. I heard one of the females quacking loudly and continuously and paddled to within about fifty yards of the flock before they saw me and flew. They went off in loose order, like a bunch of Blackbirds.

Black
Ducks.

Robins were extraordinarily numerous to-day. I counted 71 between the Poutniks' & Ball's Hill. Most of them were running about on the ground near the edge of the water where the snow had melted. It is probable that this earlier melting of the snow on the river banks had attracted them from ~~the~~ further inland where no bare ground appeared until later in the day.

Robins

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 8
(no 5)

A Red-billed Grebe, a fine old bird in full breeding plumage with black throat and gray head, spent the day in the river in front of the cabin diving at times for food in deep water about mid way of the channel but for the most part cruising warily about turning its head continually from side to side & evidently keeping a sharp watch for danger. I watched it at intervals through my glass. It is the first Red-bill that I have ever seen in Massachusetts in Spring.

Red-billed
Grebe

During a short walk which I took behind Ball's Hill in the forenoon I heard what I at first supposed to be a Jay making a succession of rather low, mewing calls apparently in order imitator of the cry of the Red-shouldered Hawk, that when I finally caught sight of the bird sitting in the top of a Birch on the edge of Holden's meadow I saw at once that it was a Hawk of ^{medium} rather large size. The next instant it flew and made off at great speed in the direction of Davis's Hill where the ^{sharp} pointed wings and rapid nervous ^{alternating with periods of beating} flapping ^{indicated} it at once as a Cooper's Hawk, the first that I have ~~ever~~ observed on this season.

Cooper's Hawk

Still another Hawk which crossed the river from Ball's Hill to the Bedford shore where it alighted in a large oak perched ^{un}completely although I had a good view of it through a strong glass not over 100 yards away at first with the light & other conditions favorable in every way

A strange
Butter?

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 8

(No 6)

It appeared to be of a uniform dull black color both above & beneath with a little white mottling or perhaps barring on the upper side of the tail. At first I took it for a Black Ranch-bird but the flight was ~~more~~ like that of a Buteo was heavy and direct the bird first flopping a few times and then soaring. It chose for its perch moreover a stout horizontal branch about midway of the oak whereas an Archibuteo would have been nearly certain to alight on the topmost twig of the tree.

Here such an occurrence at all probably I should suspect strongly that this Hawk was Buteo borealis. Perhaps this hypothesis will answer as well as another for certainly the bird belonged to a species which I have never seen living before. It is quite possible, however, that it was a black specimen of Buteo swainsoni. It was rather large & stoutly built for the latter species however, about being of about the size of a male Buteo borealis.

Cabin, 4 P.M. It is raining hard & thundering badly yet a dozen or more Fox Sparrows with as many Junco & Song Sparrows are feeding on the hemp seed in front of my door. The delicate blue-gray of the Junco contrasts pleasingly with the rich tawny of the Fox Sparrows. The latter are rather quarrelsome birds driving away the Junco & Song Sparrows & tithing at each other with open bills & trailing wings. Occasionally two mount straight up ten or fifteen feet head to head flitting at each other with their bills. Now one male sings gloriously in the rain.

Fox Sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1893
April 8
(No 7)

On my way up river a little before sunset I saw a small bunch of Black Ducks flying in the distance and heard a Red-shouldered Hawk screaming war. Hunt's landing Redwings were very numerous and singing freely. The flocks of Fox, Tree & Song Sparrows on the farm this morning seemed to have wholly departed. The snow had all gone also and the fields were bare and brown. The grass in front of the house was slightly tinged with green this evening.

After tea I walked to and across Red Bridge to the meadow where my young friend heard the Snipe drumming on the evening of the 6th. The birds were there to-night for I heard at least two and I think three rise and fly about ~~scaping~~ but none of them drummed although the night was clear & very warm with a light S. W. wind - just the right conditions. Twice, however, I heard a Snipe cackle. Once the bird was within 50 yds. or less either on the ground or skimming close over it. In each instance the sound consisted of a series of cacs, very like the call note of the Red wing but more husky, repeated ^{on the first occasion} ~~over~~ five or six the second some times. It reminded me also of the pig call of the Virginia Rail but the notes were delivered more slowly and were all on the same key. The scap ~~scap~~ of the Snipe may be very closely imitated by drawing a fine file quickly across the end of a small iron wire.

Wilson's¹¹
Snipe

A dozen or more Pickering's Hyles were piping near Egg Rock. I have heard only one before on the 1st

Hyles

Concord, Mass

1893.

April 9

Cloudless with threatening but not cold N. wind which died away at evening. The sun set in a clear sky flooding the meadows, just before it sank out of sight, with a wonderfully clear, strong light. The hills at sunset were purple and plum-colored. Water frozen last night.

At 9.30 A.M. I started down river in the Hookston boat. There were few small birds in sight and I heard almost none singing, a great contrast to yesterday. There had all the Fox Sparrows and Juncos gone there were only two of the latter and one of the former in the Boathead, indeed this morning.

Near the edge of the Belt of Wooded Swamps opposite Dakin's Hill a pair of Hooded Mergansers started from almost exactly the same spot where I saw the female yesterday. It is strange that the drake was not with her on that occasion. I had a fine view of him this morning. There can be little doubt that these birds are the same pair, that I have seen repeatedly near this place or a little above during the past two weeks.

Hooded"
Merganser

On reaching Boat's Hill I landed at the cabin and presently Herbert Holden came along in his canoe. He tells me that on April 6th he saw a Virginia Rail in Bedford Swamp. The bird was in dense brush and came swimming past him within a few yards as he sat in his stand watching for Ducks. Four inches of snow had fallen the previous night.

Virginia
Rail.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 9
(M 2)

On April 6 Mr. Holden also saw three Great Blue Herons along the river, two of them in Bedford Swamp.

He ^{Mr. Holden} further told me that Ospreys were frequently in sight on the 6th and he thinks he saw in all not less than 5 or 6 of these fine birds.

Ospreys^{2/3}

While we were talking Bolles who had agreed to meet me here this morning showed up the Bedford shore and I brought him across in the boat. After leaving our things in the cabin we walked to Davis's Hill, crossed the Swamp behind it to Benson's and returned through the fields to the cabin where we found Spelman who had ridden up from Cambridge on his bicycle.

Some time after dinner James J. Fenough & his brother appeared in a canoe and landed for a brief visit. Soon after this I set Spelman & his iron sled on the other side of the river and returning took Bolles with me to the boat. We paddled up river to Holden's Hill and then turning about went down nearly to Cobble Bridge. The wind had fallen to a gentle breeze and the evening although cool was delightful. We saw thirty or more Ducks of several species besides Redwings, Indigos, an Osprey and a Carolina Wren. A bird of the last-named species was coming the pines on Benson's Knoll as we passed on the way back. Only a few Redwings & Song Sparrows sang at evening. During the day the woods were silent & seemingly deserted in most places that we visited.

Bowcord, Mass.

1893

April 9
(No 3)

There were probably 25 or more Fox Sparrows along Fox Sparrows
the river front of Ball's Hill to-day. They kept moving
back & forth and more or less of them were constantly
feeding on the hemp seed in front of the cabin; the
greatest number which we saw there at one time was 14.
I heard to-day a new note from this bird. It was
a low peet. peet. peet. peet. peet. peet. uttered once rapidly and
audibly only a few yards away. It closely resembled the
talking of young Red-wings or Cow Blackbirds when in large
flocks in late summer. It was uttered only when several
or more Fox Sparrows were feeding together on the ground
and appeared to be either a note of menace or contentment
at the rich feast with which I had supplied them. The
former is the more probable theory for usually when this
note was heard we observed one or more birds threatening
each other. There was much fighting among them to-day.

With the Fox Sparrows were five juncos, ~~four~~ males &
one female. They ~~ate~~ the hemp seed freely when permitted
to do so by the Fox Sparrows.

We saw four Phoebe during the day, all near
the river & all silent. They were doubtless migrants.
The birds seen near the cabin on the 2nd must
have been migrants also for I have neither seen nor
heard a Phoebe there since.

A Carolina Dove cooed at intervals in Benson's pines
a little after sunset & we saw another fly
across the river as it was getting dark. None seen
or heard during the day.

Dove

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 9

(No 4)

A little below Davis's Hill just as the sun was setting
we started a flock of eight Scaup Ducks from the flooded meadows. Through my glass I could see their markings with perfect distinctness and easily made out that there were four males and four females. They looked very large and were, I saw very true, Greater Scaups. Rising in a great circle to above the tops of the trees they flew out of sight in the direction of Indebury Meadows. I have never before seen either species of Scaup in Concord River in the Spring.

Greater
Scaup Ducks

Soon after the Scaup Ducks had disappeared I discerned by means of my glass four Golden eyes, then of them old drakes, swimming in the rough water of the channel of the river. They rose soon afterwards and followed the Scaups making a loud, steady whistling.

Golden eyes

Twelve Black Ducks also flew over coming from the westward & disappearing beyond Coolidge Bridge. They sometimes closed in together but as a rule flew in three bunches of six, four, and two birds each.

Black Ducks

An Osprey started out of the oaks on Bowdoin's Hill and flew off whistling.

Osprey

We saw a flock of five Red-bellies and one single bird flying in company with two male Red-wings and keeping close with them. I do not remember to have noticed this habit in Spring before.

Red-bellies

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 9
(no 5)

At about 10.30 A. M. I saw the Black Hawk again. He was flying from Ball's to Davis's Hill moving in a straight line, alternately flapping & soaring. Something about his flight at once recalled to my mind the Swainson's Hawks which I used to see daily at Colorado Springs and I am now convinced that this bird is a Swainson's. He looked nearly a Black as a Crow to-day and not much if at all larger. I think he is a male.

^{4/9}
Swainson's
Hawk.

Hood Frogs were croaking in half a dozen places this forenoon. We heard them in two small pools which contained a good deal of ice.

Hood
Frogs.

George Holden who called on the cabin in the afternoon told me that he had just seen a Red-billed Grebe in the flooded meadow above Benson's landing.

^{4/9}
Carolinian
Grebe

Sometime after sunset - indeed it was nearly dark at the time - we saw several Robins cross the river from the Bedford shore and pass around the E. end of Ball's Hill flying very low and swiftly. Following them we found a number assembled in a cluster of young bushy white pines where they were evidently settling themselves for the night, calling to one another and fluttering just as they do in autumn. Just how many there was it was impossible to ascertain but we saw and heard at least six or eight. They had all become silent before we left the place.

Spring 4/9
Robin roost

Concord, Mass

1893

April 10

Early morning clear and perfectly calm. Clouds began gathering at 9. A. M. and for the rest of the day the sky was overcast and there was a strong easterly S. E. wind.

Bolles called me at daybreak and dressing quickly we went to the top of Bolt's Hill. As we stepped out of the cabin Robins, Redwings and Song Sparrows were singing along the river and every minute or two several Fox Sparrows joined in. From the top of the hill we heard a few Sparrows singing and a few cooing. Two Downy Woodpeckers were drumming steadily. Altogether there was very little singing for so fine a morning.

After a hurried breakfast I joined Bolles near the river and walked with him to W. Bedford Station where he took the 7.20 train. The orchards & fields about the station were swarming with Sparrows chiefly Juncos of which there were certainly more than 100 with Fox Sparrows, Tree Sparrows & Song Sparrows in smaller numbers. On my way back to the boat I heard some fine melody singing by all these species especially by a number of birds collected in & about a large brush pile. I also saw thirty or more Robins running over the grass in a meadow & heard a Flicker chattering. Two or three Marsh Hawks passed the cabin yesterday but I saw only one, a Brown bird to-day. The few Juncos & about a dozen Fox Sparrows were eating the hemp seed this morning.

Concord, Mass.

1873

Apr. 10
Wed

I spent the day at Balls Hill walking to Davis' Hill in the afternoon and juddling up river to the Buttricks' in time for tea.

At about noon as I was standing in the cabin Coopers'
door a male Cooper's Hawk passed within about Hawks
twenty feet skimming less than a foot above the
ground, on its wings, with incredible swiftness,
following the river path. When it saw me it turned
out over the water and crossed to the Bedford shore.
It was doubtless hunting. Late in the afternoon I
found the feathers of a Fox Sparrow scattered about
the cabin on the grass. Probably this Hawk returned
to capture one of my birds when I was absent.
The flight of Cooper's Hawk, though similar to that
of A. velox is lighter and keener. It has more
momentum. The wings are also flopped with more
vigor.

A Carolina Duck spent the day in the flooded
meadows above Benson's Landing. I am very sure
that I ever heard him utter the Quack note
and perfectly certain that I heard this
from another bird of the same species which
approached to be among the bottom bushes opposite
Davis' Hill.

Carolina
Duck

As I was on my way up river I started a
pair of Hood Ducks from some flooded bushes on
Great Meadow. The drake gave both the Quack & Gimm
Hee cries. Sometimes one sometimes the other led in flight.

Hood Duck

Concord, Mass.

1893.

April 11

A perfect early spring day, the sky cloudless and tender blue, the water deep blue, a strong steady, but not in the least chill, east wind.

A Meadow Lark was whistling at short intervals in the field across the road and Robin, Blue birds & Song Sparrows singing. With I was humming.

At 9 a. m. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe. On the way I saw a flock of 8 Black Ducks, flying high over the Darnsdale woods, at least a dozen Painted Turtles (the first this season) on floating logs & boards, and a large Musk Rat whom I met for thought that he had only just climbed out of the water to the fork of the cotton bush in which he was sitting enjoying the sun & breeze of the sun. Poor fellow! he did not pay the usual penalty for his sun bath for I did not see him fired on the river all day.

First Painted
Turtles

After several tracks under bill across the meadows I reached Bell's Hill where I landed to start my canking. There were only two Fox Sparrows & a Song Sparrow on the path & most of the Sparrows which were here yesterday, must have left last night.

I next sailed to Davis's Hill where a Pine Warbler singing in the tops of the pines was the only bird that I saw or heard.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 11

(No 2)

During a second visit to Davis's Hill in the afternoon I went down to the edge of a little pond and started a Bittern which rose 20 yards or more off from a clump of flooded bushes and rising in a broad spiral to above the top of the trees flew off over them instead of out over the meadows. Had I not made sure of the bird's identity when it first rose I should have taken it for a Night Heron when it was thus bearing over the tall pines on the hill. It uttered no sound.

First &
Bittern

As I was ascending the E. end of Bell's Hill on my way back I saw a perfect cloud of Blackbirds circling over a field on the Redbird Plain. They alighted on some apple trees and then flew down to the ground where they formed a conspicuous black patch on the pale brown grass. Every minute or so they would rise, wheel about & settle again. I paddled sufficiently near to make out through my glass that they were all Brown Grackles. A rough count showed that there were over 150 birds in the flock which is by far the largest that I have seen thus many years.

Immense
flock of
Brown
Grackles

As I never see Brown Grackles in this locality in summer and as the Concord colony is something like so large I do not doubt that these birds were migrants.

I said most of the way home in the late afternoon seeing nothing of interest save a pair of Geomys flying high towards N. E. & doubtless migrating

Geomys
migrating

Concord, Mass.

1893
April 11
(No 3)

After tea I walked down the road to Red Bridge. Robins were singing freely in every direction but I heard nothing else save one Song Sparrow. This is the rule at this season it being the rare exception for Blue birds, Sparrows etc. to sing much at evening.

As I was crossing the bridge I heard a single ^{or} Miss's Sing is scaping from Hudson's meadow and then another and another. Their cries indicated plainly enough that they rose to a considerable height and made off over the hills to the N.E. As the evening was perfectly still and very warm I was surprised that none of them drummed but on thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that they left the place altogether and started on an extended withered flight. I afterwards went out on the meadow but neither saw nor heard any more birds. It was almost dark at the time.

Only two or three Hylas were peeping but the Wood Frogs were making a deafening clamor in the swampy birch & maple woods towards town. Then the sweet-toned bell of the town clock struck seven and I turned back. As I crossed the bridge a Muskrat cut a silvery furrow across the channel of the brook & swiftly, flowing
on.

Wood Frogs

1893

April 12

Clear, the forenoon up to ten o'clock dead calm, the rest of the day with strong S. E. to S. W. wind. Very warm in fact quite the warmest-feeling day thus far.

A day at the Buttrick farm.

I awoke at daybreak and lay awake for nearly an hour listening for bird songs my window being wide open. A Robin began singing while it was still nearly dark and continued for fifteen or twenty minutes at intervals. ~~Then~~ a Song Sparrow and then a Bluebird sang a few times. After this I heard nothing whatever & finally went to sleep again.

Birds singing at daybreak.

At breakfast time (7.30) a Chipping Sparrow (the first) was singing rather lustily & fully in the orchard. A little later I heard a Phoebe give the flight song near North Bridge. A Flicker also "thumped" two or three times. With these exceptions there was no singing whatever during the early forenoon although the air was still and warm and the sunlight bright. I have rarely observed anything more remarkable than this silent morning. There were plenty of birds about Robins, Bluebirds, Song Sparrows & Thrashers quarreling about a bird house but all seemed listless & depressed (save the Thrashers).

First Chipping

Remarkable silence on the part of the birds

I spent the entire day working on my canvas at the landing with a cooper. In the afternoon I fished for an hour or more on Mill Brook under

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

April 13. Cloudy with several short, light showers. Wind S.W.
A rather cool and very damp day.

I went to Cambridge this morning by 9.45 train
on the Lowell R.R. On the way to the station heard a
Chipping Sparrow singing in Mr. Hayes's grounds and
saw a flock of Rusty Grackles.

On reaching Cambridge I found the lawns everywhere Season more
more or less green & some of them very green which advanced
the general appearance of the cultivated trees and than at
shrubs indicated that vegetation generally was a Concord.
week or more ahead of that at Concord.

Robins appear to be very numerous this spring
in Cambridge. They were singing in the garden,
at intervals, during the entire day and at evening
very fully and generally. I saw four at one time
on the lawn.

Robins⁴¹

Denton tells me that Fox Sparrows have been
constantly present in the garden during the past
week. He counted five there yesterday but I
could find none to-day. They have evidently been
attracted and retained by the fallen seeds of some
Lupinus which grew last season among the grape vines
and which I left standing all winter.

Fox Sparrows¹⁶

Cambridge, Mass.

1893.

April 14

A soft, warm April day the sun peeping out at intervals through the thin clouds; a light S.W. wind.

After breakfast drove with C. around Mr. Auburn and as far as the Adams place on the Watertown road. The grass was green on sunny exposures and the roads dry. He saw and heard a good many birds but there was no indication of any considerable migration.

A Goldfinch was singing on the Lowell place, not the warbling note over long usually heard at this season but the true midsummer song, loud and clearly cut up to all its phrases.

Goldfinch

On French's Hill in E. Watertown a Pine Warbler was trilling at short, regular intervals and a Palm Warbler (*hypochrysa*), a Ruby-crowned and a Golden-crested Kinglet all singing together in one tree (a red cedar), their notes mingling in a strange and decidedly inharmonious medley.

Birds singing
on French's
Hill.

He heard two Flickers thrashing, one near the little pond behind Mr. Auburn, the other on the Adams land.

Flickers

Two Grass Finches were also singing on the Adams place.

Grass Finches

Chipping Sparrows were numerous, generally distributed, and singing freely. I heard one in my garden. They apparently arrived in force last night.

General arrival
of Chipping
Sparrows.

The absence of Purple Finches & Meadow Larks was a marked feature & I heard no Bluebirds & but one Song Sparrow.

Absence of
Purple Finches
& Meadow Larks

Cambridge to Concord.

1893

April 19

Clear with blustering W. wind.

After spending nearly a week at Cambridge I drove to Concord this afternoon starting at 3.30 and reaching the Buttricks' a little before 4 p. There was a high cold wind and I saw few birds. I chose my favorite roads - past the Wyman place, through the Dutch-Borgian village & past Sandy Pond.

Soon after entering the woods at the slim base of a large hill on the boundary between Waltham & Lincoln I saw a ♀ Broad-winged Hawk. It flew from an oak by the roadside and passing through a thin growth of leafless trees alighted again within about 40 yards of the road in the woods on the hillside. I had a good view of it both flying & perched and made out its coloring & markings distinctly. I have seen a Broad-wing in or near these woods on two previous occasions in spring or early summer & believe that a pair breed here regularly.

Broad-wing
Hawk

I saw two Flickers & heard a third during this drive, a small number for the region & season.

Colaptes

As I was passing through Sandy Pond woods a Partridge rose from near the edge of the road & flew off in perfect silence.

Partridge

After tea I walked to Mr. Dutton's. A Robin singing near the Derby's & a Grass Finch in dense pasture were the only birds (literally) heard.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1893.

April 20

To

Ball's Hill

Cloudy with strong E. wind. Rain, sleet & snow in the afternoon. A raw, dismal day.

At 9 A.M. I launched the open canoe and started down river. A Tree Sparrow was singing in the orchard as I pushed off, but I heard nothing else except Crows and a Flicker during the voyage to Ball's Hill. The grass was green and growing on the meadows where the water had left it and on the bank in front of the cabin at Ball's Hill it was very green. Killdeer, Juncos, conspicuous along the edge of the river & meadows.

I spent part of the day in the cabin and visited Davis's Hill twice, once by land and once by boat. Pat was working on the island ridge in the Davis Swamp and I helped him in the afternoon for two hours or more until the snow & sleet began & drove us both home. Although the water has fallen a good deal I crossed the Great Meadows, sailing the entire distance to the Buttricks. On the way I started a pair of Gooseanders which rose high in air & made off down river. Pat flushed a Partridge in the Davis Swamp.

Small birds were nearly or quite as scarce, apparently, as they are in mid winter. The woods & fields seemed utterly deserted & there was practically no singing. I saw a single Yellow-Redpoll Warbler in bushes and one Red-wing on a maple, singing, as I was on my way home.

The only bird singing at Ball's Hill was a Grass Finch which was chanting at short intervals in oak woods near the west end of the hill.

Grass Finch
singing in
woods

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill
Flickers¹¹

1893

April 20
(No 2)

I saw two Flickers (a pair, evidently) and heard another. One was clinging to the edge of a hole in a vine maple, where a brood were reared last year, looking in as if considering the advisability of occupying the premises another season. On watching this Flicker attentively as I drew them before me down vine I found that during the undulating or "galloping" flight they invariably gave only one stroke of the wings at each bound. This is true, doubtless, of all the members of the family. The Flicker, however, often flies much like a Robin flapping steadily and moving on a level plane.

When in a tree or standing on the ground a Crow nearly if not always accompanies each utterance of the Caw by bending forward, stretching out the neck to its full length, and jerking the head forward and down with some violence, the bill being opened very wide at the moment the sound is produced. I have not observed anything of this kind when the caw is given during flight.

Crows¹¹

Red-winged Blackbirds desert the vine meadows & thickets during cold, windy weather at this season & in forming large flocks resort to upland fields and pastures. I saw such a flock in the fields near the W. Bedford station to-day.

Red-winged
Blackbirds.

Hylas were in full blast yesterday afternoon & evening in meadows & ponds, thousands piping in one spot. I heard a few Wood Frogs also. Both silent to-day.

Hylas

1893

April 21

Concord, Mass.

Balls Hill

Forenoon stormy. The clouds broke away and the sun came out at about 1.30 P.M.; the remainder of the afternoon fine with moderate N. wind.; after sunset wind shifted to E. and the sky clouded over again.

At 2 P.M. I started down river in the open canoe and sailed most of the way, close hauled, to Balls Hill. A Red-shouldered Hawk soaring and screaming over the knoll near Hunt's Landing suddenly closed its wings and shot down like a falling rocket into the pitch pines descending about 100 ft. I landed & looked for a nest but could find nothing but a Gray Squirrel's nest. It is a mystery where these Hawks are breeding. I see one or both daily near this knoll. Sometimes they circle screaming above Ripley's Hill within hearing of the Buttricks'.

Red-shouldered
Hawk

Landing at the cabin I left my things and walked across the fields to Holden's seeing, on the way, two Savanna Sparrows on a grassy knoll and a flock of five Yellow Red-poll Warblers accompanied by a Pine Warbler & two Bluebirds in an apple tree on a hillside were building.

In an elm in front of Holden's house a pair of Bluebirds were copulating. I saw only one act of union which was accompanied by a peculiar low, chattering sound made, I thought, by the male although of this I had no proof.

Bluebirds

1893
April 21
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill
Hairy &
Woodpecker

Returning to Benson's I heard a Woodpecker uttering the chick which is common to both P. pubescens & P. villosus but which differs slightly, I have always thought, with the two species. I set this bird down for villosus the ^{first} moment I heard it and following up the sound found that I was right. The bird, a female, was picking small holes in a very slender & rotten oak stub from which it extracted beetle insects (probably Curculionid wood borers) which I was watching it. The Hairy Woodpecker is a more alert, energetic and restless bird than the Downy & it is also more noisy. The chick note is louder and repeated often.

While talking with Benson I noticed some tufts of Hen's feathers scattered about on the ground within a few yards of his shed. He told me that something had killed a Hen there about 4 days ago & had taken it away. The next day more feathers found near the bars below the barn and another Hen missing. Yesterday morning a "very large gray Hawk" appeared and pounced on a Hen near some bushes about 50 yards west of the barn. Before Benson could get to the spot the Hawk had killed the Hen and "eaten her head off". Benson drove a peg in the ground and tying the Hen to it set a steel trap on her body. He said it had not been disturbed but when he took me to the spot we found the trap sprung & the hen & peg gone. The jaws of the trap showed no trace of feathers or hair.

The only Hawk (besides Marsh Hawks) which I have

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 21
(No 3)

Seen near this farm of late is a male Cooper's which haunts the pines above my glacial house where I think he intends breeding. He scolded into these pines this afternoon, as I was passing, uttering a succession of the mewling, jay-like cries which I have recently described. Can he be the robber? He might perhaps kill a full-grown Hen but surely he could not carry one off!

Ball's Hill,
Cooper's Hawk

Marsh Hawks must be migrating still for I saw three this afternoon a fine white male and two females. The latter were hunting in company doubtless I never ~~observed~~ at this house before.

Marsh
Hawks

It was a great day for Pine Warblers. I heard two singing in the pitch pines on Hunt's knoll and at least four more in the Ball's Hill region besides the one (a ♂) in the apple tree with the Yellow Palm Warblers. The Pine Warbler's song is a true trill, very musical and pretty with a soothing quality perhaps derived from association with the sound of wind in the pines which so often accompanies it.

Pine
Warblers

In the white pines on Beacon's knoll I found two Chickadees accompanied by a Golden crested Kinglet with a Ruby-crown chattering not far off, also in a white pine. When I first heard the chatter faintly through intertwining trees I mistook it for the scolding of a Winter Wren. There is certainly some resemblance though this fact never occurred to me before.

Ruby-crowned
Kinglet

1893

April 21

(No 4)

Concord, Mass.

'Balls Hill'

Gooseanders

As I was walking slowly along a path through
thin pines, making no noise and so perfectly screened
from the river that I could only just catch the
glimmer of the water, I heard a great flopping of
wings on the water near shore below the ridge. Rushing
out into the open I saw a pair of Gooseanders
flying swiftly off down river past Davis's Hill.
It is remarkable that they could have discovered my
presence under these conditions but such was
evidently the fact for there was no other visible
cause for alarm on this point. They are amazingly
alert wary creatures at this season, much more so
in fact than Black Ducks.

After cooking and eating supper in the cabin I
started for the Buttricks just as it was getting dark.
A fine fresh easterly wind had risen and hoisting the
sail I sped swiftly over the Great Meadows. A Dove
shot past and skimmed over the crest of Ball's Hill.
Robins & Red wings were singing & I heard a Swamp
Sparrow chirping in a flooded thicket. The piping of
Hylas mingled with ^{the} croaking of Boxed Frogs and the
rough croaking of Wood Frogs rose from every side of
the broad sheet of water swelling and bubbling alternately,
but never ceasing for an instant. Suddenly a steadily
increasing, low, muffled whistling of wings came from
behind me and the next moment five Scaup Ducks
(Greater Scaups I thought) followed closely by four more
passed overhead flying very swiftly and soon
disappearing in the gloom. They were apparently
on their way to the Hayland meadows.

Birds at
evening.

1893.

April 28

Concord, Mass.

Bulfinch farm

Mornoon calm, cloudy, warm. Afternoon clear with gusty winds from every quarter of the compass settling, finally, into a steady, strong breeze from the N.W.

I spent the entire forenoon and the first half of the afternoon by the landing on the Bulfinch farm helping the men get the floating boat house out into the river. Through the early part of the forenoon birds were numerous and singing freely. I heard a Martin and saw a flock of six Barn Swallows flying high to the N. W. direction. White-bellied Swallows in greater numbers than on any previous day. Five Juncos, three Yellow Palm Warblers, and three Yellow Warblers in the orchard. Two Tree Sparrows singing in the alders across the river. A Nuthatch hawking near the house.

Martins &
Barn Swallows
above

Brown Grackles were flying about the farm all the morning and in the afternoon a dozen or more collected in the white pines along the avenue to North Bridge where they flitted to & fro uttering their creaking and guttural notes incessantly and acting as if they contemplated nesting there a thing that they have never done before to my knowledge.

Brown^v
Grackles

Last year at about this time a Pine Warbler spent several days in our orchard singing freely in the apple trees. There was one there this morning in full song.

Pine Warbler^v
in apple
orchard

1893

April 22

(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

Damsdale &

Hutchinson's woods

At 4 P. M. I started on a walk. The wind had risen but it was very warm and birds were numerous and in good song for an April afternoon.

As I passed the Burills and thence down the slope to the meadow beyond I listened in vain for Meadow Larks. It is now just beyond question that nearly all of our Concord birds perished last winter. A Robin was singing and a Flicker thrashing.

Meadow Larks

nearly all dead.

Entering Derby's Lane I walked slowly through it noticing, with sorrow, that the owner has cut many of the smaller trees and removed the bark from one side of the trunk of the noble hemlock that stands on the bank of the brook. This has been done since my last visit, for what purpose it is difficult to imagine.

Crossing the Damsdale I next took the path through the Common Lot where in the midst of the chestnut & oak woods I have heard little flocks of Yellow Palm Warblers accompanied by Yellow Warblers and heard a Fox Sparrow give its strong chirp several times very near me among some young pines.

A Partridge was drumming at infrequent intervals in Oak Meadow Swamp exactly where I used to hear one last year. Taking the entire duration of the drumming from the first thump to the end of the terminal roll I made it ^(with my stop watch) 6, 8 and 8 1/2 seconds respectively for three consecutive times. The total number of thumps, including those of the roll varied from about 25 to about 30 each time.

Ruffed

Grouse

drumming.

1893

April 22

(No 3)

Concord, Mass.

Hutchins's Woods

The large Paper Birch that stands by the wall east of Oak Meadow measures 32 inches in circumference at a foot above the ground. It is the largest specimen I know in Concord. Unfortunately it has been "barked" withtressy.

Paper Birch
near
Oak Meadow

A short but very shady white pine lower down on Oak Meadow brook has a circumference of 10 ft. 6 inches at about a foot above the ground.

Large pine

In Hutchins's beautiful pine woods the ground was frozen hard in many places and a drift of snow extended quite across the path at one spot. There were no birds in these pines but Hylas and Wood Frogs were making a deafening racket in the swamp at the foot of the slope.

Hutchins's
woods

Returning by way of Pratt's nursery I started a Red-shouldered Hawk from the big chestnuts on the west side of Buckatassett Hill. As it went off it screamed for several seconds. I looked for its nest but could find nothing resembling one.

There were some Yellow Palm Warblers & Yellow-rumps on the Pratt farm. Evidently, there has been a considerable flight to-day. I saw them in various places; in pastures among birches, in apple orchards, in oak & chestnut woods, and in a white pine grove: nearly always the two species together but the Yellow Palm Warblers decidedly the more numerous, certainly two to one. Both species sang freely.

Yellow Palm
Warbler

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 23

The sky all day filled with masses of clouds driven Ball's Hill rapidly before the blustering W. wind, the sun shining frequently for brief intervals. Air raw but not cold.

I started down river in the Ruskton boat at 9.30 A.M. The wind was strong & fair and I made rapid progress under sail, following the river as far as the Holt and thence crossing the flooded meadows.

Bolles had agreed to join me at about ten o'clock but I waited for ^{him} in vain all the forenoon sitting in the door of the cabin watching the opposite shore. An occasional Crow, a female Marsh Hawk beating along the edge of the bushes, and a pair of Gooseanders flying up river close to the water were the only birds that attracted my attention. There was no singing whatever and evidently very few small birds about. Indeed I saw nothing but a solitary Song Sparrow near the cabin.

After dinner I walked around Ball's Hill looking at my planted trees & shrubs. Nearly all seem to have wintered well. The mountain Laurel looks finely. One of the Hepaticas had a number of buds & one delicate flower fully open.

This is the height of the willow season, a fine native Hepatica in flower. Such a variety of form, size & color in the cattails! Brown

I next took the boat and paddled to Holden's Hill. Not a bird of any kind in these woods. A solitary Yellow Palm Warbler on the Blackman Knoll. The paper birches very conspicuous in the char' after noon light. Their buds have swollen nearly to bursting these past few days.

1893.

April 23
(No 2)

Concord Mass.

(Ball's Hill)

Birds

Singing at
Sunset

Returning to the boat after a long walk I hoisted sail and skimmed lightly down river past the cabin to Davis's Hill. The wind was abating fast, the sun nearly behind the crests of the western hills. A Robin and several Red-wings singing and a grand clamor of Hylas & Wood Frogs in the pond below near the river. On the Bedford shore a Flicker shouted several times. I listened vainly for Doves. Why have they been so utterly silent of late?

As I ran the boat ashore at the bars near the mouth of Davis's Brook a Cooper's Hawk began crying in the tall pines just north of the glacial hollow. It made a singular sound, the same that I have noted on two recent occasions, crees varied to cre-cre repeated from three to six times in slow, drawing, asthmatic tones. It reminded me by turns of the scream of a Jay with a bad cold (if Jays are ever afflicted in this manner), of the where o of a husky-voiced Red-shouldered Hawk, and of the meow of a Cat. bird. The last comparison satisfied me best for it was decidedly a meowing cry although not to be mistaken for that of the Cat bird being much louder and more emphatic as well as more drawing. Approaching cautiously I saw the bird sail from one pine to the next & thence across an opening to an oak where I got my glass on it & saw that it was a large female. Then it saw me and started off over the swamp giving a high crees immediately followed by a backing ca-ca-ca-ca-ca-ca which I have not heard before. There is a nest of shells in one of these pines & the Hawks are probably intending to brood there (I noted the above cries on the spot).

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 24

Clear and slightly warmer with moderate N. wind

Ball's Hill

I spent the night in the cabin. The wind died away wholly at about 8 P.M. and the sky cleared. There was a ringing chorus of Hylas with a few Hooded Mops up to the time I went to sleep (10 P.M.) and an hour or two later I awoke and heard them still piping & creaking but still later (probably 2 to 3 a.m.) I awoke again & found that they had become wholly silent. This was probably due to a fall in the temperature for at sunrise this morning there was a heavy white frost.

Birds singing
at sunrise

Soon after sunrise I dressed and climbed to the top of Ball's Hill. Robins, Redwings, Song Sparrows and a Flicker were singing by the river, on the hill a Pine Warbler. No Doves seen or heard. A large flock of Yellow Palm Warblers (at least a dozen) with a few Yellow-rumps & two male Ruby-crowned Kinglets came drifting along the hillside flitting from bush to bush and hopping on the ground in little groups like Sparrows. All these species sang freely & often all three were singing at once. Then a Chickadee joined in with his ti-dee.

Shortly after breakfast I saw an Osprey rise to a great height and soar in circles for nearly ten minutes without once flopping his wings. The wings looked very narrow and were held almost perfectly level.

Osprey

1893.

Concord, Mass.

(Ball's Hill)

April 24
(No 2)

(Cooper)

(Hawks)

At about 10 a. m. I was passing the glacial hollow when I heard the Cooper's Hawk screaming in the pines where it was last evening. After giving the droning, jag. like cheer a few times it uttered a cry which I have never heard before kee, kee, kee. kee-kee- kee-kee- kee-kee- kee. the first two syllables given slowly & disconnected, all the others rapidly in a connected series. The tone was varied somewhat during the several repetitions to which I was treated. At times it ~~resembled~~ had a barking quality and once it bore a startling resemblance to the cackle of a Florida Gallinule. The ca-ca-ca cry was also given once or twice. All these notes were answered by another bird in the trees on the other side of the hollow. Presently both appeared and as if for my express benefit flew from tree to tree and crossed & recrossed the hollow alighting several times in open view within 40 yds of me. The male was in immature plumage with drab back and longitudinally-streaked under parts. The female was in fully adult dress with very richly-colored breast. She looked nearly as large as a Red-tailed Hawk. Both sexes uttered the same cries. When perched they moved their heads about slowly and bobbed them up & down somewhat after the manner of Owls. They also raised & lowered their tails rather slowly like Thrashers or Catbirds. Once the male after alighting on a branch of a pitch pine moved his position ten or twelve feet by a series of long jumps among the branches. After awhile the female rose above the trees and began soaring in circles with all the ease & grace of a Buteo. She went off towards Benson's & suspecting her intentions I watched her through my glass. Then

1893

April 24
(No 3)

Concord, Mass.

in or (Ball's Hill)

Cooper's

Hawks

nearly over the barn she made a sudden swoop at the flock of hens which were scattered about the doorway. descending among them on a steep incline and with such swiftness that my eye could with difficulty follow her. The hens scattered in every direction, some flying, some running, all cackling & squealing. Benson who was near shouted & threw up his cap. The Hawk without descending quite to the ground soared gracefully upward and alighted in an elm nearly over the house. Benson ran toward the tree, she too, ran and she flew off in a slow, indifferent way. The male now followed her & both disappeared towards the westward.

Half-an-hour later the female dashed past me within a few rods and re-entered the pines by the bottom. Up to the moment of reaching them she moved by a succession of great bounds precisely ^{actually} like a Woodpecker. I saw that the undulatory curves were much deeper than those performed by any Woodpecker. While performing this remarkable flight (the like of which I have never seen before) she was crossing an open meadow and rising & falling from just above the ground to a height of 30 feet or more. The Sharp-shinned Hawk often flits like a Robin but I have never seen it describe anything like such deep curves as these.

I afterwards saw Benson & he tells me that these Hawks have killed two more full grown Hens since the 21st. The male killed one & the female another, both while he was looking on. In each instance the Hen's head was eaten off before he could get to her but neither Hawk attempted to carry his prize away when he flew. Benson is positive that these Cooper's Hawks are the robbers of his poultry yard & I am now convinced of it, also.

1893

April 24
(No 4)

Concord, Mass.

(Balls Hill)

I spent the day overhunting and working with the men near Davis's Hill. A Solitary Vireo (thru f. i.) was singing at intervals in the pines near the general store.

Solitary
Vireo

Another arrival was a White Throated Sparrow, a solitary bird which I started among alders in a swamp and which, to my surprise, was an immature or gray-throated bird. This is the first instance that has come under my observation where a bird in this plumage has appeared at an early date.

White
throated
Sparrow

The Doves have certainly deserted my woods, doubtless because of the presence of the Cooper's Hawks which have probably killed some of them & frightened away the others. I heard one cooing in the afternoon in pines on Prescott's land and saw another flying high across the river at sunset.

Carolinian
Doves

The large flock (then supposed to be fifteen or twenty birds) of Yellow Robin Warblers, noted this morning spent the entire day in the pines behind Davis's Hill. The Ruby-crowned Kinglets with them sang at frequent intervals throughout the morning.

Yellow²
Robin
Warblers

The Osprey also stayed during the day making his headquarters in the big pines on Davis's Hill and whistling a good deal.

Osprey²

1893

April 25

Forenoon cloudy with frequent brisk showers and strong Ball's Hill S. W. wind. The wind shifted to N. and the sun came out at about 4 P. M. At sunset it was dead calm. Much warmer to-day than for several days.

I spent last night at the cabin "Pook", Mr. Bennett's Frogs dog, keeping me company. Hylas & Wood Frogs were in full cry up to the time I went to sleep. There were a few Leopard Frogs also but I have not heard any number of them as yet, certainly not more than ten or a dozen in any one day.

At daybreak this morning I awoke and heard Robins, Red-wings & Song Sparrows singing and a Bittern pumping at short, regular intervals. There seemed to be many more small birds singing than on any previous morning this spring (save when the Fox & Tree Sparrows were here) but unfortunately I fell asleep again; when I finally awoke & dressed (at 7 A. M.) it was beginning to rain & most of the singing had ceased.

Birds
singing at
daybreak.

I spent the entire day transplanting pines with the men and at no time went far from the cabin.

Large flocks
of Warblers
near the
cabin.

Yellow Palm Warblers were nearly twice as numerous as yesterday and Yellow-rumps had quadrupled in numbers. There seemed to be two separate flocks of these Warblers spending the day along the river front of Ball's Hill. One flock contained 12 Yellow Palm Warblers and five Yellow rumps, the other about eight Palm Warblers and fully fifteen Yellow rumps. All of the latter were males.

Concord, Mass.

(Ball's Hill)

1893.
April 25
(An 2)

at times the birches and alders in front of the cabin were fairly alive with their beautiful little creatures migrating & flitting actively among the branches and launching out after flying insects. There were several Ruby-crowned Kinglets, D. coronata with them. This day probably marks the highest of H. calendera migration for all these species this spring.

Bate in the afternoon as I was on my way up river (I returned to the Blackicks' for the night) I saw one thirty Swallows in a loose flock flying high over Holden's Hill, feeding but all the while darting off towards the N. E. The greater number were Barn Swallows, the balance being White-bellies.

Swallows

The Bittern was silent this afternoon although the conditions seemed peculiarly favorable for "pumping". Perhaps at this season he "pumps" only in the early morning. My bird this morning kept it up for half-an-hour certainly.

Bittern

As I was passing the swimming place on Bangs' shore a Spotted Sandpiper started from the bank and skimmed off close over the water.

Spotted
Sandpiper

Pat reported starting three very large Ducks from Hunt's Pond on his way down river this morning. He says they had white necks.

Ducks

The grass is now green in most of the upland fields and the river meadows are very green.

1893

Andover, Mass.

(Ball's Hill).

April 26

Cloudless, high N. W. wind in A. M., calm in P. M. A rare day very like a late autumn day. Last night was exceptionally cold for the season the therm. 22° at sunrise.

C. came to Concord by the 10 A. M. train and in drove about near town for an hour or more.

After dinner we rode down river to Ball's Hill where we walked over to Davis Swamp Knoll and back by Bussin's field. Both here and along the river we saw remarkably few birds and there was practically no singing. The greater part of the Yellow Polars and Yellow-rump Warblers that were here yesterday appear to have passed on during last night but a good many scattered birds remained, the Yellow-rumps being decidedly the more numerous of the two to-day.

George brought Charlie & the buggy to Ball's Hill at 4.30 and C. & I drove back to the Buttricks'. As we passed Bussin's house a Carolina Dove was cooing in the top of his large elm.

Both the Cooper's Hawks were in the pines by the glacial hillside this afternoon. In addition to the cry which I have recently attempted to describe (i.e. the mew, the bark and the kek chuckle) one of them made a sound almost exactly like the murmuring call of the Muskrat but perhaps a little louder and more penetrating. This I have heard once before - in April 1890 I think - when I shot the bird in the act of calling on the river edge of Lawrence's woods. (These Hawks were not seen here after this date. They were probably frightened away by one of my men who cut down several trees on the 27th.)

Cooper's
Hawks

1893

Concord, N.H.

April 27

A lowering, misty day with showers in the forenoon and a rather heavy, continuous rain during most of the afternoon. Wind S. E. rather chilly, but not really cold.

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. paddling down in the open canoe. Saw nothing of especial interest by the way except a pair of Gooseanders which rose from the channel of the river just above Hunt's Pond and doubling back flew out of sight up river. The female leading. The drake looked like a very fine bird. Spelman tells me that he started about fifteen of these Mergansers in the Nashua River last week (April 22 & 23). They are staying surprisingly late this spring.

East end of
the Gooseanders

I spent the entire day in the cabin. There were few birds about save once when a flock of about eight Yellow Palm Warblers, a dozen or more Yellow-rumps, three Ruby-crowned Kinglets & a Chickadee came flitting about the water's edge moving quite rapidly towards the westward. There was a Phoebe following in their train.

Birds about
the cabin.

Later in the day a ♀ Marsh Hawk skimmed over the crest of Ball's Hill. It is probable that this was a local bird for the migration apparently came to and end a week or more ago.

Marsh
Hawk

I sailed all the way home at evening. A Bristle-thumped thrush on the south side of Great Meadows and a few Red-wings were singing in the river meadows. A fine rain was falling obscuring all but the nearest objects. There were no Hylas or Frogs & but one Robin singing. The water is leaving the meadows rapidly.

1893.

April 28

Clear with strong W. wind in forenoon increasing to half a gale in the afternoon and shipping to N.M. at about 5 P.M. The entire day, nevertheless, was warm and the evening delightfully soft & mild.

Ball's Hill

At 9 A.M. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe. There was a steady breeze from the westward and I made the entire distance to Ball's Hill under sail and very rapidly.

On the 25th I started a Spotted Sandpiper from the river bank below Flint's Bridge. Since then I have seen what has been undoubtedly the same bird each day in nearly the same place. This morning there were two Sandpipers, evidently mated birds for they kept close together. The female probably arrived last night.

Spotted
Sandpiper

A little below Dalin's Hill fifty or more Barn and White-bellied Swallows were flying about over the flooded meadows. There were two old male Martins with them. I scanned the flock closely for a possible Barn or Bank Swallow but saw neither.

On reaching Ball's Hill I left my things at the cabin and walked to the knoll in Davis Swamp to see Pat. A solitary bird was singing near the glacial hollow & I saw Yellow-rumps, Yellow Palm Warblers & Ruby-crowned Kinglets in several places but nowhere more than two or three together. The Cooper's Hawks were not at home this morning.

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 28
(No 2)

With George & Pat I spent the remainder of the forenoon digging Rhodora bushes on Lawrence's shore. We loaded Pat's boat with them and set them out at Ball's Hill in the afternoon, the greater part directly in front of the cabin.

I sailed to & from the Lawrence's Landing. On the way back saw a Great Blue Heron flying in the distance.

A single White-throated Sparrow which came several times to roost on the hemp seed scattered in front of my cabin appeared to be the only bird of any kind that was spending the day in that vicinity. There appeared to be few small birds elsewhere. The season is a very curious one. We have had several very heavy migratory flights but except when the "rush" was passing through the swallows have been unusually scarce. Such as have settled here have sung very little. Indeed I have never known to sing an April.

Hylos now peep only in the early morning and late in the afternoon as well as during the night if the weather be warm. They began a little before five o'clock this afternoon. Probably the here is now too warm for them at midday. Leopard Frogs are croaking daily but I have not yet heard more than a dozen or less in any one day. The Wood-Frogs have nearly or quite finished their vocal organ.

Frogs

I had a hard paddle home at sunset against the strong wind.

1893.

April 29

Early morning clear; rest of day cloudy. Light variable winds with intervals of perfect calm. Warm.

To Fairhaven

At about 8.30 A.M. I was standing on the hill in front of the Buttricks' when suddenly a burst of Bobolink music came from directly overhead. A moment later the bird sang again in the distance to the northward. Each time the full song was given. I did not see the bird although I looked in every direction & there was nothing to impede the view. It was probably flying high & doubtless migrating at the time. I have never noted the Bobolink here in April before.

Earlyth
arrival of
the Bobolink

At 9 A.M. I started up river and paddling & sailing by turns reached Fairhaven at noon. I stopping on the way at the big pines opposite the cliffs where I landed and spent nearly an hour rambling about & watching the birds. I landed at Conant's and then sailed back to Heath's bridge where I left the canoe and walked to Marshal Miles's Swamp. Here I collected a number of plants of *Sedum*, *Kalmia glauca* and *Andromeda polifolia* which I shall set out at Ball's Hill.

At 4 P.M. I started for home. The light breeze wafted me most of the way to the railroad bridge after which I used the double paddle.

Last night I heard the first Frogs trilling. To day Leopold Frogs were singing everywhere along the river - hundreds of them. Hylas began piping about 4 P.M.

Frogs &
Toads

1893
April 29
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.
(Fairbairn).
Arrivals

The warm, still moonlight night evidently tempted many birds to press their journey northward for I added no less than seven species to my April list to-day. There were the Bobolinks, already mentioned, a Beast Flycatcher cheering in our orchard this morning and again at evening, a High Banks Swallow flying over our meadow, a Thrasher in full song on Fairbairn Hill, and at the base of this hill or in the pines opposite a Minutella, also singing, two Brown Creepers, and four male Downies. Ruby-crowned Kinglets continue numerous but Yellow-rumped & Yellow Palm Warblers are nearly all gone. I saw two flocks of Rusty Grackles, one of 14 birds. There was a Golden-crowned Kinglet in the pines at Conventum & another in Miles's swamp.

In the big pines opposite Fairbairn Hill I saw a pair of Carolina Doves, a Flicker, a Downy Woodpecker, a Robin, and several Yellow-rumps. Owl pellets under one of the trees.

Flickers appeared to be fully up to their normal numbers in the country visited to-day. I made the following notes relating to the "shout". Ca-ca-ca etc, a cackle rather than a shout, consisting of from 25 to 40 repetitions and lasting from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 seconds. Bird sitting on stub just above hole when there was a nest last year. Afterwards it drummed on another stub about a foot above a ^{new} hole from which a female Flicker flew as I passed at evening. The drum was a high roll not distinguishable I think from that made by the Downy Woodpecker.

Flickers²¹

Concord, Mass.

(Fairhaven)

1893

April 29

(No 3)

A Robin singing steadily in a vine maple at 9 a.m. Sat. crouched low on branch its head turned to one side as if it were frightened or listening. I watched it for several minutes during which it did not change its attitude perceptibly. A female Robin in another place was collecting dry grass for its nest & already had in its bill a bunch much larger than its head.

Robin^v

singing

Phoebe^v

A Phoebe made three long flights within as many minutes starting from and returning to the top of an elm by the river at some distance from any possible nesting place. It rose twenty or thirty feet nearly straight upward uttering as it ascended first a chip, chip, chip chip chip (very like the guit of E. minimus) then running this into chippa chip-fee, chip-fee chippa bounding up with phoebe, phoebe, phoebe, phoebe. At the termination of the song it closed its wings & shot down like an arrow to its former perch. This happened about 9 a.m.

Long flightth
of Phoebe

There is a very large colony of Brown Grackles on Judge Hoar's place this year. I counted 48 as they flew from an apple tree into the cluster of firs where they breed. At evening they were scattered about on the lawn feeding.

Large
colony of
Brown
Grackles

There were five or six Martins in the boxes above Washburn's bridge as there as many House Sparrows! The Martins are evidently being crowded out.

Martins^v

Saw four Hawks, two B. lineatus one B. borealis & one A. Circus

Hawks

1893

April 29
(No 4)

It is now about the height of the drumming season of the Ruffed Grouse. I heard two to-day, one opposite Fairham Hill, the other near Miles's camp. Both were drumming at short regular intervals, the first about noon, the second 3 to 4 P. M. I flushed a partridge about 200 yards from the spot where the second was drumming.

Only one Meadow Lark to-day, a male whistling on the Fair Ground; All the other regular harpings of this species up river were silent & deserted. I have not here or heard a bird near the Buttricks or down river for more than a week.

The maples and alders are now in full blossom and the south slopes of the hills as well as the river meadows are vivid green. The pastures are still brown & bare & the woods show as yet no tinge of green. The withered oak leaves that have hung to the trees all winter have been falling rapidly this past week leaving which we have swept them off the bark in front of my cabin several times. All the native willows still in bloom & crowded with bees. No flowers except Hepatica & Blood-root.

(Fairham)
Ruffed Grouse
drumming

Scarcity of
Meadow
Larks

Progress of
vegetation

Concord, Mass.

1893

April 30

Clear, the early morning cool, the rest of the day very warm. Light, variable winds from every quarter of the compass with long intervals of perfect calm. (Ball's Hill)

To Ball's Hill at 9.30 a.m. paddling down against a fresh E. wind. When I returned at 3 P.M. the wind was S.W. to N.W. blowing in strong puffs at times.

The Solmans dined with me at the cabin and Sherman & Burroughs called on the way down river to the sea. There were very few birds in the woods near Ball's Hill and I saw nothing of interest except a Thrasher & a Minutella, the latter singing.

In a low, swampy place near a brook we found a snapping turtle of about 15 lbs. weight. Solman began turning it with a stick where, to our great surprise, it walked its way steadily & quite rapidly down into the ground which although soft was dry & firm enough to walk on with ordinary shoes. In less than a minute the creature's back was level with the surface; in another minute it had wholly disappeared & in some curious & mysterious way the earth had closed over its back. By prodding with a stick we found that its back was two inches or more beneath the surface. It did not go down head first but with the shell perfectly level. There was little perceptible motion of the feet & the head was drawn in the whole time. I saw three turtles of this species in the river to day. Also three Muskrats.

Strange
behavior of
a Snapping
Turtle.

A Bittern pumping steadily on the meadows as I returned by river.

At 4 P.M. down to Lincoln with J. & dug a lot of Hepaticas.

1893 April

- 1 *Merula migratoria*. 1⁴ 2³ 3² 4³ 7¹⁰ 8⁽⁷¹⁾ 9¹⁰ 10³⁰ 11³ 12⁶
19¹ 20⁴ 21⁴ 22⁴ 23⁶ 24³ 25³ 26¹⁰ 27³ 28¹³ 29^(building) 30² ~~31¹~~
- 2 *Sialia localis*. 1⁴ 2⁴ 3⁴ 4³ 7¹⁰ 8³ 9³ 10⁴ 11² 12² 19⁴ 21⁴ ~~22¹~~
22¹ 23² 26³ 27³ 29² 30²
- 3 *Parus atricapillus*. 1⁽²⁾ 2⁽²⁾ 3⁽²⁾ 4⁽³⁾ 8² 9² 10¹ 11¹ 21² 22² 23²
25⁽²⁾ 27¹ 28⁽²⁾ 30⁽²⁾
- 4 *Tachycineta bicolor*. 1¹ 2⁽³⁾ 4⁽²⁾ 7⁽²⁾ 10² 12⁽³⁾ 21⁽³⁾ 22¹⁰ 23¹⁵
24⁶ 25¹⁰ 26² 27² 28⁽²⁾ 29⁵ 30⁵
- 5 *Melospiza fasciata*. 1¹² 2³ 3⁴ 4⁵ 7²⁰ 8⁵⁰ 9⁵⁰ 10³⁵ 11¹⁵ 12² 20³
21⁶ 22³ 23⁴ 24⁸ 25¹⁰ 26⁸ 27⁶ 28⁴ 29³ 30³
- 6 *Spizella monticola*. 1⁽²⁾ 2⁶ 3⁽²⁾ 4³ 6² 7⁴ 8⁴ 9³ 10¹⁰ 11² 20¹
22²
- 7 *Junco hyemalis*. 1⁽⁵¹⁾ 2³⁷ 3⁵ 7²⁰ 8⁷⁵ 9⁽³⁰⁾ 10¹⁰⁰ 11⁴⁴ 22⁽³⁾
23⁽³⁾ 24⁽³⁾ 26⁽³⁾ 28⁽³⁾ 29¹ 30¹ (Not seen after this)
- 8 *Passerella iliaca*. 1¹ 3⁽²⁾ 4² 7²⁰ 8⁸⁰ 9⁽¹⁰⁾ 10¹⁰ 11⁽²⁾ 22¹
- 9 *Peucaea graminea*. 1¹ 2³ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 19¹ 30¹ (Oak woods
Bald H.)
21³ 22² 28³ 30¹
- 10 *Spinus tristis*. 2⁽³⁾ 10¹ 24³
- 11 *Sayornis phoebe*. 1¹ ^(Bald H.) 2⁽²⁾ ^(Bald H.) 4¹ ^(Bald H.) 7¹ 8² 9¹ 12¹ 21³ 22¹
25⁽²⁾ 27^(Bald H.) 29⁽²⁾
- 12 *Sturnella magna*. 1¹ 6³ 8¹ 11¹ 29¹ 30³
- 13 *Agelaius phoeniceus*. 1⁽³⁾ ^{May} 2¹⁰ 3¹⁵ 4³⁰ 6⁽²⁰⁾ 7⁶ 8⁵⁰ 9¹⁵ 10⁶ 11²⁰ 20⁶⁴
21⁶ 22²⁰ 23³ 24³ 25²⁵ 26³ 27⁴ 28³ 29¹⁵ 30³ (No females this month)
- 14 *Sceloporphus carolinus*. 1⁽³²⁾ ^{May} 2⁽³⁰⁾ 3² 4³ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 10⁶ 11¹⁰ 12⁴
21³ 22⁴ 24⁴ 29⁽³⁾
- 15 *Corvus americanus*. 1¹⁰ 2¹⁰ 3⁸ 4⁶ 6² 7⁵ 8⁶ 9⁵ 10⁶ 11⁸ 12⁴
20⁶ 21⁴ 22⁶ 23⁶ 24⁴ 25⁶ 26⁴ 27² 28⁴ 29⁶ (Black Mt)

1893 April

- 16 Cyanocitta cristata 2² 3³ 8⁴ 9⁵ 10⁶ 11⁷ 22⁸ 23⁹ 26¹⁰ 29¹¹
- 17 Buteo lineatus 1¹ 3² 8³ 9⁴ 11⁵ 21⁶ 22⁷ 23⁸ 29⁹
- 18 Buteo borealis 2¹ 7² 8³ 29⁴
- 19 Circus hudsonius 2^{2 ad ♂} 6⁷ 9⁸ 10⁹ 20¹⁰ 21^{11 ad ♀} 23¹² 27^{13 (S. Smith)} 29¹⁴
- 20 Tenoidura macroura 1¹ 2² 3³ 4⁴ 9⁵ 10⁶ 21⁷ 24⁸ 26⁹ 28¹⁰ 29^{11 (Fairbanks)}
- 21 Picus pubescens 1⁵ 3¹ 4¹ 10² 12³ 20⁴ 27⁵ 29⁶ 30⁷
- 22 Anas obscura 1³ 2² 4⁷ 8⁶ 9^{2 4} 10⁵ 11⁸
- 23 Mergus americanus 1^{ad ♂} 2^{ad ♂} 3^{ad ♂} 11^{ad ♂} 12^{8 ♀} 20^{6 ♀} 21^{6 ♀} 23^{8 ♀} 27^{8 (Hunt R)}
- 24 Lophodytes cucullatus 1^{6 ♀} 2^{8 ♀} 8^{1 ♀} 9^{3 ♀}
- 25 Larus smithsonianus 1^{ad} 2^{2 ad} 8^{1 ad}
- 26 Branta canadensis 1¹⁰⁰ (Geo. Buttrick) 8^{1/2} Meadows.
- 27 Urgula alyon 3¹ 4¹ 12¹ 27¹ 30³
- 28 Aix sponsa 3^{6 ♀} 4² 10^{8 ♀}
- 29 Colaptes auratus 4¹ 7² 8¹ 10¹ 12¹ 20³ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24² 25³ 27² 28¹ 29⁴ 30³
- 30 Dendroica pinus 4¹ 10¹ 11¹ 21¹ 22² 23¹ 24² 25¹ 26² 28¹ 30¹

1893 April

- 31 *Motacillus ater* 4⁽²⁾_① 7[♂] 8[♂] 9[♂] 11[♂] 20[♂] 21[♂] 22[♂] 28⁽⁸⁹⁹⁾_(just 47) 29[♂]
- 32 *Dryobates villosus* 4^{hol.}_(Heldens Hill) 2[♂]_(Davis H.)
- 33 *Pandion carolinensis* 4^(Davis's Hill) 9[♂] 10[♂] 11[♂] 12[♂] 24[♂]
- 34 *Gallinago delicata* 6^(♂)_(Intelligent boy) 8[♂]_{caerulea} 2^(more forms)_(H. Heldens) 11[♂]_(ad) 23⁽²⁾_(G. H. ad) 29⁽⁴⁸⁰⁾_(just 47)
- 35 *Falco sparverius* 7[♂]_(Butterfield orchard)
- 36 *Accipiter velox* 7[♂]
- 37 *Leucosadius aeneus* 7⁽²⁷⁻⁾_(Butterfield) 11⁽¹⁵⁰⁾_(H. H. H. H.) 19^(♂) 22⁽¹²⁾_(H. H. H.) 23^(♂)_(H. H. H.) 29⁽⁴⁸⁰⁾_(just 47)
- 38 *Sitta carolinensis* 6^(at Mamm)_(Intelligent boy) 22^(at Mamm)
- 39 *Turdus pallasi* 8^(at Mamm)
- 40 *Podilymbus podiceps* 8^(1 ad)_(Ball's Hill) 9^(1 ad)_(Heldens) 10^(1 ad)_(Heldens)
- 41 *Accipiter cooperii* 8^(1 ad, ♂)_(Ball's H.) 10^(ad ♂) 21^(♂)_(♂) 23^(♀)_(♀) 24^(♂)_(♂) 26^(♂)_(♂)
- 42 *Glaucopteryx americana* 9^(2 ad ♂)_(2 grey) 2^(1 ad ♂)_(Heldens)
- 43 *Fuligula marila* (or *affinis*?) 9^(4 ad ♂)_(H. H. H.) 21^(♂)_(H. H. H.)
- 44 *Spinus pinus* 10^(flying with a ♀. together)_{(Ball's Hill (the pine))}
- 45 *Buteo swainsoni* (a small, black *Buteo*) 8^(Ball's H.) 29^(♂)

Concord, Massachusetts

1893. April

- 46 Botaurus minor 11'-25'_{*} (daybreak) - 27'_{*} (5 P.M.) 30'_{*} (3 P.M.)
- 47 Spizella socialis 11'_{*} 20'_{*} - 21'²_{*} 22'_{*} 23'_{*} 27'_{*} 28'_{*} 29'_{*} 30'_{*}
- 48 Dendroica p. hypochrysa 20'-21'^②_{*} - 22'¹⁵_{*} 23'_{*} - 24'⁽¹⁵⁾_{*} 25'⁽²⁰⁾₂₀ - 26'²⁰₂₀ 27'⁸
28'_{*} 29'²_{*} - 30'²_{*}
- 49 Bonasa umbella 19 (Candy P.) - 20 (Davis H.) - 22'_{*} 29'²_{*} - 1¹_{sun}
- 50 Spizella pusilla 21'_{*} - 24'_{*} 26'^③_{*} - 29'²_{*} - 30'²_{*}
- 52 Ammodramus savanna 21'^②_{*} - 28'_{*} 30'_{*}
- 53 Melospiza georgina 21 (Chipping) 27' - 29'
- 54 Regulus satrapa 31' - 29'²
- 55 Regulus calendula 21' - 23' - 24'²⁰_{*} - 25'³_{*} - 28'¹_{*} 27'³_{*} - 28'⁵_{*} 29'²_{*} 30'
- 56 Hirundo erythrogastrus 22'^⑥_{*} - 24'^③_{*} - 25'²⁰_{*} 28'¹⁵_{*} 29'¹⁵_{*} - 30'²⁰_{*}
- 57 Progne purpurea 22'_{*} - 24'^②_{*} - 28'⁽²⁰⁾_{*} 29'⁶_{*} - 30'_{*}
- 58 Dendroica coronata 22'⁸_{*} - 24'³_{*} 25'²⁰₂₀ - 26'¹⁰₂₀ 27'¹⁰₂₀ - 28'⁶_{*} 29'⁶_{*} 30'⁸_{*}
- 59 Vireo solitarius 24'³_{*} - 28'⁸_{*} - 29'^(3P)_{*} - 30'_{*}
- 60 Zonotrichia albicollis 24 (Gray Heron) - 28'^{1st}_{*} - 29'^{2nd}_{*}
- 61 Carpodacus purpureus 22'_{*} 25'_{*} - 26'_{*} 28'_{*} 29'²_{*} - 30'_{*}

1893 April

- 62 Actitis macularia 25¹-26¹-27¹-28²-29¹ 30²
- 63 Ardea herodias 28¹
- 64 Colinus virginianus 6 <sup>1. Bedford Swamp,
(Hubert Holden)</sup>
- 65 Dolichonyx orisivorus 29 <sup>Song twice repeated, in air. Bird or birds not
seen, evidently flying high towards the north.</sup>
- 66 Empidonax minimus 29¹ 30¹
- 67 Cotile riparia 29¹
- 68 Harporhynchus rufus 29¹ 30¹
- 69 Pipilo erythrophthalmus 29^{4 48}
- 70 Miniotilta varia 29¹ 30¹
- 71 Arctia americana 29²

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 1

Cloudy with chill E. wind and heavy rain in the forenoon. Balls Hill

I spent the day at Balls Hill sitting out trees (Cascas), shrubs (Bedum, Kalnia glauca & Andromeda) and the Hepaticas collected yesterday in Brimley, paddling down immediately after breakfast and sailing home in time for dinner at six o'clock. It was a raw, gloomy day and very few birds were to be seen or heard. A White-throated Sparrow was singing near the cabin and a Savanna Sparrow on the meadows. The Pattern was jumping when I went down mine in the morning & again as I was returning in the afternoon. The only arrivals noted were Chipping Swifts of which I saw a flock of twelve flying over Balls Hill in the forenoon and another of six over the meadows in the afternoon. It is nearly certain that more were here yesterday. I heard one Boblink to-day singing high in air over Balls Hill & probably migrating. The Yellow-rumped & Yellow-bellied Robbers were represented by only a few stragglers, and I noted only one Ruby-crown. A Hairy Woodpecker calling on the hill in the afternoon.

Arrival of
Chipping
Swifts

Early in the forenoon three Blue jays came flying past where I was working becoming loquacious. Then they turned back towards Benson's & presently returned with two more. Again they flew back and here after eight came past flying in a bunch like Blackbirds, all becoming at once & all alighting together in one tree. They acted like migrants just arrived from the South.

Stranger
Behavior of
Blue jays

Saw a pair of Kingfishers the male chasing the female persistently.

Kingfishers

1893.

May 2

Cloudy with fine mist-like rain at times. A cool (but not chilly) day.

At 9.30 A.M. I started for Cambridge in the covered buggy, George accompanying me. We took the turnpike and turning into the old lane near the ancient house with the big elms drove nearly to the N.W. cor of Sandy Pond where we tied the horse and dry a number of paper and black bricks. A Partridge drummed at short intervals near us and there were several Yellow-rumped Warblers flitting about a maple.

It was noon when we again started on our way so we stopped at a farm house to feed the horse. After this duty had been performed we drove slowly on adding more bricks to our load which half filled the buggy and reaching Cambridge at 4 P.M. Few birds were seen or heard. Only one Thrasher the entire distance and but one Meadow Lark - in Haverly.

On the old place in Cambridge I heard singing at evening only three species of birds, Robins, a Red-b. Vireo, and a Chipping Sparrow.

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

May 7

Early morning clear, remainder of day cloudy. A cool N. W. wind.

I have spent the past five days in Cambridge Weather working in the garden whenever the weather has permitted. The 3rd and 4th were cloudy and rainy, the 5th a cloudless day with brilliant sunshine and a strong N. W. wind. The 6th was clear through the forenoon with long periods of cloudiness and frequent light showers in the afternoon. The morning of the 6th was warm but the rest of the week has been cool. Vegetation is very backward indeed. Not a cherry blossom yet very backward but a few on the early tree in our garden are nearly ready to open this morning. Forsythia in bloom in sheltered places but not generally. Some of the more forward of the horse chestnuts were in half leaf when I arrived on the 2nd but they have not advanced perceptibly since. The grass is growing fast and some of the lawns (including ours) are ready for the first clipping now. No shrubs in bloom on our place yet.

The only arrival which I have noted here this past Birds on week was a Yellow Warbler which sang a few times on one place our lindens on the morning of the 5th at dinner & which I have heard each morning since. A White Throated Sparrow spent yesterday in the garden and I heard it singing there early this morning. Of native summer birds there are two pairs of Robins, a Chipping Sparrow, a Purple Finch, and a Least Flycatcher, all evidently established in or very near the garden. The Yellow Warbler, also, is doubtless one of our local birds. Cow Blackbirds & Crows fly over the place at morning & evening. I saw a flock of seven of the latter this morning.

1893.

May 9

Cambridge, Mass.

Clear, the early morning calm; fresh S. E. to S. wind in P. M.
The warmest & most springlike day ~~this~~ for this season.

It was perfectly calm and almost oppressively warm when a little after 8 o'clock this morning I stepped out into the garden. For the first half hour I heard only a Yellow Warbler, a Chipping, & Robins singing. But a little before 9 A. M. I added three birds to my list, an Oriole fluting in the horse chestnut at the corner of Sparks St., a Red Start singing in Mr. Hubbard's grounds, and a Lincoln's Finch in the garden.

After listening to the Oriole & Redstart for a few minutes I passed through the house and opened the back door when an unfamiliar song came at once to my ears. It was uttered four or five times in succession, at short intervals, very near me, while I stood listening completely puzzled. The bird was evidently in the cluster of lilacs some ten yards away but although these bushes were practically leafless I could see nothing in them. I moved cautiously around them & at length discovered a Lincoln's Sparrow sitting motionless, ~~sitting~~ ^{sitting} upright, in the top of the tallest lilac. He saw me, also, & began to flit ~~restlessly~~ ^{shyly} from twig to twig away from me keeping his crest erect. He did not get far before a workman, stumping noisily along the walk on the further side of the thicket, alarmed him seriously, & he flew across the lawn to Mr. Spelman's shrubbery. I could find no other bird in or near the lilacs & there can be no doubt that this was my mysterious singer whose full song I now know for the first time. It began with a succession of five or six low, wing, chirping notes much like those of the prelude of the song of *Regulus columbula* and ended with a rich, liquid warble resembling the gushing song of the House Wren but still more

Song of
Lincoln's
Finch.

1893

Cambridge to Concord, Mass.

May 9
(M2)

closely that of the Mourning Warbler. There was nothing about it that bore the least resemblance to the song of M. fasciata but the terminal notes had something of the quality of those of the Swamp Sparrow although they scarcely suggested them. The song was not loud, indeed could not have been heard more than fifty yards away but the bird was apparently not exerting himself & perhaps was singing sotto voce although I have no doubt that he gave the finished song of the breeding season.

Quinotus
Fitch

At 10 a. m. Edward (who has taken George's place to-day) brought Charlie in the old buggy and we started for Concord. It was oppressively warm, the slight breeze coming from behind. As we drove slowly along past Mt. Auburn & the Payson place I heard Great Flycatchers and Yellow Warblers singing in the apple orchards on every side. Near the Lyman place a Yellow throated Vireo was in full song in large oak trees over the street & another was heard in Weston. The first Kingbird was seen in South Lincoln and between there and Concord a dozen or more were noted including several pairs. I heard only one Warbling Vireo and saw only three or four Thrashers & one Towhee. A Yellow rump Warbler singing in oak scrub. Great Flycatchers exceptionally numerous the entire distance. A colony of a dozen or more Martins in Lincoln. Black & White creepers wherever there were woods & near Malden two Black-throated Green Warblers singing. No Bobolinks in the Meadows Lakes. Several White-throated Sparrows along the roadside -

Birds seen
& heard
during the
drive from
Cambridge
to Concord.

1893

May 9
no 3

In South Lincoln (near Shurt's where we called to see the dogs) we saw four Carolina Doves in the fields for from any woods. The first were two noted birds which rose from the road and alighted just on the fence. The next was a single bird which crossed the road flying very swiftly. The fourth bird was walking along the edge of a rain-water pool in ploughed land.

Carolina
Doves
in Lincoln

Orioles had evidently arrived in force last night. Besides the one in Cambridge we saw three together in Weston, two single birds in Lincoln and two in Concord. All were males. There was only one really fine plumaged bird among them and two (one of which was the Cambridge bird) were very dull colored indeed. My early cherry tree had only three blossoms fully open when I left Cambridge this morning so the Orioles for once have arrived before the cherry trees are in bloom. (Faxon saw 5 in Arlington to-day, this being his first record)

Vegetation generally is still remarkably backward. The only trees along the country roads which as yet decidedly green are the willows, sum cherries, poplar & black birches all of which are covered with partially unfolded leaves. Bittersweet is in bloom but not the Mad huck. The maples are still in full bloom.

Vegetation

Concord, Mass.

1893
May 9
(No 4)

We reached Concord at 1 P.M. After dinner I started for Ball's Hill in the Jotta Maria canoe. The heavy rains of last week raised the river four or five feet and the water was actually higher than in March. The river banks were everywhere submerged and I crossed them a little below Lane's landing and getting sail stood down over the Great Meadows close hauled to the S. B. Cross. After leaving my things at the cabin I kept on to Bedford Swamp where I landed and walked through the grove of big pines. No signs of the Red-tailed Hawks or their nests. The only small bird singing was a Minioptila. At Ball's Hill I heard another Minioptila but nothing else. I did not go beyond the cabin, however.

Ball's Hill

There were no Red-wings along the river but I saw several large flocks whirling about over the field as the Bedford there. One flock which alighted in a maple near the water contained 12 females and 15 males. These are the first females that I have seen.

Red-winged
Blackbirds

At 5.30 I started for home sailing back across Great Meadows. The Butcher driven from his usual haunts by the high water was pumping in the little brook meadow east of Ripley's Hill. Yellow Warblers were singing among the submerged river thickets and two Bobolinks were the Butcher's. I saw no water fowl of any kind. A Marsh Hawk passed near Ball's Hill & two Cooper's Hawks near Flint's bridge.

Birds seen
on the
river at
evening

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 10

Walk to Danversdale

Clear with fresh N. W. wind which, however, scarcely tempered the excessive heat for the day was by far the warmest that we have had this spring. At P. M. the thermometer at Ball's Hill stood at 78°. It must have risen to 85° at least, at noon. For the first time this year ~~the shade~~ was grateful & the sun rays oppressive.

A Robin singing in the elm in front of the house awoke me this morning before any signs of the coming day were visible through my window (facing S. & W.) It had sung scarce a minute before a Bittern began jumping in the meadow at the foot of our hill. It was some time after the Bittern began before I heard the swift bird, a Song Sparrow.

Bittern
begins
jumping
before the
day has
fairly dawned

Immediately after breakfast I walked through the orchard & down into the field. Five Yellow-rumps in the willow at the landing; a Savanna Sparrow on the knoll. Swallows, Bluebirds, Robins, Least & Acetabularia Kingbirds etc. but nothing new. A Rusty Blackbird crawling across the river. No Orioles or Warbling Vireos. Several Proboscides in full song. A Wilson's Black cap singing in the pine hedge & a Silver Yellow winged Sparrow in the fields.

Birds about
the farm

At 9 A. M. I started for a walk. A Meadow Lark singing in Mr. Derby's field. As I turned into Derby's lane a Rose-breasted Grosbeak poured forth its rich song in the tree tops above. In and about the big hemlock I found a large & interesting flock of Warblers which acted like migrants just arrived from the South. They were not singing much at first so I lay down on my back in the path and watched the tree tops.

Bird in
Derby's
lane

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 10
(No 2)

It was nearly half an hour before I felt satisfied Birds in
that I had made a full census. This is the list. Duby's lane
Dendroica virens ♂ & ♀, D. Blackburnian ♂, D. caerulescens ♂,
Setophaga ruticilla ♂ ad im, Helminthophila ruficapilla ♂, Geothlypis trichas
♂, Mniotilta varia ♂, Spinus aureocephalus 2 ♂♂. All of these sang
before I left the woods except the Nashville Warbler. I also heard
in the neighboring fields or orchards as I lay in the corner
a Thrasher, a Phoebe, a Least Flycatcher, a Grass Finch, Song,
Chipping & Field Sparrows, a Robin or Chick and a Yellow-throated
Vireo, in all including the Gristle, 19 species.

The Blackburnian, a remarkably fine male, spent most of Blackburnian
the time in the big hemlock feeding near the ends of the Warblers
lower branches and singing freely by spells. Once he darted
out after & caught a rather large moth which he laid on a
stout branch & hammered awhile with his bill finally swallowing
it whole with some effort. I afterwards found another
Blackburnian singing in Hutchins' woods.

In Duby's lane a large Gray Squirrel came very near me Gray Squirrel
and spent several minutes eating the terminal buds of a
small maple reaching out with one fore foot & drawing
in the twig as a Monkey might.

Crossing the Concord I kept up around the western
side of Pratt's nursery being & hearing a number of
Nashville Warblers, Oven Birds & Thrashers & one Cat Bird..
The Oven Birds were singing freely and I heard the
flight song repeatedly. A Red Shouldered Hawk was
singing on the Common Lot nearby.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

May 10
(No 3)

In Hutchins's pine woods, which I reached about 10 a.m. I dug a number of young black birches, watching the birds meanwhile. In the pines were singing a D. virens, D. Blackburnian, Ministella varia, two Sciurus aurocapillus, a Chickadee and a Vireo solitarius; on their outskirts, or in neighboring pasture a Nashville Warbler, a D. pennsylvanicus, a Thrasher and a Field Sparrow. No signs of the Sharp-shinned Hawks which had been lost year although I walked all through the wood rapping the trees etc.

Birds in
Hutchins's
woods.

Returning by Pratt's house I saw nothing of interest (except an unusual number of Least Flycatchers in the orchards) until I reached the Butterfields' where in a large brush heap behind the barn I found a White-crowned Sparrow. It flew up into an apple tree whence it regarded me with mild curiosity sitting motionless and silent.

White-crowned
Sparrow

Immediate after dinner I started down river in the Stella Maris. The wind served and I made the distance from Flint's bridge to Ball's Hill in twenty minutes sailing in a bee line across Great Meadows. Big waves were rolling at the lower end and the canoe bounded over them as if on a giant's back.

To Ball's Hill

Soon after landing I walked to Benson's knoll and back. The swamps were flooded and alive with fish among which I identified a pickerel and a bass both of fair size. I saw remarkably few birds and no flocks of migrants. No signs of the Cooper's Hawks & alas! none of my Doves either. The Hawks have robbed me of my most highly-prized birds & now have departed themselves, also.

1893

May 10
(No 4)

Concord, Mass.

I took tea at the cabin and remained there until long after sunset. It was as warm as summer and the first mosquitoes entered my open door and hummed about me as I was eating. A Pine Warbler, Black & white Creeper, Black-throated Green Warbler, two Thrashers, two Maryland Yellowthroats, Song Sparrow, Robin & several Red-wings were singing and a King Bird gave the flight song twice. Hylas and Loade held high carnival after sunset and I heard one or two Leopard Frogs. A Wilson's Thrush flitted about in the shrubbery calling but not singing. There was also a White Cat Bird and then or four White-throated Sparrows. When I returned to the cabin in the late afternoon a Southern Flicker from the path (nearly the under edge) nearly to the eastward of it and I found his tracks on the sandy beach directly in front of the door.

Ball's HillBirds singing
at sunset.

Near the hitching post I started a Song Sparrow from her nest under a tuft of withered grass. There were three eggs, the first I have seen.

Song Sparrow's
nest.

A White-footed Mouse has cut a neat round hole in one of my mattresses & removed a little of the hair filling. Yesterday I scattered about a pint of buckwheat seed in the bushes & on the bankings near the cabin to attract the Sparrows. To-day I found nearly the whole of it in the hole in the mattress. I could not discover a single grain on the ground outside & the Mouse must have collected & brought in practically the whole of it during the night. He leaped down from the bed and entered a hole in the floor when I opened the cabin yesterday.

White-footed
Mouse

1893

May 10
(No 5)

Lincoln, Mass.

Twilight was falling when I started for home. I sailed nearly half way beating up against the gentle breeze which was coming from the west. A solitary Sandpiper flew high over head just west. The clamor of Hylas & Loos was almost deafening. Musk rats were out in force. I saw them and heard several others uttering their peculiar murmur, this sound ordinarily so low and subdued carries well when the air is still for I heard it distinctly to eight across the broadest part of Great Meadows—half a mile wide at the very best.

Swimming on
the river

I saw two Snakes, one Black one Striped, swimming well out on the meadows. The Black Snake moved very rapidly & gracefully carrying his head high out of water.

It is evident from what I have seen that a large number of migrants arrived yesterday and a much larger number this morning. Indeed it is quite safe to conclude that to-day has been one of the great flight days of the season. All the conditions were favorable and the birds have come with a rush. Probably most of them found further north will go on to night but this place should be more than filled by additional arrivals from the north. The night is perfect for migration, as warm as midsummer, the sky without a cloud, a gentle S.W. wind. Yet I did not see a single bird in the air as I crossed the Great Meadows. Why is it that we hear them at night so much less often & numerously in spring than in autumn? Perhaps they fly at a greater height!

Great rush
of migrants

1893

May 11

Concord, Mass.

Clear and warmer even than yesterday. Entire forenoon dead calm. B. S. to S. E. breeze in P. M. Night still, clear and as warm as a midsummer night.

I had supposed that this second intensely hot day Derby's lane would bring a second migratory bird war but the rush evidently exhausted itself yesterday for when I walked through Derby's lane this morning I found nothing but such species as bred there and then scattered about singly. Indeed the only warblers had which I met with was a White crowned Sparrow, doubtless the same bird noted yesterday for it was in the same bush heap. A Yellow crowned Sparrow, perhaps the same seen yesterday, was singing in the field west of the stockrack. Our Hocking Iris arrived this morning.

At 10 A. M. I drove to town to do some shopping in the very middle of the village on Main St. a Phoebe was singing. Orioles were scattered about everywhere but I saw only males.

To Ball's Hill at 2 P. M. sailing close hauled across Cormorants^{v.} the meadows. As I neared the hill I was amazed to (P. deliquens) see three double-crested Cormorants flying towards me on the at a moderate height. They came nearly over me & then river. began mounting upward in a broad spiral occasionally sailing in circles and after attaining an elevation of 1000 ft or more going off over Rockefeller Hill (to the N. W. I had a good view of them through the glass & thought I made out the white nuptial plumes on their necks.

Concord, Mass.

1893
May 11
(No 2)

Melvin arrived at West Bedford at 3.45 to pass the night with me. He took a walk before tea but saw nothing new. There were apparently no migrants along the river shore of Ball's Hill or in the woods behind. A Wilson's Thrush calling at evening.

A night at
Ball's Hill

The Bittern has returned to his favorite haunt on the north edge of Great Meadow. He pumped there steadily until it was nearly dark, then ceased but later I heard him several times, at wide intervals, give a single thump and once a little after 10 P.M. he gave the full pumping performance. The night was clear but there was no moon. Probably this nocturnal "singing" meant no more than that of the many diurnal birds which occasionally sing at night.

Bittern
pumps at
night

Hyles & Loops kept up a drooping clamor all night. Many of the Loops were making the loud squealing cry which has been thought by several of us to distinguish Heb fowbri but which Mr. Sumner says is surely the summer note of the Green Loops.

Hyles & Loops

Some rather large animal, a Rabbit in thought, came close about the cabin at about 11 P.M. crack dead traps & making a prodigious rustling in the leaves. It finally ran past the door thumping loudly on the turf. (I found tracks of a Raccoon next day in a sandy place in the path near the crossing of the swamp behind Ball's Hill.)

Woodchuck
his

1893

May 12

Concord, Mass.

A duplicate of yesterday the thermometer about 80° Ball's Hill
 during the middle of the day the forenoon dead calm,
 a brisk S.E. breeze in the afternoon changing to a
 light S.W. wind after dark.

We rose late (at about 7 a.m.). A few migrants flock of
 had arrived during the night and formed a migrants
 small flock in the fringe of bushes along the near cabin
 water front of Ball's Hill. There were two Water Thrushes,
 a Wilson's Black-cap, a Redstart, two or three
 Yellow-rumps and three White-throated Sparrows.
 They remained in this belt of bushes all day moving
 back & forth past the cabin.

Melvin left me at 10 a.m. I went to the
 Station with him and saw Botchins, Sweet Flycatcher,
 and Orioles in the orchards on the Bedford shore.

I spent the rest of the forenoon & the first half
 of the afternoon in or near the cabin. The heat was
 almost overpowering and the sun's rays reflected
 from the glossy surface of the water burned like fire.

At 4 P.M. I launched the canoe and sailed
 to Carlisle Bridge & back the wind blowing both
 ways. It was truly delightful skimming swiftly
 over the flooded meadows following the line of
 woods closely and exploring many little coves
 & corners not usually accessible by boat. Not
 once did I use the paddle during the whole
 voyage.

Sail to
Carlisle
Bridge

1893

May 12
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

Vegetation has advanced by leaps and bounds these Progress of
 past two days. Yesterday there was but a tinge Vegetation
 of green in the landscape (save that of the grass
 fields & meadows). This afternoon the willows,
 poplars, paper birches, white maples, hornbeams &
 run cherries were covered with small leaves and
 many trees in sheltered places looked at a
 distance as if in full leaf. The colors of
 the belts of trees & bushes along the river were
 indescribably varied and beautiful, tender greens,
 intense Paris greens, celadon, pink, orange & dull
 crimson mingling and blending into a what
 seemed to be a rich, yet softly tinted, veil
 thrown over the woods or perhaps rather like
 a mist of various hues. When I walked out along
 the river path to Blakemore's Knoll a little before
 sunset ~~sunset~~ had bush was in bloom on every side. I
 did not notice any during my sail two hours
 earlier and believe that the blossoms opened in
 the interim. A birch which Melvin & I looked at
 last evening & which then was just beginning to
 unfold its leaves was dense with foliage to-night.

I saw the first Dragon Fly, a rather large greenish First Dragon
 species, this afternoon and this evening the first Red Fly
 two big fellows that looked like Astilbe cuneata, flying
 over the river.

A Wood Thrush sang for some time in the twilight Wood Thrush
 on the Bedford shore. The Bittern did not pump after
 dark.

1893
May 13

Concord, Mass

A cold stormy day with raging E. to N.E. wind driving sheets of rain athwart the landscape. A great change from the hot, still weather of yesterday.

Ball's Hill

I spent the day planting trees and at evening returned to the Buttricks crossing the meadows at a furious pace under reefed sail.

It was not a favorable day for observing birds & I saw very few. The two Water Thrushes and three White-throats which spent yesterday in the bushes along the river were there through the day also. An Oriole visited my woods this morning and sang cheerily despite the rain. Robobirds were also singing fairly at evening as I was sailing up river.

Birds

At the Buttricks I saw a Hummingbird in the cherry trees now in full bloom. The family tell me that several Hummingbirds appeared in these trees yesterday.

Arrival of
Hummingbirds

All day long Swallows in great numbers were flying close over the water about Ball's Hill. There were at least 500 over the flooded Great Meadow when I sailed across it this evening. They reminded me strongly of Petrels as skimmed just above the crests of the waves crossing ^{it was} ~~crossing~~ ^{considering the} ~~rough~~ ^{to watch them closely.} other's path in a noisy dance. They seemed to find many ~~for~~ ^{of} insects floating on the surface for they were continually dipping their bills in the water. The majority were Barn Swallows with Bank Swallows next in abundance & a few White-bellies. I did not see a single Swift.

Swallows
on the
flooded
meadows.

1893.

May 14

Concord, Mass.

Cloudy and nearly dead calm up to 11 a. m. Then the sun came out & a light S. E. breeze started. The afternoon was exceedingly beautiful ^{with} just a trace of soft haze in the distance, the air soft & just agreeably warm.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a. m. in the Stella Maris paddling down. Just before floating I found at our landing a Bass ^{about} a pound in weight perfectly fresh but ^{by} minck with the tail & about one third of the posterior third of the body eaten off by a minck. Mr. Buttrick thinks. Saw no less than five muskrats between Hunt's Pond & Muskrats Dolkin's Hill two of them a pair, evidently, the male pursuing the female closely uttering continuously the murmuring call. This at times sounded almost like the wailing cry of a little child. The female wound in and out among the stems of some flooded bushes apparently trying her best to escape from the amorous attentions of her mate but probably really giving him some encouragement to pursue. Once however when he snatched and sprang upon her from behind she sprang clear out of water & then dove thus escaping him. The two animals making as loud a splash as if a big dog had jumped into the water. I heard these loud splashings repeatedly on the night of the 10 when muskrats were out & calling in unusual numbers. After this female dove she came up some distance away & made straight off up river; the male turned back into the bushes & sought her in every direction vainly, cutting back & forth wailing incessantly, & as I thought in despairing tones. I do not think he found her again on this occasion.

1893

May 14
(Ms 2)

Concord, Mass.

On reaching Ball's Hill I found Spelman whom Pat had met at W. Bedford & joined across the river. We spent the day together most pleasantly taking a long walk before dinner through Davis's Swamp & beyond mostly to Lawrence's woods. Spelman left for home at 4.40. I sailed slowly back across the meadows & up river to the Buttricks' an hour later.

Ball's Hill

The shore of Ball's Hill and the woods, swamps & thickets everywhere we went during our walk this forenoon were simply swarming with birds. Evidently a rush of migrants arrived early this morning although last night was cloudy with a chill N.E. wind. The majority of these birds were Cat Birds, Black-throated Green & Chestnut-side Warblers, Rose breasted Grosbeaks, Water Thrushes & Oven Birds. The only additions to my list were two Parula Warblers & Barn Swallows (heard). A few female Yellow-rumps still sing & we saw one White-throated Sparrow.


Second heavy
migration
this month

As I was crossing the meadows at about 5 P.M. I stood in towards the south shore in hopes of seeing the Bittern which I heard pumping thru when I suddenly spied three Great Blue Herons standing erect near the water's edge. They permitted me to sail past within 50 or 60 yds. looking at me suspiciously by turns & then fixing their attention on the water at their feet. Through my glass I could see the color of their eyes and wing marking. Two were old birds in perfect plumage with long occipital plumes. The third was a gray bird with a blackish crown. They were wonderfully graceful, dignified creatures.

Ardea
herodias

Concord, Mass.

1893
May 14
(No 3)

After passing the Herons I discovered the Bittern among some low bushes above which his head & a portion of the neck protruded. The sunlight struck full on the side of the head & neck which exactly resembled a cluster of stems of blacked grass. After awhile the head & neck turned away from me so slowly that I could detect no motion whatever. But as the grayish brown & sage were presented in my direction they formed what looked precisely like a weathered, barkless stake. Indeed for awhile I thought that the Bittern had skulked off & that I was really watching a stake. At length the head came slowly back to its first position. Then the bill opened & shut five times in succession with a spiteful snapping motion the white throat dilating & flexing between each snap as if the bird were gulping in air, the usual phew sound accompanying each gulp. These snaps became more & more rapid & emphatic until immediately after the fifth & last the bird jumped three times. With the first syllable (jump) the bill was opened wide & jerked downward a little below the horizontal, at the next syllable (er) it was tossed upward apparently closed or nearly so, at the last syllable (leap) it was opened very wide & brought abruptly down to a little below the horizontal again. The bird did not lengthen his neck nor change his crouching attitude perceptibly while jumping. Indeed the motions which accompanied the sound were much less energetic & pronounced than those which I have observed on former occasions. The position when at rest was about this  I could not see the breast distinctly.

Pumping
of the
Bittern

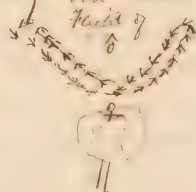
1893

May 14
(Wed)

Concord, Mass.

As I hoisted my sail to leave the spot after ^{Wood Duck} having seen the Northern Juncos there twice a Wood Duck, evidently alarmed, by the white sail uttered a succession of o-o-o in the bushes near me but did not fly.

Early this morning I saw a pair of Hummingbirds ^{Hummingbird} in our blossoming cherry tree. After they had fed ^{swooping over} while among the flowers the female alighted in an apple tree where the male rising to about 20 ft above her began darting down over her back & forth turning about about in the air at the end of each swoop which resembled the wing of a pendulum only the cone was much deeper, thus:



The male which thus engaged kept up an incessant shrill chirping. He did not touch or very closely approach the female & finally flew away.

The Yellow winged Sparrow is quite as acrobatic as ^{Yellow winged} a songster as the Henslow's & Savannah Sparrows. ^{Sparrows} I heard one this evening when the East Robin was singing his last notes & all the other birds had ceased. I was struck for the first time by the flying quality of the song-like slowly hissing note.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 16

Cloudy with east wind and then, intermittent showers, Rhodora at 5 P. M. it began to rain heavily and continued Pool through the night, the wind increasing, also.

I spent the forenoon with Pat in the woods near Rhodora Pool and at the northern base of Punkatasset digging Lady's Slippers of which we obtained about one hundred plants. In the afternoon we drove after them (having left them hidden behind a wall on the roadside) and taking them to Ball's Hill planted them all before five o'clock. It was most attractive work for the woods are now very beautiful with the unfolding foliage, flowering shrubs & plants and the numerous birds.

At Rhodora Pool a Wood Thrush was singing steadily in the dripping woods. There were also Black-throated Green & Chestnut sided Robins, Field Sparrow, Thrushes &c. Two male Ruby-throated Hummingbirds were quarreling for the exclusive possession of a blossoming cherry tree near Mr. Dutton's and there was a third male at the Bullbricks'.

Wood Thrush^{vs}
singing in
the rain

I saw three Cuckoos, two Black-bellied & one Yellow-bellied, along the Estabrook road. All three flew from small wild apple trees covered with nests of the tent caterpillars on which they had evidently been feeding.

Cuckoos^{vs}

The migration of northern birds has been most unseasonable No marked of late. I did not see nor hear a single species which does not breed here, during the morning but there were three Yellow-rumps, all females, at Ball's Hill this P. M. 14th

migration
since the

1893
May 16
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

As we were driving back from Ball's Hill the latter of the wheels started a White-crowned Sparrow from some bushes by the roadside on the eastern slope of ~~Pantecost~~ Ball's Hill. It flew up into a ~~small~~ oak on which a Grass Finch was perched singing. I am not sure that the White-crown did not sing once, but after I stopped the horse we heard only the Grass Finch.

Return from
Ball's Hill

White-crowned
Sparrow

A remarkably deep-colored Scarlet Tanager was also seen on this stretch of road flitting from tree to tree as we drove slowly up the hill. It is the first I have noted this year. Had the species arrived in any numbers I should surely have seen a good number in the chestnut woods in the Common lot through which we passed twice this forenoon.

Tanager¹
scarlet

Near the middle of Benson's pasture the turf over the space of half an acre or more was alive with birds this afternoon. There were a dozen or more Red-wings, pasture (all but one females), several Cow Buntings, 2 Flickers, two Grass Finches, several Chipping's and, most singular of all, two Wilson's Thrushes.

Birds in
Benson's
pasture

Last night at about ten o'clock the Yellow-crowned Sparrow which has evidently established himself in the field opposite the Buttricks, sang over loudly giving the ordinary simple locust-like song. I have heard the varied, twittering song from him in the day time on several recent occasions. He always sings late into the evening twilight when all other diurnal birds except the Robins have become silent.

Yellow-crowned
Sparrow
sings at
night

Concord, Mass.

1893
May 16
(No 3)

I was somewhat surprised this afternoon to see a beautiful male Sparrow Hawk in the fields east of Punkatasset. He kept along the road ahead of us alighting on isolated trees invariably on the topmost spray. Once we got within twenty yards of him. We finally passed nearly under him as he sat waving up & down gracefully on the top of one of the big elms in front of Mr. Holden's house.

²¹
Sparrow
Hawk

Early this morning a King-bird collected a large mouthful of straw from the field (freshly ploughed) building in front of the house and flew off with them across the river. This is certainly an early date for nest building, but the bird could hardly have made any other use of the straw. ^{remotely} _{early}
(On the 17th while driving through Belmont I saw a Kingbird cross the road bearing in its bill a large fluff of cotton wool which it took into a nest in an apple tree. The nest appeared to be nearly finished.)


²¹
King Birds

Concord to Cambridge, Mass.

1893

May 17 Early morning cloudy, the sky clearing before 10 a.m. the rest of the day fine and rather warm with scarcely any wind.

At 10 a.m. I started to drive to Cambridge. As I entered the Lincoln woods the birds were singing freely on all sides. I heard first a Red-eyed Vireo, then a Tanager and, in one of its old-time haunts, a Golden-winged Warbler. More Tanagers & a rather Red-eyed Vireo I reached Cambridge.

Now Sandy found a Hawk of a species quite new to me started from a tree on the road a few off having something which looked like a frog in its talons. It was shaped much like a Broad-winged Hawk & its flight was similar but it was scarce larger than a Hummingbird Pigeon and its wings were of peculiar shape very broad as far out as the secondaries extended and strikingly narrow towards the tip. They were very much crooked also and the tips bent sharply upwards like a Turkey Buzzard. The tail was very short and square at the tip.  The color appeared to be uniform dark brown above & whitish beneath. I could think of nothing but Buteo borealis. The bird was much too small for B. pennsylvanicus & the shape of the wing was wholly different. I saw it fly toward hundred yards across a clearing in the woods.

A ^{new} Stranger
Hawk

A dozen or more Tree Toads in or about a small pond in the woods. They are the first I have heard. They were calling as they do in June.

First
Tree Toads

1893

Concord to Cambridge, Mass.

May 17
(Mon)

Orioles were extraordinarily abundant everywhere along the road between Cambridge Concord and Cambridge. I had ^{rem}remarkably seen at least thirty males and seven females. Many of the males were fine looking giving a long series of rich flute-like notes as they used to years ago. Faxon tells me that his experience about Arlington confirms both these statements. He has never seen so many Orioles before & they seem to have returned to their original manner of singing.

Bobolinks were also exceptionally numerous. I saw at least thirty during the drive only one female among the number. They have ^{stayed} ~~settled~~ in many of their old time resorts near Cambridge where I have seen none of late years. This is doubtless due to the fact that most if not all of the broods of young escaped the mowing machines last year the harvesting of the hay crop being deferred nearly two weeks beyond the usual time.

^{1/2}
Bobolinks
exceptionally
abundant

It is also a remarkable year for Hummingbirds. One garden in Cambridge was thrifty at it with them this afternoon, fighting & speaking among the blossoming cherry & pear trees. Mr. Denton showed me the skins of two (a ♂ & ♀) that flew into the museum on the 11th & died there that day.

^{1/2}
Heavy
flight of
Hummingbirds

A fourth species which has appeared this spring in unusual numbers is the Least Flycatcher. Every apple orchard has its pair or more. I must have seen one nearly to-day.

^{1/2}
Least
Flycatchers
very
numerous

Cambridge to E. Lexington, Mass.

1893
May 17
(No 3)

After spending the afternoon at my house I started again at 6. P.M. and drove through Arlington to East Lexington where I put up for the night at the hotel by the upper reservoir. Near Spy Pond I saw a pair of Wood Ducks flying high towards Rock Meadow. A Green Heron also passed over me flying just above the tops of the elms on Pleasant St. near the village of Arlington. A Wood Thrush was singing in the twilight in an apple orchard by the roadside beyond Arlington.

The cherry trees in Cambridge were shedding their petals to-day; the pear trees were in full bloom; the apple blossoms on the point of opening. Forsythia, Missouri Currents, *Spiraea* & *magnolias* in bloom.

Robins, Orioles, Yellow Warblers, a Redstart, Chipping Sparrows, Birds in
Least Flycatcher, ^{Purple Finch} and two Hummingbirds in my garden to-day. my garden.
A female Redstart was collecting material for her nest. I neither
day nor heard any Grosbeaks in Cambridge.

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18

Cloudy with rather strong S. to W. wind dying at ^{Upper} sunset and afterwards changing to N. and blowing hard ^{Remains} pond & cold through the night.

In the early morning ^{ward} a ^{note} heard a Warbling Vireo singing near the hotel. ^{at} 6.30 and breakfasted at 7. At 7.15 ^{Mr. J. J. J.} ^{was} joined me by appointment and we ^{started} at once on the pond. The hotel landlord supplied us with a large, heavy, flat-bottomed boat square at both ends which I propelled very slowly & laboriously by pushing there being only one oar. In this way we crossed the pond lengthways seeing or hearing a number of Grebes, a Florida Gallinule, a Least Bittern, several Carolina & Virginia Rails, and a very large number of Red-wings. Swarms of Bank Swallows with a few Barn Swallows and an occasional Dove ~~or~~ White-bellied Swallows were skimming low over the water & now & then a swift dashed past. He saw a Kingfisher, also.

Landings we watched the Gallinules & Grebes for about an hour and then followed up the bank at which ^{comes} into the pond for half a mile or more passing through several pretty little meadows surrounded by thickets of birches & alders and finally reaching a low hill covered with birches, oaks & white pines, all growing thus 20 to 30 ft. tall. The brook flows half around the base of this hill. There is nothing peculiar about the place but ^{one} ^{person} considers it unusually ^{well} ^{suited} for good ground for birds and it did not, at least today, birds. Indeed the number & variety of birds that it contained

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18

(No 2.)

were really remarkable. Within a short time and a small space we heard singing a Hood Thrush, Thrasher, Cat Bird, Grosbeak, Maryland Yellow-throat, Golden-winged Warbler, Nashville Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, White-eyed Vireo, Towhee, several Song & Swamp Sparrows, a Field Sparrow, and a Grass Finch and a Meadow Lark, the last two in a field outside the woods. There was also a Lark humming very near us.

Two Lark trees of unusual size, which stand on the edge of the meadow not far from where we sat down, were at times simply alive with birds among which in addition to most of the species just named we saw a Black-bell Warbler, several Yellow-rumps, and a dozen or more Goldfinches. There was also a small Warbler with a rather short tail which I fully believe to have been H. pinus. Once I got a good view of its under parts which seemed to be wholly of a rich chrome yellow and without any trace of streaking. The crown was also rich yellow. I could not make out any wing bars but then I did not see the wings at all distinctly. I have an impression of their colors agreed exactly with mine. The bird was active & alert. He often sat high among the Goldfinches & the light was bad for the background was white, dazzling sky.

H. pinus?

On the way back to the pond we started a White-throated Sparrow in some alders.

A Nashville Warbler on the knoll just described had a curious song which puzzled us completely and excited us greatly until we saw the bird. For a long time he sang tutit-tutit-tutit-tutit in dry, metallic tones - all the notes

Lower song of
Nashville Warbler

East Lexington, Mass.

1893
May 18
(No 3)

given with equal emphasis and in the same key. This song resembled that of the Chipping Sparrow but was shorter and more wiry in tone. It proved to be but merely a prelude to the vocal display. The bird finally tackled on to the end of it once or twice. His chirp was also observed & also noticed by the other bird, notable quality as the notes just described. He had a mate and apparently had chosen the hill as a breeding ground.

Upper Redwing
Sound.

On our way back across the pond we came on a Gracke carrying several eggs in its beak & for the first time in my life I had a good view of this most interesting phenomenon which I shall describe presently in detail.

After dining at the hotel we walked around the south shore of the pond to the spot where we landed this forenoon. While we were sitting down the water lark which came across from his island and fed for a long time within a few yards of the shore. He allowed us to get within ten or twenty yards of him & showed almost no fear of us.

At last we saw some more birds. A pair of Redwings appeared on the opposite side of the pond and were standing close together, a fifty yards or so from us, at a short time. Through the glass we could see that they were shooting at mallards. We finally found a little flock of a boat in which we crossed to them.

A trio
of vandals.

Near where they were standing I picked up a male Redwing which they had just shot & left to die of its wounds. He frightened them sufficiently to stop their wanton

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18
(No 4)

port for red weather but did not go out. Dun to
left them. They denied having killed or attempted Concord
kill any small birds & said that they had seen some
at "Luffs Dicks" (Lucks) and bottles thrown into the air.
They were rough looking fellows & probably from West
for all their repeatedly fired at the ... in good
discussion.

At 5.30 P.M. I started for Concord. It was a
delicious evening, still, rather warm and just the
time for the sun & the sun & flooding the fields
& meadows with mellow light. Birds were singing
freely but I heard nothing of much interest except
two Golden-winged Warblers and the ... The
latter are very scarce this season as they were
in 1892.

I reached Concord at 6.30 and was told by
Mr. Northwick that he had just seen five Hummingbirds
at one time in the cherry tree behind the house.
He thinks that they were much more numerous this
evening than they have been in any previous day.
This season I saw two or three Hummingbirds flying
across the pond.

1893.

Mar 18
(No 5)

The pond where we spent most of to-day was description
 originally a meadow through which a brook flowed. There Upper
 were also broad ditches and pond holes where, it is said Reservoir pond
 clay was dug. Along the ditches and about the pond
 holes button bushes and sweet gale grew in great profusion.
 The rest of the meadow was covered with wing grass.
 This was the condition of things as I remember distinctly—
 before the town of Lexington cleared the outlet of the
 meadow from the old pond in order to form a
 canal to the pond. After doing so, a large
 slope had been done in the valley of the brook.
 The upper part was done for several years, the
 most of which was the water outlet from the
 pond. It is a fine sight, looking to the north the original
 ditch and clay pit being of course much deeper.
 The water outlet has been filled and now (think,
 think carefully) under the changed conditions, the old
 thing was done. The greater part of the pond, and
 especially and densely, but in patches and bays with
 fresh and clear water. There are
 also a good many clusters of cat tails growing among
 the button bushes and floating masses or rafts of these
 flags mixed with tussock grass and sweet gale
 clustered among the stems of the bushes. These
 rafts harbor Rails (both Sora & Virginia) and when the
 cat tails grow in the greatest profusion we found
 a pair of Florida Gallinules & a Least Bittern. Another
 bird of the latter species was also heard cooing in
 an extensive tract of cat tails bordering the
 brook at the place where it enters the pond &
 a little further up. This brook Vaxon has heard a Bittern

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18

(No 61)

on several occasions both last year & this but in Birds of N
was not pumping to-day. A "Kicker" (Coscoroa jamensis?) Upper Reservoir
which crows regularly for several evenings in 1890 was found
the outlet or rather inlet of the brook complete, the
list of marsh & water birds known to breed here, but
in addition Wood & Black Ducks, and Herons of
several species visit the pond in considerable numbers
in autumn & early spring.

Red winged Blackbirds nest all over the pond
among the bottom bushes in remarkable numbers and
there are plenty of Swamp and Song Sparrows and
Maryland Yellow-throats, especially about the shores
and up along the brook.

Thus it will be seen that with the exception of
the Grebes the fauna of this pond corresponds closely
with that of the Fresh Pond swamps. The latter, however,
possess three breeding species not found here viz.
Wood Ducks and the two species of Marsh Wrens.

This reservoir pond is said to contain great
numbers of fish among which are pickerel, pike,
perch, bream, white perch and alewives. The alewives
run up from the sea to spawn as do also, probably,
the white perch. Eels of enormous size inhabit the
pond. Both eels and fish perished by tens of
thousands last winter and were blown up on shore
in wind rows where the ice went out in the spring
attracting herds of Cows. It is supposed that
this mortality was caused by the pond freezing
to the bottom over its shallow portions.

Carl Kensington, Mass.

1893
May 18
(No 7)

There are this season, as nearly as we could estimate Pied billed
their numbers to-day, at least six, ~~and~~ probably eight Grebes
or ten, and possibly as many as twelve, pairs of
Carolina Grebes breeding in the Reservoir pond. They
inhabit every part of it and were about a good deal
appearing and disappearing in the spaces of an hour. As
it seemed to me that each pair confined their working
within certain limits. With the exception of a female
with young all were very shy and suspicious showing
themselves in the open water only when all was quiet
about the pond and if they caught sight of us on
shore sinking quickly beneath the water and lurking the
near as depths of the thickets of bottom bushes. When
not alarmed or apprehensive they swam about boldly
in the open water sometimes approaching within a
few yards of the shore & diving a great deal for food.
At times they floated as high out of water as Ducks
& looked nearly as large as A. obscura. The shape and
carriage of the head and neck reminded us continually
of that of the Loon. Every now and then one would
call co-co-co-co-co-keough, keough, keough. The series
of notes varying from ten or a dozen to twenty or twenty
five. These series in both form and tone resembled
that of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo but the notes are
all lower and the keoughs deeper and hollower.
This call was almost invariably answered by another
Grebe and frequently three or four would cry out
in quick succession from various parts of the pond.
Another sound less frequently given but still not
uncommon resembled somewhat the whining of a
horse. Targem describes it as a "crowing" sound.

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18

(No 8)

Still another cry was a monosyllabic toot something Pied-billed like a short blast on a deep-toned willow whistle. Greebes. This we heard only from a bird, presumably a female, which was accompanied by several young and Taton thinks that it is given only by the mother bird when anxious about her young. He has heard it several times before, always from a bird with young. It is wholly unlike the other two cries and in tone reminded me of one of the calls of the Gallinule. On this occasion the Grebe started out of some bottom bushes near a mass of floating vegetation which looked like a Grebe's nest but which we could not get very close to with our clumsy boat. She swam a few yards and then dove leaving a chick on the surface. The chick then dove and soon afterwards came up in nearly the same place where the mother bird also appeared and swam directly to him. When she reached him she stopped & dived & d he at once scrambled under her closed wing to her back. I now saw that there were ~~but~~ at least two or three more young on her back nearly one the flanks. She kept the tips of her wings folded over them partially concealing them but they raised their heads at intervals and wobbled or nestled about. Their bills appeared to be white with a dark bar near the tip. They were covered with black or blackish down & were of about the size of newly hatched chickens. The old Grebe kept cruising back & forth within about 20 yards of us in open water for five or six minutes looking incessantly but not again diving. Finally she swam into the bottom bushes & disappeared. Just before

East Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 18
(No 9)

This another Grebe, her mate probably, answered her ^{Pied-billed}
Grebes too several times with a precisely similar call and showed himself near us, diving, however, as soon as we caught sight of him. The female while crossing back and forth sat high in the water and carried her neck erect and stretched up to its full length. She was in full breeding plumage with black throat and gray neck.

Taxon saw the first Grebes in this pond this season on April the day after the ice went out! Their preserve is widely known to the people of Lexington and to the passengers and trainmen of the railroad which skirts the edge of the pond by most of whom they are called "Dipper Grebes." They are so wary, however, and their bottom bush fastnesses are so difficult of access that they are probably reasonably safe from persecution. Taxon first found them in 1891. Just when they began breeding in this pond is unknown to us.

East Lexington, Mass

1893

May 18

(No 10)

Faxon and I to-day heard two Least Bitterns cooing in the upper Arlington reservoir where the Grebes breed. Both were among cat tails, one at the inlet, the other on an island in the pond about 300 yards from the inlet. The latter bird cooed at frequent intervals during the entire day. When we first heard him he was near the southern extremity of the island in a bed of broken down, last year's flags which covered an area only a few yards square. After firing the shot from which the sound came with all possible accuracy and most distinctly I sculled the boat to it slowly and silently and just as the bow was on the point of crashing into the flags the Bittern, a beautiful male with steel blue back & crown, rose from a bed of flags within 15 or twenty feet of us and directly ahead of the boat. The island was here only a few yards across and almost the only shelter it offered was the cluster of cat tail where the Bittern sprang. We could find no other bird near except a Florida Gallinule which swam out of the bushes twenty or thirty yards from where we found the Bittern & which we had previously heard repeatedly making its own characteristic cries. Faxon & I were both perfectly satisfied with the strong evidence obtained of this occasion that the Least Bittern is the author of the cooing. This, to-day, when we were near (ie within 40 yds. of the bird) had the same deep, hollow, somewhat raucous quality that I noted last year at Ball's Hill. To-day our bird usually uttered five notes co-co-co, co-co with a slight pause after the third and a distinct accent on the fourth.

Least Bittern

Presumably to to-day before we had any knowledge of the presence of these birds in this pond. As he spent some days there during the first two days of the season I rather being inclined to think that they are recent arrivals.

East Lexington, Mass.

1893
May 18
(No 11)

is very sure that he
Halon heard a Florida Gallinule call in the Reservoir pond Florida
one day ^(May 13th) last year. This season he saw one there on the Gallinules.
9th of May and on several occasions since. To-day we
heard and saw two, a male and female, doubtless mated
birds as they were both in the same place, a long,
narrow belt of button bushes intermingled with cat tail
flags. The male was very bold and fearless, showing himself
fully outside the bushes, frequently swimming out into
the middle of a broad space of open water and then
crossing it to the shore of the upland where he fed
among some sparse growing flags that afforded him no
real concealment. Once he climbed quickly up into a
leafless button bush and perching on a branch about
three feet above the water spent some time there, preening
his feathers and closing, sitting in a crouching attitude
with neck drawn in & feathers ruffled, looking precisely
like a small black hen on the nest.

On the water he was a most graceful and beautiful
creation, especially when feeding, for then the slender head
and neck were continually in motion, nodding at each
stroke of the feet and waving to & fro with sinuous,
snake-like curves, the scarlet frontal seemed even larger
and more brilliant than in the bird which we watched in
the Fresh Pond swamps in 1890. We satisfied ourselves to-day
that there is no inflation of this part but the red
appeared to vary much in depth & brilliancy, from time to time,
& we suspected that these variations were under the bird's
control. The head in profile presented the appearance of
having been sliced off on the forehead. But perhaps this
is merely because of the absence of feathers on this part.
This male Gallinule was one of the tamest water fowl

East Lexington, Mass.

1893
May 18
(no 12)

Florida
Goldeneye

I have ever seen. When it was feeding near shore we walked down to the water's edge and sat down on a rock within less than 40 ft. of it without apparently causing it any alarm. It scarcely noticed a train which thundered past on the railroad ~~that~~ skirts the pond and when we shouted and clapped our hands it merely looked at us with mild curiosity. It has probably become accustomed to sights & sounds of man for there is much passing about the shores of this pond and several houses near by. When swimming this bird moved quite as rapidly as a loon and nodded the head & neck in precisely the same manner. It was silent during the last hour or more that we sat on the rock watching it but this morning we heard it give the long cue-cue outcry, the hee-like crooning, and the frog note. The last was answered by ~~the~~ its mate on one occasion.

The female appeared to be the shyer, or at least more retiring, of the pair. We saw her only once distinctly when she ventured out into open water a little distance and then swam along the edge of the bushes for several rods. Her frontal plate was much smaller and its coloring as well as the coloring of the bill much darker than in the male. The latter had the terminal third of the bill yellow, the remainder of the bill uniform with the frontal space and deep glowing scarlet! When the bird was standing on a branch we saw the red on the legs just above the middle joint.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 19

Cool, the wind N. and very strong, the sky filled with cloud masses during the forenoon, the afternoon clear.

Ball's Hill

At 9.30 A.M. I started for Ball's Hill and half an hour later landed at the cabin parking the whole distance and crossing the meadows over which the water is now nearly as deep as it has been at any time this spring. On the way down I started a Great Blue Heron from the river bank. There were few small birds; the wind was too strong and cold.

Under a small pine on Davis's Hill I found a ♀ Canadian Warbler which had apparently been dead about 24 hours. It bore no signs of injury and must have perished during the last cold rain.

After spending an hour or two walking about in the woods & putting the cabin in order I sailed home reaching the Buttricks' in time for dinner. As I was passing Holden's Hill a house Eagle appeared over it soaring and balancing on the strong wind.

Bald Eagle

Pat tells me that the Cooper's Hawks have reappeared and are taking Benson's fowls again.

Cooper's
Hawks

B. shot at one of them yesterday but missed his bird.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 20

A rare day, cloudless, just warm enough to be perfectly comfortable in either the sun or shade, a fresh S.W. wind blowing through the afternoon and late into the night.

Drive to
Carlsbad &
Acton

At 10 A.M. I started for a drive with Mrs. De Jersey. We took the road towards Carlsbad, passed Dr. Green's farm then bore to the left and swept around through Acton and home by the Brooks farm road.

The country was alive with birds but I noted only one arrival - an Indigo Bird - and only two with bound migrants, a Wilson's Black Cap singing in our orchard and a male Black - ~~poll~~ coming from Paris.

First
Indigo Bird

The song of Wilson's Black Cap varies greatly with different individuals. This bird sang to me nearly like a Noshville Warbler that I was at first inclined to set it down as the latter but its notes were more hurried as well as feebler than the Noshville's. I got a good sight at the singer finally. Yesterday I heard one in the same orchard which sang much like a Water Thrush but with less energy and melody.

Song of ✓
Wilson's Black-
cap

During our drive this morning I saw two Cooper's Hawks, both females soaring over the open fields.

Cooper's
Hawks

In the afternoon I went to Ball's Hill with C. E. Mearns, H. Mrs. K. & Mrs. de J. We had tea together in the cabin.

Ball's Hill

A Water Thrush the only migrant seen. Came home alone in the course of the day, beating up the meadows under sail. Hylas, Frogs, Tree Toads, & Bittern Frogs all singing together. Y. no. 10.

1893

May 21

Concord, Mass.

Night at

Ball's Hill

Cloudless and warm (over 80°) with the wind blowing a gale all day from the W.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. crossing the meadows under reefed sail from Hunt's Covey to the cabin in just 10 minutes - a distance of over a mile!

Fayou came by train from Albington, at 10.30, and spent the day and night with us. In the afternoon we walked to Davis Swamp and afterwards to Davis Hill. The wind blew a gale and despite the heat and cloudless sky the woods were practically silent only an occasional Black-throated Green Warbler or Ovenbird having the heart to sing. We saw very few small birds. Two Water Thrushes near the cabin and a Canadian Warbler singing in Davis Swamp were the only ones of much interest.

After tea and just as the sun was setting we walked to Benson's and beyond. The wind had fallen to a pleasant breeze and the evening was soft and delightful but almost total silence reigned over the woods and fields. We saw a fair number of birds and heard others chirping but there was practically no singing. A Towhee, ~~an~~ Nashville Warbler, a Field Sparrow (once only), two Wilson's Thrushes & a Robin or two about comprised the list of singers.

A Night Hawk appeared in the fields beyond Benson's at 7.15 and after circling about a few times went off over the fields to the westward. At 7.30 a Whippoorwill began singing in Mrs. Barrett's woods. He sang at intervals for ten minutes or more more giving more than a dozen notes at a time.

Hawk at
coming to
Benson's &
beyond.

First Night
Hawk.
Whippoorwill

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 21

(No 2)

When we reached the cabin it was nearly dark. Hylas, Hads, Ten Hads and Deep and Treys were singing. The Hads all gave the Summa Squawk. No night birds.

We saw two Cooper's Hawks this afternoon. The first, Cooper's
an immature male, was flying over Davis Swamp. Hawks

The second, a beautiful adult female, crossed the river and landed over Ball's Hill bearing in her claws a small, plump bird that looked like a small chicken. As nearly as I could tell she went into the pines near the glacial hollow.

(On the afternoon of the 22nd I sent a man up to examine the only nest which I have been able to find in these pines. It proved to be that of a Gray Squirrel,

Concord, Mass.

1873

May 22

Clear and warm with steady, rather fresh, west wind which Bull's Hill died away at sunset: A remarkably beautiful day.

Fajon called on at day break and together we listened for Birds seen & half an hour or more standing part of the time in the heard in the door of the cabin but not going out. There was practically early morning no singing although the morning was still and clear as well as rather warm. We heard, indeed, a Robin, a Redwing, Song Sparrows & a few other common birds but there were frequent intervals of dead silence - for several seconds at a time.

A little after sunrise we dressed and walked around behind Bull's Hill. There were a good many small birds in & near the Swamp but they were not singing freely. We saw two Black & Yellow Warblers, both males, one singing, a silent Canadian Warbler, and a number of Cat Birds, and Chestnut-sided Warblers besides several Wilson's Thrushes, and Olive Birds and other Redstarts, all males in full song. There was a Water Thrush on the wire fence and a Tanager & Black-throated Green Warbler in Bull's Hill. A Wilson's Black-cap was singing quite steadily near the east end of the Hill and a Black-poll Warbler in front of the cabin. We heard two Partridges drumming, one in the Blackman woods, the other on the Bedford shore opposite Bull's Hill. A Dove, the only one that I have heard this month, also cooed a few times near the W Bedford Station. The Pileated perched a few times in the chestnut up wire, apparently near Dakins Hill.

On talking over the matter last evening we both agreed that there should be a goodly number of migrants this morning but the Black & Yellow Warblers were the only arrivals and of our local birds there was no apparent increase.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

May 22

(No 2)

One of the most marked phenomena of this interesting spring is the extreme scarcity of some of the small Thrushes. The Hermit Thrushes passed us in such very small numbers that Hoffmann saw only four, Faxon but two or three, while I met with just one! The Wilson's Thrushes appeared at about the usual time and in fair numbers but not a single Olive-backed or Gray-chuck has been as yet reported. Faxon thinks they are yet to come but it seems to me more probable that they have followed the example of W. Hermits and passed well by some other route.

Scarcity of
Thrushes

On May 10 I found a Song Sparrow's nest under a tuft of dead grass within a few rods of the cabin. It contained 3 eggs and a fourth was added the next morning. Yesterday at 3 P.M. I flushed the bird and saw all four eggs in the nest. This morning at 8 o'clock I again examined it and found that three eggs had hatched in the interim. The fourth was unhatched at 4.4. 11. To lay & is probably added. The parent bird was sitting on the 10th but if the time of incubation be taken from that of the completion of the set viz. May 11th it was, in this instance just eleven days.* [See next page]

Song Sparrows
nests

Yesterday morning when I visited this nest I found two Garter Snakes, one of unusually large size, basking in the sun within less than four feet of the sitting bird, on one each side of her.

There are two other Song Sparrows nests at Ball's Hill, both on the ground under withered grass & both with 5 eggs to-day. The bird belonging to one of these nests invariably flies directly

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill.

1893

May 22

(No 3)

from it to some bushes a few rods off, when started. Song Sparrow nests.
his flight being in every way normal. The other two birds follow the nearly universal custom of their species and ~~then~~ for several yards before flying, skulking behind clods & tufts of grass. One of them half spreads his wings and simulates courtesies but not with much realism or energy.

Why should one of these birds fly? Perhaps she has learned that the skulking act does not always decide. Certainly as far as I am concerned the other plan has proved the more successful for it was not until I had flushed her several times that I began to suspect that there was a nest.

(My next visit to the nest near the cabin was on May 23rd at 3 P.M. when I found the fourth egg hatched. If this egg was the last one laid, as seems probable, it has hatched in just 12 days. The parent bird was absent when I looked at the nest on the 23rd but half an hour later she flew from the nest as I passed it. Hitherto she has always run a few yards before taking wing. She & her mate have become so accustomed to my presence that they show no anxiety and do not even chirp when I look at the nest.

On May 29th the young in this nest were fully half grown and covered with feathers on the back & wings yet the mother bird was "brooding" them. Their eyes opened either on this day or the 28th.)

1893

May 22

(No 4)

Concord, Mass.

Bath Hill.

a queer pair
of Minivittas

A pair of Creepers (Minivittas) have spent the greater part of yesterday and to-day in or beneath the small black oak which stands at the S. E. corner of the cabin. The female is on the ground much of the time, hopping about like a sparrow apparently feeding but confining her attention to a few square feet of turf, which she has worked back and forth most persistently. She is absurdly tame allowing me to get within a yard or less. Once I nearly stepped on her before she flew. She and her mate call to each other every half minute or less uttering a low chirp somewhat like that of Catherina. What the attraction this spot furnishes I cannot imagine.

(As I am writing this (May 23) the female Creeper has just alighted on the side of the cabin and is climbing up the logs that form the wall evidently looking for insects. Now I hear her hopping about on the roof over my head.)

Cedar Birds appeared near the cabin to-day (22nd) ^{or} Cedar Birds - a pair of them, sitting in the tops of blossoming ^{arriving} you of oaks and launching out after flying insects. They are the first that I have seen in Concord this year.

The King Birds that began building on Honey-puckle King Birds Island May 16 have finished their nest. I examined nest in it this evening & found ^{being} ^{upright} & all complete. It is upright ^{circum-} placed in a stout fork of a large willow about 4 ft. above the water in the center of a cluster of upright stems at least 10 ft. below the foliage tops. The stems at the fork are as large as my wrist. A Robin might have chosen just such a site.

Concord, Mass.

1893
May 22
(no 5)

Early in the afternoon I found a pair of Solitary Vireos on Holden's Hill. They followed me about uttering their peculiar low whining call and showing without anxiety. After a few minutes search I found their nest. Its situation was unique in a small ^{dead} oak attached to the fork of a perfectly dead & leafless branch about 12 inches out from the main trunk and perhaps 9 ft. above the ground. I do not remember ever ^{before} seeing the nest of any species placed on a dead branch.

Solitary
Vireos &
nest.

The Red-winged Blackbirds cling persistently and we doubt hopefully to the flooded meadows up to the 21st but since then I have seen less than ten per. cent of the former numbers and I am now convinced that the others have become discouraged at the continued high stage of water and have sought breeding places elsewhere. I see a few nests in willows or tall bushes along the edges of the meadows. One near Benson's landing in the top of a willow had one egg this evening.

Red wings
abandon the
flooded
meadows

nest with
one egg.

At about sunset I saw two female Hummingbirds in the horn chestnut at the Buttricks feeding among its blossoms and quarreling, as do the males, for exclusive possession of the tree.

Hummingbirds
at blossoms
of horn chestnut

As I beat up the meadows this afternoon the Bittern was pumping in his usual place. I also heard a Wood Duck give the o'le note several times among the flooded bushes.

Bittern &
Wood Duck

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 22
(no 6)

A great change took place in the general aspect of the country to-day. for between daylight and dark many of the trees and shrubs which yesterday were simply veiled in tender green have burst into foliage. This is especially true of the gray birches. Yesterday we could see the river clearly through the belt in front of the cabin but when I left Ball's Hill this evening they formed a screen of leaves through which the eye could not penetrate. The oaks are in full blossom and covered with small leaves which as yet give only a hazy effect to the tops of their trees. Shad bush out of bloom. Kalmia glauca in full bloom yesterday. Apple trees also in full bloom. Cherry blossoms all gone. White maples, alders, hazels, poplars and paper birches in about half leaf. The fields everywhere spangled with dandelion blossoms. Wood violets in great profusion on Benson's knoll. High & low blueberries in bloom.

Progress of
vegetation

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 23

Forenoon cloudless but the air obscured by haze. Clouds gathering in the early afternoon but the sky clearing before sunset. Distant thunder in the afternoon and brief lightning at night. My list, the thermometer at the Buttricks' rising to 93°.

Ball's Hill

Almost if not quite for the first time this month the birds sang freely and generally through the entire forenoon beginning at daybreak. I heard them when I first awoke in the early morning, while I was dressing, and all the way down river and along the edges of the meadows as I was on my way to Ball's Hill. This singing was not half-hearted and intermittent on the part of many species, as has been the almost unvarying rule heretofore but vigorous, persistent and sustained.

Birds singing
freely for
first time
this month

I added two species to my list a Hood Plover singing in an oak on the meadows and a Traill's Flycatcher which I both saw and heard in Mr. Nevins' field opposite Ball's Hill.

Hood Plover
Traill's

I landed there to try to identify a bird which sang much like a Grass Finch but sat over and which appeared to be in a thicket on the edge of the meadows. It probably was a Grass Finch but something about the low plaintive tone of the song made me think of a White-crowned Sparrow. It became silent before I could get ashore & I found no trace of it afterwards. The Traill's Flycatcher was very shy. I saw it first in a pine in the pasture sitting erect on a dead branch & identified it at once by the aid of my glass. It flew before I could get at all near & went into some oak scrub where it called pip at intervals & once gave the g'wichy note but I did not see it again.

Traill's
Flycatcher

There was a male Canadian Warbler in this same pasture but I saw no migrants of any kind at Ball's Hill.

Concord, Mass

1893

May 23
(M2)

After dining at the cabin I took a long walk behind
and over the hill. There were many common, local birds
singing joyously but no northern migrants, not even
Black-bellied Nuthatches of which I heard several on the way
down river. A Tanager was singing on Ball's Hill.

Ball's Hill

I sailed all the way down this morning ^{On the way home} ~~thru~~ ^{at evening} the
the northern border of the meadows. I also crossed the meadows under bird, close hauled. The
Buttrick was pumping in the usual place.

A little below Fitch's bridge I always see spotted Sandpeeps, ^{usually} a pair, sometimes three together. This evening
there were four flying about in a bunch like Peeps in
which, indeed, I at first mistook them.

Sandpeeps

After tea I heard a Night Hawk giving the ^{peep} call
high in air over Mr. Hayes's field but it did
not come.

Night Hawk

Mr. Buttrick tells me that there is one inhabited
Barn Swallow's nest on Mr. Hayes's barn. He saw
the birds enter it yesterday. Mr. Hayes's former says
that several pairs nested there last year. Mr. Buttrick
calls them "Sabador Swallows" & says that this was
the name by which they were generally known in
Concord when he was a boy.

Barn Swallows

The Marsh Rats are bringing wire and into a
floating boat house but I have not seen any of
them in it as yet.

Marsh Rats

Concord to Cambridge, Mass.

1893

May 24

Cloudless with strong N. W. wind. Much cooler, indeed chilly in the early morning.

Starting from Concord at 10 a. m. I drove to Cambridge by way of Sandy Pond and the Lyman place. Birds were singing freely, through the entire forenoon despite the blistering N. W. wind; I noted nothing of much interest, however. The only migrants were two Black-polls, both males singing, one in Concord, the other in Cambridge.

The remarkable abundance of Orioles continues to be one of the most interesting features of this season. I saw or heard them everywhere along the road where there were elms or orchards and sometimes in the woods. They were nearly if not quite as numerous as Robins. As there are now many nests at least half completed it is probable that the birds now here are settled for the season.

Remarkable
abundance
of Orioles

I saw a male Indigo Bird in Concord and a pair among some bushes by the roadside in Waltham.

Indigo Birds

A House Wren, the first I have noted this season, was singing in an orchard near the Trickey place in Waltham - an old-time locality for this species. Taxon tells me that he heard six males singing during a short walk, the other morning, in Arlington & Belmont.

House Wren

i. Robin, Cat Bird, Yellow Warbler, Redstart, Oriole, Chipping Lark, Flycatcher, Grackling Vireo, Red-eyed Vireo, Yellow-throated Vireo, and Yellow-billed Cuckoo were singing on the old place at Cambridge this afternoon & I saw a Purple Finch there. The Rose-breasted Grosbeak appears to be about this year.

Birds in
my garden
at Cambridge

Cambridge to Concord, Mass.

1893

May 25

Clear and warm with strong S.W. wind.

Morning at

Upper Reservoir,

E. Lexington

Leaving Cambridge at 7 A.M. I drove to E. Lexington where I put up the horse at the hotel and spent the forenoon on the knoll at the head of the Upper Reservoir lying on the grass under an apple tree watching and listening to the Grebes, Least Bitterns etc. It was a pleasant occupation with Orioles flitting in the blossoming orchards, Grass Finches singing in a neighboring pasture, and innumerable Red-winged Blackbirds congregating and flying from place to place among the bottom bushes & flogs. I heard a number of Grebes & saw three birds. At least two Least Bitterns cooed at long intervals in the cat tail islands. Two big Bitterns rose near the inlet and flew about over the marsh ducking & twisting, one following the other closely. Only one Rail, a Cuckoo, whinnying, neither sight nor sound of the Gallinules which Faxon fears have been shot.

Starting again at 1 P.M. I drove to Concord over the old Lexington road now practically abandoned & in sadly rough & neglected condition. The wind silenced the birds and I heard my feet singing. Reached Concord at 3 P.M.

Concord

Up Assabet

at evening

After tea I paddled up the Assabet in the open canoe. Wind died to a gentle breeze at sunset. Veeries singing in the brick swamp, a Thrasher in the top of a maple over the river, a Grosbeak in some willows, a Grass Finch and Yellow-winged Sparrow in the fields, and a Wood Pewee in the Hemlock. Three Muskrats, one on a steep bank several rods from the water came rushing down the bank in a panic on seeing the canoe. Picked up frogs & toads after dark. A Night Hawk perching.

E. Lexington, Mass.

1893

May 25

(No 2)

From 9 to 10 a. m. the Grebes in the Reservoir pond were very noisy giving the Cuckoo notes at frequent intervals. After 10 o'clock I did not hear the

Red-bellied

Grebes

The number of notes in the Cuckoo call varied to-day from 5 to 21. When the number exceeded ten the first dig or swim were usually given so rapidly that it was difficult to count them. After the seventh the intervals increased and the last notes were given very slowly and in a drawing tone. The first dig or swim syllables may be rendered by the word cuck or kuck. After the seventh they are changed to Keow, hollow & guttural in tone. I heard the other call only twice. It may be best described as a quavering cry or whining, all on the same key. It may be imitated by holding the breath in short, rapid puffs through the nose.

I saw three Grebes, one diving near bottom bushes; the other two rose ^{quite close} from the water and flew half across the pond carrying their necks stretched out & their legs dangling & finally dropping abruptly into some flooded bushes.

Two Least Bitterns cooed at infrequent intervals between 9 & 10 a. m. in cut turf flags. I could just catch the sound at a distance of about 200 yds. the wind blowing towards me.

Least

Bittern

1893

Concord, Mass

May 26 Forenoon fine, afternoon cloudy with light rain in the evening. Light variable winds. Early morning cold for the season.

I spent the forenoon in and about the house, writing etc. Cedar Birds in the orchard and flying overhead - saw a sight of them in all. At about 10 a. m. I heard an Orchard Oriole sing for a long time in an apple tree near the house but although I got very near him and walked all around the tree I did not get a sight of him. He was a fine singer.

D. C. French called at about 3 P. m. and we went down river together, each in one of the small canoes. The water has fallen at least two feet in the last three days and the meadows, this afternoon, were bare and a level plain of tender green grass when I was sailing in my canoe on the 23rd.

L. Ball's Hill

Spotted Sandpipers have increased in numbers with the fall of the water for I saw at least five or six on the way down river. I also saw two Solitary Sandpipers and a bunch of five Least Sandpipers, the last on a small mud flat just above the Holt where I usually find them at this season.

Spotted Sandpipers

There must have been a small flight of Water Thrushes within the past day or two for there were at least two in the bushes near the cabin and another higher up the river where I saw none on the 23rd.

Water Thrushes

Grosbeaks, Wilson's Thrushes, Oven Birds, Cat Birds and a Redstart were singing at Ball's Hill. There was also a Hood Plover there.

1893

May 27


Concord, Mass.

Cloudy and chilly with fine rain at times and a brisk Ball's Hill S. S. breeze in P. M. A moderate thunder storm in the evening.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 9. a. m. Spent most of the forenoon marking out new paths behind the Blackmore ridge. In P. M. walked to Davis's Hill & over the Swamp ridge. Back to the Northwicks' air line for tea at big sailing most of the way.

There were two Least Sandpipers on the mud bar Ring-necked above the Holt this morning and with them a Ring-necked Plover & Plover, a bird which I do not remember to have ever Least Sandpiper seen on Concord River before and which seldom occurs anywhere inland (i. e. in New England) during the Spring migration.

This individual (as well as its little companions) was richly brown. I ran the canoe to within ten yards of, less, should, spotted water nearly to it with the paddle ^{returned at once} but I could not make it fly. All three birds gone when I ^{was} _a

Visited the Solitary Vireo's nest at about 9.30 a. m. One bird sitting, the mate near by, whining. The sitting bird held her head erect and () kept moving it about with the characteristic bird motion just as if she were looking for food. This motion is doubtless automatic like the tutting of Sandpipers etc. The bird hardly seemed to notice me as I stood nearly under the ~~nest~~ ^{nest}, her. I did not examine the nest as I had no means of reaching it.

Solitary Vireo
nest.

Saw three Water Thrushes & a female Canadian Warbler along the river front of Ball's Hill. A male Canadian singing steadily in the Davis Swamp, doubtless a local bird.

1893

May 27
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill,

Barn

gathering of

Swifts at

Ball's Hill

When I reached Ball's Hill this morning a perfect swarm of Swifts were flying about and around it darkening close over the tops of the oaks. I counted 22 & certainly did not get them all. Their numbers increased slowly as the day wore on until late in the afternoon there must have been between 50 & 60. Doubtless all the birds that breed within several miles were assembled here. I have repeatedly seen them here in cloudy weather in May during former years but never so many at one time if I remember rightly. There were a few House Swallows with them. I suspect that the blossoming oaks attract certain Dipterous insects of which the Swifts are particularly fond although ~~they~~ Ball's Hill is a favorite feeding ground of theirs at all times in cloudy weather. There were many Swallows flying low over the river meadows to day but not a Swift among them.

The Red wings are returning to the meadows now that the water has left them bare again but as yet the numbers of these birds are not nearly what they would have been at this date had the water receded at the usual time.

Red wings^vreturning
to meadows

Cuckers of both species have increased perceptibly in numbers during the past few days. I heard both kinds frequently to-day along the river.

Cuckers^v

Cuckers.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 28

Cloudy with occasional intervals of pale sunshine. Cool with strong N. W. wind.

Ball's Hill

Spent most of the day in the house writing, but late in the afternoon I launched the Stella Maris canoe and paddled over to the Manor. A Great Blue Heron & several Robins in the orchard and a Gray-chinned Thrush, perched at first in one of the ash trees over the avenue and afterwards flitting among the currant bushes in the garden, were the only birds that attracted my attention. The Cat Birds were absent from the lilac bushes and there are no Phoebe in the old boat house this season.

Birds about
the Old Manor

At 5.30 I started for Ball's Hill and reached the cabin half-an-hour later. Punting the canoe into the lower landing under the maples I was about to step out when something hurtled past me from behind (ie from the river) passing directly through the thickest part of the bunch of maples with a crashing or hissing sound and plunged down into the middle of the path that leads to the cabin. As it stood erect with tail spread I took it for a large Hawk but the next instant it ~~made~~ a short quick run and I saw that it was a cock Partridge. Landing I flushed it directly in front of the cabin over which it flew and then disappeared over the crest of the ridge behind. It was doubtless the bird which I have heard of late drumming on the Bedford shore.

Partridge

Concord, Mass.

1893.

May 28
(No 2)

Soon after landing I heard the welcome sound of a Lark's "bob-white" coming from across the river. The bird whistled at intervals for nearly an hour. Once I thought there were two Larks ^{calling} but an echo may have deceived me. This is the first Lark I have heard this year.

Lark

Walking around behind the hill I found a Grosbeak's nest within thirty yards of the cluster of oaks where a brood of young were reared last year. Doubtless the old birds are the same but they have chosen an unique situation for their nest this season - in a young white pine near the top, directly against the main stem but supported on three lateral boughs at a height of about 5 ft above the ground and only three or four feet below the top of the tree. The nest is very little concealed by the foliage of the pine which is not at all dense. The female bird was sitting on four eggs (at about 6 P.M.) which looked fresh.

Grosbeak's
position for
a Grosbeak's
nest

Oddly enough I had gone less than 50 yards after leaving the Grosbeak's nest when I stumbled quite by accident on a Cat Bird's nest also placed in a pine but only about 3 ft. above the ground, the tree being a mere shrub growing in an opening among larger pines. The nest was very conspicuous from one side. It contained three eggs on which the female parent was sitting.

Cat Bird's
nest in
white pine.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 28
(no 3)

There were two Gray-checked and two Water Thrushes Gray-checked
in the bush along the water front of Ball's Hill Thrushes
and flying over and among the oaks on its summit
a dozen or more Swifts and a few Barn Swallows. On Swifts
climbing the hill I found immense numbers of Swallows flying
quats drifting about in swarms among the trees from one Ball's Hill
the ground to above the tops of the tallest trees.

At sunset Grosbeaks, Veeries, Oven Birds, Robins, Song Birds singing
Sparrows, Red wings, Chestnut-sided Warblers, and one at sunset.
Pine Warbler (the first I have heard for over a week) were
singing within hearing of the cabin and the Pittman
was pumping in the usual place across the meadows.
No Thrushes song but I have seen in the past year
when there was a nest last year and when doubtless
the female is now sitting as I saw her daily there
with her mate up to within a few days since when
I have ~~seen~~ her. The female Thrush ~~was~~
at the cabin running about over the tops.

After taking tea in the cabin I started up
river just as the last Veeries songs were heard. Indeed
it would have been nearly dark but for the moonlight.

A Whippoorwill was singing on Holden's Hill and Whippoorwill
I heard ~~two~~ others above, one near Hunt's.

Hylas were peeping almost as freely & numerous as in April and I heard a few Scissor Tails
but no Jords. Perhaps these nights are too cool for them.

Spotted Sandpiper, a Solitary Sandpiper, and a
flock of Peeps (Tringa minutilla) peeped one or
two were calling to each other in the gloom.

1893

May 29

Concord, Mass.

Cool with light easterly winds in the afternoon. Early evening Balls Hill. cloudy but the sun out after 10 a.m.

To Balls Hill with D. C. French taking both cars and paddling slowly down. A long walk to Davis Swamp & beyond in the forenoon, dinner at the cabin, a sail to Cohasset bridge & back in the afternoon, and a quiet paddle up river to the Buttricks' at evening completes the brief record of a delightful day.

We saw and heard a remarkable number of birds, more I think, than I have noted on any previous day this year. The strange silence which oppressed them earlier in the month was broken less than a week ago both of late they have sung with normal frequency and freedom. To-day the singing was much above the average both in quantity & quality. The air was still of just pleasantly cool conditions especially favorable for birds to sing freely & for their songs to carry well. The period of comparative - very almost total - silence just referred to is still an unsolved mystery but I now believe that it was caused largely by the extreme & unreasonable heat which prevailed at the time. Furthermore it is probable that there were not then as many birds here as we supposed. Indeed I am convinced that for the past week or more large numbers of our common summer birds have arrived each night. In other words most of the species sent on only a few previous at their usual time of arrival the great bulk of this number following in successive detachments. The extreme scarcity of more northern breeding birds among these later incursions rendered them inconspicuous.

General
resumption
of bird singing
after long
interval of
silence.

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 29
(M 2)

After a marked hiatus in the passage of northern birds they have appeared again in small numbers. To-day I heard singing two Black-bills and a Wilson's Black-capt and saw an Olive-backed Thrush and a Water Thrush.

N. migrants

Green Herons appeared on the river meadows to-day for the first time. I saw two pairs and several single birds flying about pursued invariably by water Red-wings. May be the latter assail these Herons as well as the Bittern whenever either species passes near their breeding grounds? Perhaps it is merely because the Herons are big and awkward, suspicious-looking and easily killed; or it may be that they gobble a young Blackbird or two when opportunity offers.

Green Herons
appear on the
river meadows

The young Song Sparrows in the nest by the cabin were just a week old to-day. I examined them & found that they had their eyes open for the first time. They were fully half grown and covered with feathers on the back & wings yet the mother bird was brooding them. Early in the afternoon she was absent and the young had their mouths wide open & were panting visibly although the day was not warm. The old birds are so accustomed to my visits that they never chirp or show any signs of anxiety.

Song Sparrows
nest

Visited the Grosbeak's nest at 10 a.m. The male bird sitting. At 6 P.M. yesterday the female was on. - The male sings very near the nest & 200 yards distant in every direction.

Grosbeak's
nest.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

May 30

Cloudless, dead calm and very warm up to 10 a. m.; rather chilly Ball's Hill & wind from N. E. to S. E. M.; strong, cold S. wind the remainder of the afternoon, changing to S. W. after dark.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 9 a. m. Spent most of the forenoon working along the shore of the Blakmore land trimming & cutting out trees. In the afternoon walked to Holden's Hill where I spent an hour or more. Birds sang freely in the morning before the wind rose but afterwards there was but little singing even at sunset when, however, I heard Robins, Maryland Yellow-throats, a Minstrel, a Redstart etc.

The Brown Thrushes were singing vigorously this morning. I heard two on the very down line and my bird near the cabin was in full song when I landed the only time he has favored me in this way for a week or more.

I could find no Red Thrushes to-day and the only northern singer to enter once a Blackpoll in full song and a West Olive backed Thrush, both in the belt of bushes along the river at the base of Ball's Hill.

Northern Thrush
nearly all
gone.

For a week or more a Yellow-throated Vireo has sung in the early morning and at intervals through the day in the elms in front of the house. He seems to spend practically his entire time in these trees. Indeed I do not remember once hearing him elsewhere in the neighborhood, unless in the orchard. This morning

⁶
Yellow-throated
Vireo's nest

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 30

(No 2)

it occurred to me to look for the nest and almost at the first glance I discovered it suspended after the usual manner in the fork of a short branch that grew out from one of the big upright stems of the elm about 20 ft. above the ground. One of the birds, the female I thought, was on the nest. She sat rather high and kept her head rolling and peering about in the manner of all birds. The male, if in the tree, was silent which I was watching this bird.

Nest of
Vireo flavifrons

Soon after leaving the Yellow-throats' nest I heard one Warbling Vireo singing in the orchard. Thinking that he might be in the nest I followed up the road and directly saw the nest in the very top of a rather tall tree attached to the horizontal limbs of a long, upright, leafy branch. I could see the bird's head distinctly. He raised it high when he sang and his white throat flashed and pulsed in the sunlight. After a few minutes he flew off to a neighboring tree but I did not see the female take his place. The nest is inaccessible for the branch is too long and slender to bear my weight.

Warbling Vireo²⁴
Singing on
the nest.

This afternoon I took the Solitary Vireo's nest at Holden's Hill. It contained four eggs slightly incubated. The ♀ was on. She watched me calmly while I erected a bit of scaffold beneath the tree. When by means of this I got within arm's reach of the nest I reached my foot up my hand, touched the bird's tail and then her back lightly, but when I attempted to stroke her head she flew. She & her mate, who now appeared, uttered the scolding chatter but made no other sound. Both disappeared soon after I had taken the nest & its contents.

Nest of
Solitary Vireo

Concord, Mass.

1893

May 30

(No 3)

King Birds are very numerous along the river this year. King Birds' nests. I saw no less than seven pairs between the Buttricks' & nests. I saw this morning and found five nests, all nearly or quite completed but none with eggs. On one of the nests a bird was sitting quite steadily, however. This nest was in a leafless button bush only about 2 ft. above the water. Two nests were in willows, one in a stand, upright fork like the one was the Buttricks'. The fifth nest was on a leafy horizontal branch of a maple fairly well concealed.

Not nearly all the Redwings have returned to the river meadows. Indeed they are very scarce although the river is now within its banks.

Redwings²⁰

Bobolinks are also scarce along the river. I saw & heard only three this morning. The reason is obvious; the high water which prevailed during most of this month discouraged & drove them off to the upland mowing fields.

Bobolinks¹¹

1893

May 31

Drive from Concord to Cambridge, Mass.

Cloudy most of the day with brisk S.W. wind; rather cool save during the brief intervals when the sun shone.

At 11 A.M. I piled the old buggy high with valises, coats, shawls & various of my things that have accumulated at Concord and drove to Cambridge—over the Roxbury road to beyond "Grasslands Farm", thence through Allen Street, a beautiful, winding lane, to the turnpike, through Rock Meadows to Morris and down past the Hambley Mill ponds. Within the limits of Concord I heard a Golden wing Warbler singing (in "Hall's") and saw a Wood Thrush sitting on her nest.

The position of the Wood Thrush's nest was remarkable. It was built in the fork of a small, scantily-foliaged elder on the side of the road not more than 15 ft. from the road bed itself and quite outside the maple swamp where I have heard the male Thrush singing this spring. The elder was ~~not~~ a solitary bush that ~~stood~~ grew on a grassy flat in the full blaze of the sun. The nest was so conspicuous that no one could possibly pass along the road without seeing it. The female Thrush was sitting; her back was below the ~~level~~ of the nest and her bill and tail alone showing, both pointing upwards at an angle of about 45°. I did not disturb her so do not know what the nest contained.

Wood Thrush^{sh}
nest in
unusual
place.

About midway between Concord & Roxbury but within the latter town (& not far from the bluff where, according to a stone placed by the roadside, the British troops made a stand during their retreat Apr. 19, 1775) I heard a White-eyed Vireo singing in an elder swamp. This is the most western locality I have on this road.

White-eyed
Vireo

1893 May

Concord, Mass.

- 1 *Sialia sialis* 1⁴. 9². 10¹. 11¹. 14¹. 15¹. 16². 17² [18¹]^{E. May} 19¹. 20¹. 23¹. 24¹.
28¹. 29¹
- 2 *Merula migratoria* 1⁴. 9¹. 10¹. 11¹. 12⁴. 14¹. 15¹. 16¹. 17¹. 18¹. 19¹. 20³⁰.
21¹. 22¹ [23¹. 24¹. 25¹. 26¹. 27¹. 28¹. 29¹. 30. 31.]
- 3 *Parus atricapillus* 1¹. 9². 10¹. 11¹. 12¹. 15¹. [18¹]^{E. May} 21¹. 23¹. 28¹. 29¹. 30¹.
- 4 *Regulus calendula* 1¹.
- 5 *Dendroica pinus* 1¹. 10². 11¹. 12¹. 2 [18¹]^{Pass. Hill} 25¹ (at Hunt)
- 6 *Dendroica coronata* 1³. 2². 9¹. 10¹. 11³. 12¹. 13¹. 14¹. 15¹. 16¹. 17¹ [18¹]^{E. May}.
22²
- 7 *Dendroica hyochrysa* 1². 9¹.
- 8 *Tachycineta bicolor* 1¹. 9¹. 10². 11¹. 12¹. 13²⁰. 14¹. 15¹. 16¹. 17¹ [18¹]^{E. May}.
19². 20². 21². 22². 23². 24². 26². 27². 28². 29². 30².
- 9 *Herundo erythrogaster* 1¹⁰. 9⁴. 10⁴. 11³. 12². 13²⁰. 14²⁰. 15¹⁰. 16⁴. 17⁴.
[18²⁰] 19²⁰. 20¹⁵. 21⁶. 22⁵. 23¹. [24¹⁵] 25¹. 26⁴. 27¹⁵. 28⁶. 29⁵. 30⁴. 31¹.
- 10 *Cotula riparia* 1¹. 10¹. 12¹. 13¹⁰⁰. 14¹⁰. 15²⁰. 16³ [18¹⁰⁰]^{E. May} 19²⁰. 20¹⁰.
21¹. 22³. 23¹. 26¹. 27¹. 28¹. 29¹⁵. 30¹.
- 11 *Vireo solitarius* 1¹. 10². 13¹. 14². 15¹. 19¹. 22¹. 26¹. 27¹ [28¹]^{Walden's Hill}.
29¹. 30¹ [31¹]
- 12 *Carpodacus purpureus* 1¹. 9¹. 10¹. 11¹. 15¹. 17¹. 18¹. 19¹. 20². 21¹.
22¹. 23¹. 24¹. [25¹]^{C. Hill} 26¹. 27¹. 28¹. 29¹. 30¹. 31¹.
- 13 *Malospermum fasciata* 1¹. 9¹. 10¹. 11¹. 12¹. 13¹. 14¹. 15³. 16¹. 17¹.
[18¹]^{E. May} 19¹. 20¹. 21¹. [22¹]^{C. Hill} 23¹. 24¹. 25¹. 26¹. 27¹. 28¹. 29¹. 30¹.
- 14 *Spizella socialis* 1¹. 9¹. 10¹. 11³. 14¹. 15¹. 16¹. 17¹ [18¹]^{E. May} 19¹. 20¹.
21¹. 22¹. 23¹. [24¹]^{C. Hill} 25¹. 26¹. 27¹. 28¹. 29¹. 30¹.
- 15 *Spizella pusilla* 1¹. 10¹. 11¹. 14¹. 16¹. 17¹. 18¹. 19¹. 20¹. 21¹. 22¹.

1893 May

Concord, Mass.

- 16 *Tontrichia albicollis* 1^{*} 9³ 10¹⁰ 11³ 12³ 13³ 14^{1ad} 15^{8.6.4} 16^{1im}
- 17 *Harporhynchus rufus* 1^{*} 9² 10⁸ 11⁴ 12³ 13³ 14³ 15⁴ 16⁴ 17⁸ 18² 19¹
 20⁴ 21¹ 22² 23² 24² 25¹ 26² 27¹ 28¹ 29² 30³
18. *Agelaius phoeniceus* 1¹⁵ 9^{13.2.2} 10⁴⁰ 11²⁰ 12³⁰ 13³⁰ 14³⁰ 15³⁰ 16³⁰ 17³⁰ 18³⁰ 19³⁰ 20³⁰ 21³⁰ 22³⁰ 23³⁰ 24³⁰ 25³⁰ 26³⁰ 27³⁰ 28³⁰ 29³⁰ 30³⁰
- 19 *Sturnella magna* (1¹ Bedford) 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹
 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 20 *Geothlypis carolinensis* 1³² 10⁴
- 21 *Corvus americanus* 1⁴ 9² 10¹⁰ 11⁴ 12² 13² 14⁵ 15⁴ 16¹⁰ 17⁴ 18⁴
 19⁴ 20⁴ 21⁴ 22⁴ 23⁴ 24⁴ 25⁴ 26⁴ 27⁴ 28⁴ 29⁴ 30⁴
- 22 *Cyanocitta cristata* 1³ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 23 *Colaptes auratus* 1² 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹
 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 24 *Dryobates villosus* (1¹ Ball's H.) (2¹ Sandy Ponds) (3¹ Davis Hill) (4¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹)
- 25 *Ceryle alcyon* 1³² 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹
 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 26 *Chaetura pelagica* 1¹² 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 27 *Xobrychus arvensis* 1¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 28 *Melospiza cinerea* 1¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 29 *Euphonia miniata* 1¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 30 *Ammodramus bartramia* 1¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹

Concord, Mass.

1893 May

31 *Botaurus lentiginosus* 1* 9* 10^{ad} 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 22*
23* [25*] 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*

32 *Minutilla varia* 1* 9* 10^{ad} 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19*
20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*

33 *Actitis macularia* 1* 9* 10^{ad} 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 22* 23* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*
29*

34 *Bonasa umbella* 2* (Sandy P.) 12* 16* [18*] 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29*

35 *Icterus galbula* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*
20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*

36 *Dendroica virens* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21*
22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29*

37 *Tyrannus tyrannus* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*
19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*

38 *Dendroica aestiva* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19*
20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*

39 *Accipiter cooperi* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*

40 *Circus hudsonius* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*
27* (Hudson's meadow) 29* (Hudson's meadow)

41 *Sayornis phoebe* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30*

42 *Dendroica caerulescens* 10*

43 *Dendroica blackburniana* 10*

44 *Dendroica pennsylvanica* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*
17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*

45 *Setophaga ruticilla* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 15* 16* 17* 18* 19* 20* 21* 22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*
22* 23* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 29* 30* 31*

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Concord, Mass.

- 46 *Sinus aurocapillus* 10⁸ 11² 12⁶ 13¹ 14¹⁵ 15⁶ 16⁸ 17¹⁵ 18⁸ 19²
 20⁸ 21⁵ 22⁸ 23⁸ 24⁸ 25⁴ 26⁴ 27⁴ 28⁴ 29⁸ 30²
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 47 *Gestophis trichas* 10⁸ 11² 12³ 13¹ 14¹⁰ 15⁸ 16⁸ 17⁸ 18⁸ 19² 20⁶
 21⁸ 22⁸ 23⁸ 24⁸ 25⁴ 26³ 27⁴ 28³ 29⁸ 30⁸
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 48 *Helminthophila ruficapilla* 10⁸ 11¹ 14² 15¹ 16² 17¹ 18⁶ 20² 21¹
 24¹ 27¹ (Ball's Hill) 29²
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 49 *Vireo flavifrons* 10² 11⁶ 13¹ 14¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25⁶
 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29² 30² (Bentley's elm) 31¹
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 50 *Lurdus fuscescens* 10 (Ball's Hill) 11¹ 12² 13¹ 14² 15² 16⁶ 17⁶ 18² 19³
 20¹ 21² 22² 23¹ 25¹ 26³ 27⁸ 28³ 29⁸ 30²
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 51 *Galoscoptes carolinensis* 10² 11¹ 12¹ 13² 14¹⁰ 15⁶ 16¹ 17¹⁰ 18¹ 19²
 20² 21¹ 22² 23² 24² 25¹⁰ 26³ 27⁴ 28⁴ 29⁸ 30¹
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 52 *Hydromela ludoviciana* 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14⁷ 15³ 16³ 17⁸ 18⁸
 19² 20⁶ 21² 22³ 23⁵ 24⁶ 25⁶ 26⁴ 27⁵ 28³ 29³ 30³
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 53 *Sylvania pusilla* 10⁸ 12¹ 16³ 19¹ 20¹ 22¹ 29¹
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 54 *Tonotrichia cinerea* 10 (in Bush) 11 (same bird) 16 (Pemberton Hill)
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 55 *Buteo lineatus* 10¹ 14¹ (Davis Hill) 16¹ 17¹ (Sandy C.)
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 56 *Rhyacophilus colinus* 10 (bird in twilight) 11¹ 14¹ 15¹ 20¹ 22⁴ 26² 27²
 28¹ 29¹
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 57 *Ammodramus passerinus* 10 (bird) 11¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹
 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 58 *Vireo gilvus* 11¹ (Bentley's elm) 15¹ (do) 16¹ 20² 21¹ 22¹ 23¹
 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ (Bentley's orchard)
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 59 *Phalacrocorax diolophus* 11 flying over Great Meadow
 Cal. C. E. bay
- 60 *Sinus noveboracensis* 12² 13² 14¹⁰ 15⁶ 16¹ 18¹ 20¹ 21² 22²
 26³ 27³ 28² 29¹
 Cal. C. E. bay

Concord, Mass.

1893 May

No.

- 61 Turdus mustelinus 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Opp. Ball's H.) 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Ripley brook) - 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Etabrook road)
[17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$] 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{8 on nest by roadside.}
- 62 Poosana carolina 14 ^{E. brook} ~~14~~ [18 $\frac{1}{2}$] [25 $\frac{1}{2}$] 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ ~~31~~ ^{E. brook}
- 63 Trochilus colubris 12 ^(S. brook) 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 ^(S. brook) 16 ³⁸⁸ [17 ²⁸⁸ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$] 18 ^{5 m 6} ^(S. brook)
20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 ²⁸⁸ 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^(S. brook)
- 64 Petrochelidon lunifrons 14 ^{head} 15 ^{head} [18 $\frac{1}{2}$] 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 ¹⁹ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 65 Contortilypis americana 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 66 Ardea herodias 14 ^(2 adults 1 gray bird) 19 ^{gray} 21 ^{heard at Ball's H. 10.30 P.M.}
- 67 Aix sponsa 14 ^{heard} [0 $\frac{1}{2}$ claustr.] 22 ^{heard}
- 68 Butor borealis 14 ^(S. brook near Ball's H.) 15 ^{head} ^(Ball's H.)
- 69 Pipilo erythrophthalmus 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 70 Coccyzus erythrophthalmus 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{1st seen} 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{2nd} 20 ^(S. brook) 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ [25 $\frac{1}{2}$] 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$
27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 71 Coccyzus americanus 16 ^(seen) [24 $\frac{1}{2}$] [25 $\frac{1}{2}$] 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 72 Pyrranga erythromelas 16 ^(very fine bird) [17 ⁴³⁸] 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ (S. brook) 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (S. brook) 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 73 Spinus tristis 9 ²⁸⁸ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ [18 $\frac{1}{2}$] 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ [24 $\frac{1}{2}$] 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 74 Poocetes gramineus 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ [18 $\frac{1}{2}$] 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ 23 $\frac{1}{2}$
[24 $\frac{1}{2}$] 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 75 Falco sparverius 16 ^(Hobbs' farm)

1893 May

- 76 *Helminthophila chrysopetra* 17' (Sandy C) [^{low}18³'] 24' (Sandy R) 31' ^{low road} near Hall's
- 77 *Vireo olivaceus* 17³ 20³ 22² 23³ 24³ [^{C.I. 25³}] 26¹ 27³ 29⁴ 30³
- 78 *Dendroica striata* 16³ [^{5. low}18³'] 19³ 20² 22¹ 23³ 24⁴ [^{5. 25³}] 28³ 29³ 30³
- 79 *Sylvania canadensis* 19³ (Davis H.) / 21¹ (Davis Swamp) 22¹ (Davis H.) 23² 27³ (Davis & Bull Hill)
- 29³ (Davis Swamp)
- ✓ 80 *Haliaeetus leucophthalmus* 14¹ (Brown bird Swamp over Olden's Hill) 19^{do}
- 81 *Passerina cyanea* 20³ 24³ [^{low}24³'] 25³
- 82 *Antrostomus vociferus* 21¹ (near Bowdoin woods near Bowdoin) 28³ (near Bowdoin Hill)
- 83 *Chordeiles virginianus* 21¹ (flying over field at nr.) 23¹ (flying) 25¹ (flying) 30¹ (flying)
- 84 *Dendroica maculosa* 22² (⁵)
- 85 *Ampelis cedrorum* 22³ (Bull's H.) 23² 26⁵ 27³ 28⁴ 29⁵ 30³
- 86 *Zenaidura macroura* [^{Schriener 29³}] 22¹ (Opposite Bull's H.) 29¹ (Lawrence's Woods)
- 87 *Melospiza georgiana* Accidentally left off list May 1 to 17
[^{low}18³'] 19¹ 21² 22² 23³
- 88 *Contopus virens* 23³ 24³ [^{low}24³'] 25³ 26³ 27³ 28³ 29³ 30³ 31³
- 89 *Empidonax traillii* 23¹ (r. variety) (H. Bull's Hill) 29¹ (near Bowdoin Hill, near Bull's Hill)
- 90 *Junco cinereus* 24³ 25¹ 26³ 27³ (Bull's H.) 28³ 29² 30²

Concord, Mass.

1893 May

91 Icterus spurius 26¹/₂ ^{Antislake orchard, 10 a.m.}
^{sang 5 or 6 times. Not}
^{seen.}

92 Fringa minor 26³/₄ ^{river bank} 27²/₃ ^{river} 28¹/₂ ^{Apple heard}
^{flinging one}
^{insects at water} 29⁽³⁾

93 Agelaius semipalmatus 27^(river bank)

94 Progne subis 1 to 25 omitted accidentally 26⁴/₅ 27³/₄ 28⁴/₅ 29³/₄ 30²/₃

95 Lundus alvinae (or Oriskanyi) 28¹/₂ ^(Mason)
29²/₃ ^(Ball's H.)

96 Colinus virginianus 28¹/₂ ^{Opposite}
^{Ball's H.}

97 Turdus swainsoni 29¹/₂ ^(Buck's Lane)
^(fence note) 30¹/₂ ^(Ball's H.)

98 Ardea virescens 29⁽²⁾/₍₂₎

99 Passer domesticus very few in Concord this spring.

1893

Cambridge, Mass.

June 1

I find the following birds established and singing List of birds
 in, or within hearing of, the old place. breeding in
or near

1. Merula migratoria. Two pairs, one with young flying about our garden.
 & running on the lawn to-day.
2. Dendroica aestiva. Two males singing in the garden.
3. Setophaga ruticilla. Two males singing, one in the lindens,
 the other in Hubbard Park.
4. Vireo olivaceus. One male singing in the lindens.
5. Vireo gilvus. One male singing, on Sparks St. usually.
6. Vireo flavifrons. A male singing on Blotter St. Below Craig St.
7. Icterus galbula - Certainly one pair, probably two.
8. Empidonax minimus. A male, in the jingale usually.
9. Coereba americana. - A bird constantly in the garden
 singing. I think he has a nest on the fence.
10. Passer domesticus. - About in the usual numbers.

I have seen no Chipping Sparrows to-day, and no Grosbeaks
 this spring. This is the first season for the year or more
 when the latter have not bred in or near the garden. Wilson
 tells me that he heard them on Oxford St.
 Now Black Birds & Crows fly over the garden nearly every
 day. There was a Purple Finch here two weeks ago.

1893

June 3

Fairfield, Conn.

Cloudy, the evening foggy and still. A close, oppressive day.

With H. Fayon I left Boston at 10 a. m. this morning and went to Bridgeport, Conn., on the "Shore Line". We were interested and somewhat surprised to see many yellow birches (*B. lutea*) in swampy woods along the road before & after passing Saybrook. ^{first} *Lupinus* trees appeared near Saybrook and were seen at intervals the remainder of the way. We saw one Osprey in Rhode Island and another in Connecticut.

~~We left the cars~~ East Lyme, Conn., a Fish Crow alighted on the beach within a few yards of the train which was moving slowly at the time.

We left the railroad at Bridgeport and after calling on Mr. Barnes, who was out at home, took a carriage for Fairfield some six miles N. of Bridgeport. The drive was uninteresting but Fairfield proved to be a beautiful village with wide, grass-bordered streets shaded by fine old elms. After tea we walked out about half a mile crossing the railroad & ascending a gentle slope beyond. Fine elms along the ~~flats~~ & orchards on either side. Finally left the road and crossing a field climbed a knoll tufted with cedars with a small patch of swampy woods beyond. There were two Chats here, a pair, apparently.

On the way back we heard & saw several Orchard Neat of Orioles & found one of their nests in a apple tree in a pasture. It contained four eggs which we left unharmed. Orchard Oriole

1893

June 4

Fairfield, Conn.

Morning cloudy with light rain occasionally. Afternoon Drive to
sunny & cloudy by turns. Breeze or quite calm all day. Greener Farms.

Starting at 8.30 A.M. we drove westerly about six miles to Green's Farm following roads that led along near the shore of the Sound over an almost perfectly flat country with grass, grain and cultivated fields and occasionally a salt creek with its bordering meadows. There were practically no woods or thickets but many large oaks standing alone or in groups - the scarlet oak, usually, here trees of much finer development than they often attain with us.

We returned by an inland road which ran parallel to the coast line but some two or three miles back among the hills. There were occasional pieces of woods and several swampy runs shaded by trees and thickets but by far the greater part of the country was under cultivation and freely sprinkled with houses while the number of roads leading in every direction was something bewildering. There were many apple orchards and along all the roads noble old elms and scarlet oaks in great abundance. Some of the ^{rocky} knolls sprinkled with red cedars and devoted to pasturage were remarkably like the cedar pastures of Belmont & Arlington but there were fewer barberry bushes and more poison ivy. Indeed the remarkable abundance of the latter seems to be a feature of this entire region. The beautiful but noxious vine grows here in every soil & in the greatest profusion.

1893

June 4
(no 2)

Fairfield, Connecticut.

Another marked feature of this region is the abundance of the *Passiflora*, which grows along the borders of most of the fields & by the roadside & attains a larger size than with us. The *Passiflora* is also abundant & generally distributed in the Swamp. The tulip tree is not very common. There are more scarlet oaks than in Massachusetts & more green birch. As the whole, however, the country about Fairfield is so very similar topographically and florally to that about Boston that it is clear that the presence of so many Carolinian forms in the former region is due to climate rather than physical or floral conditions.

The differences in the bird fauna of the two regions is most striking. Nor does it consist alone or chiefly in the presence or absence of certain forms but very largely in the different relative abundance of the same species. Thus Cat Birds, House Wrens, Hooded Pigeons, Indigo Birds, Chipping Sparrows, Song Sparrows, Yellow-throated Vireos, White-eyed Vireos & Chimney Swifts are very much more numerous in the country about Fairfield than with us while King Birds, Thrashers, Mocking Birds, Red-eyed Vireos & Redstarts are apparently less numerous. The number of Bluebirds, Field Sparrows, Grass Finches, Yellow Warblers, Least Flycatchers, Bobolinks, and Baltimore Orioles appeared to be about the same. There were more Baltimore than Orchard Orioles but the latter were common & generally distributed in the orchards. Chats swarmed wherever there were busy thickets.

Fairfield, Connecticut.

1893

June 4

(no 3)

We heard three Blue-winged Yellow Warblers singing & identified (that is saw distinctly) two of them. One first bird was flitting along the roadside, one second in a swampy area, the third on a dry hillside among cedars.

Late in the afternoon I walked ^{out} over the same road that we took yesterday but beyond to a rocky knoll covered with red cedars with an extensive, swampy woods of oaks, chestnuts & maples near by. It was a pretty spot and alive with birds. As I lay at full length on a sloping ledge sprinkled with columbines & free from the poison ivy which covered all the ground close about with dense beds & knee-high thickets of glossy green foliage. I could hear two Chats, a Wood Thrush, Cat Birds, two Blue-winged Yellow Warblers, a Yellow-bellied Cuckoo, a Field Sparrow, a Redstart, a Bobolink, ^{and} Orchard & Baltimore Orioles, all within easy ear shot of my position. A male Hummingbird alighted on a dead cedar near me and the Chats and Blue-winged Yellow Warblers, both of which were evidently nesting near, came close about to peep at and scold at or sing to me. The Blue wings had wholly different songs (see sys. note pocket) but I saw both of them distinctly & made sure they were typical birds. The walk home at evening down the broad, quiet street with its arch of elms and the Baltimore & Orchard Orioles singing in every direction, a Meadow Lark whistling, & innumerable Swifts coming about, was most delightful. Taxon spent the afternoon on the salt meadows where he found the three *Anemone*, *maritima*, *canadensis* & *patens*.

1893.

June 5

Saybrook, Connecticut.

Clear and hot with light S. to S. W. winds.

We left Fairfield at 8 a.m. and went by rail to Saybrook, stopping at New Haven for an hour's talk with Flint who told us of a male Lawrence's Warbler which he has been watching, of a nest of the Solitary Vireo taken near the city last week, of a pair of H. chrysophaea seen yesterday & doubtless breeding, and of two male Audubon's Warblers taken in April by young Verrell.

Saybrook proves to be an attractive place; its principal street a mile or more in length, very wide, with grass-grown borders and a row of fine elms on each side shading the side walks and forming a long vista of foliage. Robins, Bluebirds, Yellow Warblers, a Yellow-throated Vireo, a Warbling Vireo, Purple Finches, Chipping, several Baltimore Orioles, our Orchard Oriole, a Meadow Lark, and two Wood Pewees, & abundant Flycatcher singing. Also many Song Sparrows. English Sparrows fairly numerous. No House Wrens. Swifts in great numbers.

In the afternoon we walked out of town about half-a-mile along the track of the Valley Railroad to a dense bushy swamp where we heard a White-eyed Vireo & Chestnut-sided Warbler. There were also Cat Birds, Towhees & Downy Woodpecker.

Beyond the swamp was a long, rocky ridge sprinkled plentifully with red cedars and densely clothed with thickets of dwarf hollyhock, bayberry and

1893

June 5
(No 2)

Saybrook, Connecticut.

occasional shrubs of other kinds with a few flowering dogwoods, the whole overrun in many places with greenbriars. There was no poison anywhere but we saw a little along the railroad embankment. The entire ridge, with some flat ground at its ^{base}, ~~base~~ also covered with thickets, was simply alive with Chats whose songs came unceasingly from every side while one or more birds were constantly in sight. I found one of their nests - very conspicuously placed in the fork of a ^{Tallow} berry bush below the foliage & on the edge of the thicket. The set comprised four beautifully marked eggs which looked fresh but which I did not take. The ♀ skulked about in the thickets keeping well concealed & uttering a scolding skan. Most of the males on this ridge interspersed in their songs a bright, soft whistle closely similar to the call of the upland Plover. I heard this from two of the Fairfield Chats, also.

Yellow-headed

Chats.

Besides Chats we heard on this ridge Cat-birds, White-eyed Vireos, Towhees, a Field Sparrow, a Black-throated Green Warbler & a Chickadee. Two Larks were whistling on the busy flat below.

In the early evening we drove out of town to see J. N. Clark. He was absent but soon appeared. Sans coat, waistcoat, collar etc., his white shirt gleaming in the darkness, a ribbon-cloth bag slung from his shoulder contained, he told us, a nest & eggs of the Hooded Warbler & one of the Maryland Yellow-throats, the results of his afternoon's work in the woods. He is a fine-looking man of

1893

June 5
(No 3)

over fifty, sturdy & vigorous with a pleasant yet strong face. He showed us a case of birds in the parlor containing about fifty specimens, among them a Little Auk in full breeding plumage, taken at Montauk Point in July, a Carolina Wren killed in Saybrook, a Buff-breasted Sandpiper from the mouth of the Connecticut, a Boggyhead Shrike taken here & various other interesting things.

He has, also, an egg of the King Rail, ~~which~~ one of a deserted, added & worthless set which he found in the Lyme marshes upwards of forty years ago.

1893.

June 6

Saybrook, Connecticut.

Clear and warm. A thunder shower passed to the N. late in the afternoon bringing us no rain but lowering the temperature sharply.

Afternoon in
the woods with
J. N. Clark

In the forenoon I drove to Saybrook Ferry to investigate a boarding house by the river where we intend to go later. On the way saw a single Barn Swallow taking mud up under the eaves of a barn. Also a male Cow-bird.

Faxon came in at noon from a long walk. In a swamp beyond Clark's he saw a male Hooded Warbler and heard a bird singing which he afterwards identified as a Water Thrush (*S. notacella*).

In the afternoon we drove over to Clark's and took a walk with him, first up over the cedar hills where we went yesterday, next across the valley to the N. past a large mill pond to a ledge where we saw Thomas Paul's nest with three eggs, ~~then~~ through the swamp where Faxon went this morning & where Clark showed us a Hooded Warbler's nest with 3 eggs among *Kalmia thickets*, and last into an extensive white cedar swamp where the ground one way across was densely covered with *Kalmia thickets* and where we heard a Hooded Warbler in full song.

On the cedar hills I found a Warbler's nest & four eggs which we could not identify & which were accordingly left undisturbed. The nest was in a *Pa. juniper* about 6 ft. above the ground. The female flew off as we were passing & down into a dense thicket. When we descended a female Prairie Warbler came out & chirped. A male Prairie Warbler singing was by.

Saw a Cooper's Hawk & fresh Woodcock borings in a muddy place in the path among alders.

Nest of
Prairie Warbler
in red cedar

1893

June 7

Saybrook, Connecticut

Clear and cool with high N.W. wind. A fine day for again Ingham Hill exposure but poor bird weather.

Starting at 8.30 I drove to Ingham Hill about three miles N. of town and back the boy & horse. Clark & Haxon walked keeping along with me most of the way.

Soon after passing the swamps where we were last evening we entered the woods and climbed a succession of long, steep slopes to the summit of a high range of hills where we emerged into a clearing with a house & orchards. Beyond this the road descended sharply again to a glen where we began our day's search for birds & nests. I have not had such a triumph for years. ~~as that which followed.~~ During the forenoon ^{were} we constantly in the woods, searching for Hooded Warblers' nests in the *Kalmia* thickets which filled the hollows & clothed the sides of the knolls & ridges, following the edges of swamps where the Louisiana Water Thrush breeds & ~~where~~ (we saw one pair of these birds with young on wing & heard the old male sing), climbing steep ledges, & winding about through dense thickets in every direction. Not once for more than four hours did we enter an opening of any kind or catch a view of the horizon. We descended by a spring on the edge of Pequot Swamp where there is a ~~thin~~ well worn road in length supposed to have been created by the Indians. After lunch we had the hardest pull of the day, a scramble of several hundred yards over big boulders overgrown with gnarled *Kalmia* & enormous fern with a picturesque cliff rising on one side & the swamp, with its upturned trees & gloomy reaches of black, stagnant water, stretching away on the right. The country traversed thus far reminded me

1893

June 7
(No 2)

forestry of the mountain region about Petroleum, West Va. Many of the trees (which were wholly of deciduous species such as beeches, chestnuts, yellow & black birches, black, scarlet, red & white oaks, tulaks, tulak trees etc.) were of the largest size and the ground beneath was usually comparatively free of undergrowth except where the *Kalmia* flourished. The dogwood (*Cornus florida*) was abundant and just passing out of bloom. Pink azalea grew in profusion wherever there were openings or wood roads & was at the very perfection of its flowering season.

In these woods. Crows (*Corvus*), Oven Birds, Hooded Warblers, Red-eyed Vireos, Wood Thrushes, & Parula Warblers, were the most numerous & characteristic species. Occasionally we heard a Grosbeak, Tanager, Very or Great Crested Flycatcher. We started several Ruffed Grouse, one from a nest containing eight incubated eggs on a ledge in the middle of a small, low bunch of laurel, another followed by a brood of chicks a few days old.

At about 2 P.M. we entered into a clearing of 100 or more acres where the big oaks & chestnuts were cut big or eight years ago & the sprouts had attained a height of 15 to 20 ft. There were many openings or glades with patches of briars, thickets of blueberry & huckle, and grass. Here White-eyed Vireos, Chats, Towhees, Maryland Yellow-throats, & Chestnut-sided Warblers abounded and an occasional Blue winged Yellow Warbler or Field Sparrow was heard.

A bird which we at first took for a Hawk was seen sitting in the top of a dead tree. We approached within about 100 yds. & Faxon & I with the aid of our glasses, made it out to be a female Bird Eagle but when it flew back thought he heard its wings whistle & exclaimed

Say Brook, Connecticut.

1893
June 7
(m3)

to the opinion that it was a Dove. Some afterwards Wild Pigeons?
we saw it again & Faxon & I stalked it, getting within
40 yds. At this distance we made certain that it was
a ♀ Wild Pigeon of unusual size. The long ~~neck~~ wings
& tail, & every detail of color were made out most positively
but as it ~~flashed~~ ^{showed} the second time on both head
distinctly the Dove-like whistle of the wings. Does the
Pigeon ever make this sound? Neither Clark nor I
could recall hearing it. Still it seemed incredible that ^a ~~any~~
Dove under any conditions of light (the sun was shining
& the light seemed normal) could have been mistaken
for a Pigeon at ~~at~~ distance of 40 yds. or less. Another
bird which looked equally large passed within 100 yds., which
we were looking at the one or the dead one. ^{in the} swift,
glancing flight & ^{the} long tail convinced us for the moment
that it was a Pigeon but doubts crept into my mind
after the other bird whistled off. Altogether the matter was
left unsettled with Faxon & I favoring the Pigeon side of
the argument & Clark that of the Dove. A mile further
on we heard a Carolina Dove coo.

After leaving this great clearing we passed through a
succession of woods, swamps, ~~wood paths~~ and openings,
following old wood paths or the courses of brooks, occasionally
turning aside to visit some spring deep in a hollow
filled with ferns & encircled by thickets of the ever abundant
& beautiful Kalmia. Clark took a set of his flesh
eggs of Myiarchus cinerascens from a nest which he had
marked before in an old Flicker's hole in a burnt
stump but we found no new nests of any kind. Glenn Wooded
Warblers were heard singing during the day. We reached
Clark's old farm ~~stopping~~ ^{by the way to take the Warbler's nest}
found yesterday on the cedar hills. ~~It proved to be a Harris.~~

1893

June 8

Caybrook, Connecticut.

Clear and warmer with just a pleasant S. wind.

To Clark's immediately after breakfast. He took us through a country less varied than that seen yesterday but scarcely less interesting & beautiful. First came a big cedar & Kalmia swamp where we heard a Canadian Warbler in full song not ten rods from the spot where his cousin the Hooded was singing; next a cedar pasture abun with Chats, White-eyed Vireos, Towhees, Robins & Black-throated Green Warblers, where I found a Towhee's nest with four eggs in a red cedar & Tanager a Robin Warbler's with four fresh eggs, most conspicuously & curiously placed in the very top of a slender little maple shoot bitten off by the cattle; next through low-lying chestnut & oak woods of noble old trees in which Black-throated Green Warblers were singing, with never an exception in sight save the Kalmia thickets that formed the oak undergrowth in which we found (& left) a Hooded Warbler's nest containing four eggs near hatching; next through denser, younger oak & chestnut woods where we discovered several vigorous young paper birds (a tree which Clark did not know existed here) and flushed a Woodcock from underfoot in the wood path where we failed to find anything at the time but returning an hour later & again flushing the old bird at length detected two of her young about as big as Sparrows squatting side by side on an oak leaf; finally reaching a spring by a wall, on the edge of a swamp, where we lunched & spent nearly an hour. A Wood Thrush, Maryland Yellowthroat & Blue-winged Yellow Warbler sang to us most of the time.

After lunch we revisited the Woodcock and there spent an hour or more searching fruitfully for nests

1893

June 8
(No 2)

Say Brook, Connecticut.

in another cedar pasture similar, as to its general character & the birds which it contained, to the one already described but differing in having scattered about, in clusters & singly, a great number of remarkably fine old oaks & hickories. Among the ferns were several Adiantum virginicum.

Next came a wood path through scrub with grassy openings where we looked vainly for a nest of the Blue-winged Teal until at length we crossed the road and entered a long narrow swamp where Water Thrushes bred. A pair were started and Faxon found the nest with five young flattened & nearly ready to fly in an earthy root-bank over a stagnant pool. The work was over after we left the swamp.

Passing through more woods we ~~entered~~ entered into the most beautiful pasture that I have ever seen. It comprised about thirty acres of gently sloping hillside where the cattle had cropped the grass as short & smoothly as if a lawn mower had just been run. Down the middle flowed a small brook and ~~scattered~~ scattered about singly and in groups stood hundreds of ^{magnificent} oaks, elms, chestnuts, tupelos, and some cherries. ~~of unusual~~ while in every direction the view was bounded by a solid wall of foliage that marked the line of forest which completely encircled the place. It reminded me strongly of an English park but the trees were more effectively & naturally disposed as well as finer. Such pasture oaks, chestnuts & elms I have never met with before. In size, beauty of outline and especially in luxuriance of foliage they are all far excelled the very finest specimens that we have in Massachusetts. I saw this place at its best in the late afternoon light.

Saybrook, Connecticut.

1893

June 8
(no 3)

While Clark was looking up marked nests of a Redstart nest of & Red-eyed Vireo I followed a female Hooded Warbler across the road into a swamp where she finally ceased chirping. Working cautiously along to the spot where I had last heard her I flushed her by the side of a wall & discovered her nest empty but quite completed. It was placed in a most unusual situation about six inches above the ground on a broken down, leafless & nearly dead branch of Cornus alternifolia with no Kalina more than twenty or thirty yards where, however, on the other side of the wall, was a thicket apparently just suited to a Hooded Warbler's tastes. The only concealment was afforded by a cluster of tall ferns the fronds of which hung directly over the nest shielding it perfectly from observation except on one side.

Mr. Clark found his two nests but did not climb to the Redstarts' which was thirty feet up in a Blue Birch (Carpinus). The bird was sitting on three eggs & allowed us to draw down the branch & almost touch her before she left her treasures.

The work done at evening would have been perfect but for the mosquitoes which assailed & followed us in swarms. We heard Wood Thrushes & a Grosbeak singing.

Yellow birches are as abundant & generally distributed here as in northern New England. We saw one to day that was fully 2½ feet in diameter at the base.

Both hornbeams equally (& very) abundant.

1893

June 9

Saybrook, Connecticut.

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy with S. E. wind and light rain in the afternoon followed by a superb rainbow at sunset and heavy rain afterwards late into the night.

In company with Mrs. Clark we visited the salt marshes to-day, running down with the ebb tide in the morning and coming up with the flood at evening, our pathway being Oyster River a small tidal creek which empties directly into the Sound west of the mouth of the Connecticut. Along its banks, as well as those of all the numerous connecting creeks and ditches, grew beds of the beautiful Potentilla anserina now in full bloom spanning the meadow with its large golden flowers.

On the way down we saw two Night Hawks, evidently a pair, flying about over a corn field. The male would mount above the female and then dive down over her head and "boon". We distinctly saw him turn his wings so as to bend the quills down & forward which in the act of producing the sound. The female uttered frequently, in fact almost continuously at times, a low kan very like that of the Green Heron but feebler and less hollow. This was while the pair were flying about. Neither Faxon nor I had ever heard this sound before but Clark is familiar with it. Finally both birds alighted side by side on the salt marsh, then took another flight, then alighted again in a different place. Their aerial evolutions were exceedingly graceful and beautiful. Clark says they often lay their eggs in cornfields here, usually on a flat rock.

1893

June 9
(No 2.)

Saybrook, Connecticut.

Along the river we heard a Bobolink and two Richard Birds and saw several Spotted Sandpeppers and four Carolina Doves flying together.

Salt Marshes.

Reaching the extensive salt marshes near the mouth of the river we turned into a creek, followed it up a little way and, leaving the boat, began searching for Sea-birds Finches nests. Clark found four with 5, 5, 4 & 4 eggs respectively, Tabor a nest with 4, I nothing.

Reaching the beach we dug at number of clams, which we carried across the marsh to a large island wooded with oaks, hickories etc., fine, old trees but rather low & spreading and thickly covered with lichens & mosses. Here we built a fire & roasted our clams. Red-eyed Vireos, Wilsons Thrushes, Hooded Mergansers, Parula & Yellow Warblers, a Great Crested Flycatcher, a Chat, & great numbers of Red-wings were singing. ~~There~~ There were also Long Gallinules, Cat Birds, Thrashers & both species of Cuckoos. Besides at least two ~~fair~~ ^{large} ~~fair~~ Hummingbirds and a Red Start or two.

After lunch we visited some swamps where the Parula Warblers were breeding in great numbers. These ^{swamps} were small ^{round} pond holes grown up to bushes (chiefly Black alders) and young maples & surrounded by the oaks & hickories. In & immediately about each swamp the trees & bushes were thickly hung with Alder but this was nowhere found in bunches of sufficient size to contain a Parula's nest. Accordingly the birds had used it for bird-chirp material only. In each of the four nests that we examined for general shape & construction, was open at the top & built very much like a Baltimore Oriole's only smaller, shallower & with a much wider opening. One nest contained 4 eggs near hatching, two were empty, one was unincubated.

Nests of
Parula Warblers

1893

June 9
(No 31)

Saybrook, Conn.

While we were looking for Parula's nests a Black Duck came circling around us landing on wet wings & finally alighted in a small swamp. It evidently had young.

Black Duck

There were also many Green Herons flying about. They bred in these pond like swamps.

We next searched a large inland meadow where the mosquitoes were exceedingly numerous & savage & where we saw many Sea-side & Sharp-tailed Finches but could find no nests with eggs.

On our way back across the island Clark found a Hummingbird nest of two nearly fresh eggs which he gave me. The nest was about 8 ft above the ground on a maple twig quite free from leaves.

Hummingbird

While searching for Finches nests on the big marsh Clark found a Sea-side's with 3 eggs & a Sharp-tailed with 5 eggs. He gave me the former which had a canopy of interwoven green grass.

Sea-side Sparrows

On the way up river we saw several Savannah Sparrows in a field & I shot one, a female that had been moulting. These Sparrows breed only on dry knolls & sandy bluffs, none on the salt marshes.

Savannah Sparrows

We reached our hotel at 7 P. M. just in time to escape a heavy shower.

1893

June 10

Saybrook, Conn.

Clear and warm with light S. E. wind.

I spent the day in the house writing, blowing eggs etc. Faxon went over the marshes near town and reports, Marsh Wrens, & Sea-side Finches numerous. He found one Sharp-tails' nest with 5 eggs.

After tea we walked down to the marsh following a beautiful lane which passes a swamp alive with Maryland Yellowthroats, Song Sparrows & Red-wings. Beyond this there thickets, wild apple trees, & finally an oak knoll. Cat-birds, Robins, Cuckoos, an Orchard Oriole & a Thrasher singing. A ♂ Hummingbird about blossoms of *Negundo*.

Birds singing
at evening
near the village.

Reaching the marsh we sat down on the upper rail of a fence & watched & listened until darkness fell. In the marsh we could hear unnumbered Song-birded Wrens & Red-wings & a few Sea-side Finches. The Finches & Wrens sang long after the Red-wings had gone to bed. As the light faded the Rails became more & more noisy. We heard the big note of *R. virginianus* several times & at least three "Cutters" cackled more or less continuously. Clark says that the cutter cry is made by *Rallus virginianus* & we begin to suspect that we have erred in attributing it to *Porzana carolina*.

Evening on
the salt
marshes.

Great Herons were flying about constantly before & a little after sunset. A pair of Night Hawks passed and circled around us flying low in the dusk & feeding. After dark we heard only the Cutters and a great number of Loos & Tree Toads.

1893

June 11

Saybrook, Conn.

Clear and hot with light southerly winds.

A day on the
salt marshes

We spent the day on the big marshes taking lunch with us and eating it ~~near~~ a small marsh island, afterwards wading ashore & lying for two or three hours on the side of a ridge overlooking the marshes when under the shade of a cedar we smoked our pipes and talked or looked off over the green, larva-like marsh towards the mouth of the Connecticut.

On the marshes we found a number of nests, Marsh Wrens Nests found with 5, 5, 4 and 1 eggs, two Sea-side Finches, 4 eggs each, two Red-wings one with 4 young nearly ready to fly, the other with a set of 4 remarkably beautiful eggs. I took two Wren's nests, the Red-wings with eggs, & one of the Sea-side's. Also the Sharp-tails found by F. yesterday, but the eggs in the last were on the point of hatching & I had to throw them away.

We heard no Sharp-tails singing but the Sea-side's sang freely, often rising into the air and singing one wing. I noted several variations of the song in my pocket note book. The nest which I took was found by Faxon. The other which I found was worthless the eggs being far advanced that I left them to the rightful owner.

This marsh covers several hundred acres. It is level & very like our River marsh in general appearance save that its creeks are in many places bordered with belts of Cat tails all of the narrow-leaved species. The grasses are also of different species from ours. All are very short attaining, apparently, an extreme height of only 8 to 10 inches. *Potentilla anserina* forms dense beds along all the creeks & ditches

Description
of marshes.

Saybrook, Connecticut.

1893

June 13

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind and frequent showers of fine rain.

At 9 a.m. drove to the beautiful hillside pasture beyond the upper milk pond to visit the nest of Hooded Warbler found on the 8th. It proved empty & evidently deserted. The male bird was singing & the female chirping several hundred yards away in oak & bush woods.

Nest of
Hooded Warbler

Clark joined us at 10 a.m. and we spent an hour or more searching for nests in the big oaks in the pasture finding nothing but an inaccessible Wood Pewee's nest. I killed a villainous looking Blowing Viper which was lying on the top of a flat rock & which hissed threateningly as I approached.

We returned to town by a succession of beautiful wood paths the last of which came out on the Valley Railroad. Clark showed us a nest of the Chat with 4 fresh eggs and a wonderfully beautiful nest & set of 3 eggs of White-eyed Vireo both of which he gave us. The Vireo's nest was hung in the fork of a Halmia about 12 inches above the ground. The bird was sitting. The back was more than an inch above the rim of the nest. She sat like her head about as all birds do when sitting or feeding.

Nest of the
Chat.

White-eyed Vireo's
nest

Birds sang freely to-day. I heard a Nashville Warbler on the edge of the pasture & an Indigo Bird in a row, both new to our Saybrook list.

In the afternoon we packed our things & at 5 o'clock drove over to Benjamin Clark's at Saybrook Ferry where we are to spend the coming week. The evening was rainy & we did not go out.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 14

Clear with fog in the evening & at evening.

Breakfasted at 6 A.M. and soon afterwards started for the marsh, Faxon on foot, I by boat. Soon after passing the railroad bridge I heard a bird song wholly new to me. It consisted of a series of six to eight whistles the first two mellow and full resembling those of the Purple Martin the other more piping and higher in pitch and delivered so rapidly as to form almost a trill suggesting that of a Field or Swamp Sparrow. (phew-phew-phew-phew-phew-phew) To my infinite astonishment the author of this song proved to be a Bobolink in rather dull plumage with very brownish head apparently an immature bird. He evidently could sing in no other way for on afterwards heard him a great many times. He sang or sang as well as perched, always near the same place. Nothing in either the form or quality of his song bore the remotest resemblance to that of the ordinary Bobolink. There were at least six other males, all of which sang in the usual way, scattered along the river bank & evidently breeding in the salt marsh grass. On the east bank of the river I afterwards saw a pair the male of which regularly began with two whistles (phew-phew) exactly like the other bird but finished with the usual song.

Bobolink
with a
strange song

Marsh Wrens were numerous in the cat tails along the creeks & ditches in this marsh & I found & took a set of six eggs which had been incubated a few days.

Marsh Wrens

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893
June 14
(No. 2)

I also found a Sea-side Finch's nest with four young well feathered & near taking wing. This nest was built among & supported by cut tail flags of last year's growth & broken down by the winter's snows. The bottom of the nest was fully 15 inches above the ground.

Sea-side Sparrow's
nest.

In a bed of tall rank cut tails we heard a Rail calling cutter or rather cutteruck or perhaps ticker. Sometimes he trebled the syllables (cuttercuck). He called freely while we stood within a few yards listening. We drove him out into a narrow belt of flags which we beat to the extreme end without flushing him. When we were very near him the cutter had a curious vibratory undertone which I have compared to the sound of hammers struck together under the ground. We searched the flags carefully but could find no signs of a nest.

Virginia Rail

While we were standing on the edge of the flags listening to the Cutter another Rail voice quite new to us both came from near the same spot where the cutter had called an instant before. It was a deep, rough grunt repeated deliberately four or five times. I have heard it again in the same place before I joined him. In the afternoon, in these same flags, he heard still another Rail-like voice which resembled the pig note of the Br. Rail but differed in certain respects. In the evening at about sunset we visited these flags again. The Cutter was calling then & presently we heard the other ~~new~~ note, once & distinctly but 100 yards or more away. It resembled the pig-note of R. virginianus very closely in form but the notes were deeper, hoarser & more slowly given & the voice was much as strong as that of a Britton. We suspect the bird to be a King Rail.

Rallies — ?

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 14

(No 3)

After a long and thorough but fruitless search for Rails' nests in the flogs which we quartered and beat down in every direction I returned to my boat and paddled across the river to the Bygones marshes where I had a swim and spent half-an-hour or so walking about. I found large tracts of cut-tails—acres of them—with Marsh Wrens in greater abundance than we have seen there elsewhere and, along the banks of the river, great numbers of Sea-side Finches with a good sprinkling of Sharp-tails. The Sea-sides were singing freely, but the Sharp-tails here as elsewhere (except at Fairfield) were silent and inconspicuous. There were at least two pairs of Bobolinks and many Red-wings in this marsh.

Bygones marshes

In the evening Faxon & I walked down on the marsh and hated ourselves near the bed of cut-tails. We heard the small Rail cutter at intervals and saw the heavy voice of the big Rail (!) (*R. elongatus*?) as already described.

big Rails

After it had become dark we visited an inland marsh near the road to the N. W. of the house. There was one Cutter calling steadily in this marsh & innumerable Hods & Tree Hods kept up a deafening clamor. Both of these Bartrachians were evidently drinking in the water.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 15

Clear and hot with light southerly winds. Cumulus clouds in the afternoon and distant thunder heard.

A day with
cloud on the
Byrne marshes

Immediately after breakfast Foxon and I went down to the marsh near the house and made further search for the mysterious grunting bird heard yesterday but we found neither him nor his nest nor did we hear him on this occasion.

A Long-billed Marsh Wren's nest containing four eggs had the entrance hole plugged up ~~thoroughly~~ completely but loosely with a broad leaf and a short, thick piece of stem of the cat-tail flag. This had been done so neatly that I looked over the nest carefully several times before I could find any signs of the entrance. It seemed almost incredible that so small a bird as the Wren could have carried the piece of stalk (as ~~thick~~, nearly, as a corn stalk) to the nest and thrust it into the hole but this must have been done by some bird or animal for neither even we boys had been there before the untolden conclusion of the grass plainly showed that the eggs were cold.

At 10 a. m. Mr. Clark appeared walking along the railroad carrying his familiar old nest basket on his arm. We all sat forth together in the boat a little later taking lunch with us. The tide was making in strongly but after crossing the river we kept close along the eastern shore and made good progress through the black water. We went half a mile beyond where I landed yesterday and leaving the boat in

Say Brook Ferry, Conn.

1893.

June 15

(No 2)

a Creek and our lunch on a wooded island started out Syme marshes.
over the marshes which stretched away to the eastward for
a mile or more with the river on our right and lower ground
intersected with creeks on the left. Along the creeks cat tails
grew in large tracts or narrow, winding belts conspicuous by
their dark green color and tall stalks waving in the breeze like
fields of Indian corn. The marsh was dry & covered with
dense, rather tall and frequently lodged grasses where it approached
or bordered on the river bank but further back it was very
wet with frequent small, well-like pools and short grasses the
commonest of which were of a peculiar light vivid green and
~~green~~ ^{confined to} plots or beds of small extent with ^{tracts of} coarse ^{grasses} ~~between~~
between. This fine grass was almost as dense and nearly
as soft-looking as fur. When it was mixed with the dead
growth of previous years it formed a favorite nesting place for
the Sea side & Sharp-tailed Finches. The former were very numerous
and conspicuous but the latter were silent and in pairs, or
at best identified, only a few birds. Bobolinks were seldom out
of sight & hearing and I ^{have} never heard them sing more fully.
There must have been seven or eight of them scattered along
the river bank. Once I saw four in the air at once all
singing.

Taxon wandered off to the left & entered the cat tails
but Clark & I kept on together following the river bank
for about a mile. Although we started many Sea Sides we
found no nests until we turned back and searched the
wet portion of the meadow. Here Clark found seven or
eight, all with four eggs, most of the sets fresh & newly
so. Some of the nests were wonderfully concealed. They varied
to a remarkable degree in position & construction. Some were
perfectly open above, others camouflaged with green & dry grasses

Nests of
Sea side Sparrows

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 15
(No 3)

interwoven over the top with an entrance hole in the side; one was under a flake of dry grass & in addition had a grass woven roof with the entrance hole leading through a sort of horizontal funnel of dry grass. Still another was under a flake of sea weed that had been left on the marsh by the tide. A nest with young nearly ready to fly was built among coarse, rank grass on the edge of a pool supported between several upright stems a foot or more above the water & in no way concealed.

I found the last named nest, a nest with 4 rotten & ruined eggs & a Sharp-tails nest with 5 young. I did not take any of them but Clark was kind enough to give me three of his nests which I saved carefully.

Clark showed me the spot (within a few yards) where he took his Little Black Rail's nest & 8 eggs. The nest was in a bed of the short, light green, fine-like grass about 100 yards from the nearest bed of cut-tails & 200 yards or more from the river.

Sylvia marshes

Nest of
Black Rail

As we were sitting on a ledge on the wooded island landing, after having just finished lunch, we heard the cattle cry repeated rapidly a few times in a small bed of cut-tails near by & the next moment two Virginia Rails flew out over the open marsh, doubling & twisting, one following the other closely. After flying a few rods they turned back & alighted in the flags where the cattle sound began again. We went directly to the spot & drove out both birds. One ran across a wide bed of drift to another bed of flags, the other flew to a belt of bushes. One bird called peek as we were beating the flags & acted as if she had young. We found two nests, apparently of the Va. Rail, in these flags. Both were built up among the flags to a height of a foot or more their bases resting on the solid ground.

The authenticity
of the cattle
cry traced
to the
Va. Rail.

1893

June 15

(No 4)

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

Twice while we were at the wooded island but at an interval of weeks, and here we heard the outcry of the mysterious bird which we suspect to be the "Big Rail" but which, for lack of any definite evidence as to its identity, we have agreed to call the "Big Grouser". The sound came from across a wide creek at some distance from our position. Unk, unk, unk, unk-unk-unk-unk, beginning slowly, the notes deliv'd more quickly & slightly run together at the end. The form is closely like that of the big note of R. virginianus but the tone is much deeper & heavier & there is a quality to the voice that reminds us both of the pump of a bittern. The second time the bird called it also suggested ~~reminded us of~~ the grackling of a most Black Duck.

Syme Marshes.Rallus — ?

We saw a fine adult Bald Eagle flying over the marshes & afterwards started him from the river bank.

On the wooded islands we heard singing Song Sparrows, a Baltimore Oriole, an Orchard Oriole, & a Yellow-throated Vireo, besides a few Yellow Warblers. A few Blackbirds came at intervals from across the river & a pair of Crows evidently had young. Marsh Wrens exceedingly numerous among the cut tails & Red-wings fairly so both there & on the open marshes.

Birds of a
marsh island

Got back at 6.30. After tea as Faxon & I were sitting on the piazza we heard a Killdeer Plover flying over the river. Walking up the bank by an old lane we started three of these Plovers from a ploughed field. It was too dark to see them but they made a great racket as they flew off over the fields to the westward.

Killdeer Plover

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 16

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind which brought rain in the evening.

After breakfast Paxson and I walked to the ploughed land where we heard the Killdeer last evening. They were not there and after searching an old corn field grown up to weeds & sorrel in which at least two pairs of Spotted Sandpipers were evidently nesting we kept on over hilly pastures until we came to a creek & marsh where we lay down under the shelter of some bushes & hunted our pipes awhile. The wind was blowing hard, rustling the foliage and covering the river with white caps.

We next crossed the marsh & creek on a line of stepping stones and climbed a low, gravelly hill with bayberry thickets along the side. On reaching the top we looked off over an extensive, nearly level plateau—a series of pastures divided by stone walls & wire or rail fences. The soil was so thin & poor that the growth of grass was, at the best, short and scanty while in many places there was nothing but moss or patches of gravel dotted with tufts of beach grass. Grass Finches were rather numerous here and Yellow-winged Sparrows simply swarmed.

Scarcely had we showed ourselves above the edge of the plateau when a Killdeer came sweeping towards us and after a little it was joined by another, evidently its mate. Both birds showed unmistakable anxiety, cackling about us and following us wherever we went uttering continuously their shrill, rather harsh ke-ē or ē-ē. varied occasionally to ke-ke-ke-ke-ke. We could trace no resemblance in their calls to the word "killdeer". The birds often alighted & bobbed their heads or took short swift runs. We spent two hours or more looking for the nest but found nothing. The weather was so gloomy in the afternoon that I did not stay out. Paxson crossed the river & took a walk through Lyme.

1893

June 17

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

Clouds, with strong N.E. wind and rain up to 10 a.m. after which there were occasional showers.

At 10 a.m. Faxon and I started for the marshes below the house. The Bobolinks were singing freely in spite of the gloomy weather and the bird with the odd whistling notes was as merry and noisy as the rest. It is evident that he has only this one peculiar song.

The Rail in the rushes near the fish house was silent this morning but we found another in full cry in a short and very narrow belt of cat-tails farther out in the marsh. He first looked long and carefully for the most promising cry at last the cat-tails thoroughly and then talking all the neighboring ditches as well as the marsh grass. but we found literally nothing. While we were among the cat tails thrashing about the bird frequently began uttering his cut, cut, cutta, cutta within a few yards of us, and thence we heard another bird, very near him, give the pig-note of the Va. Rail. Faxon thought this note unusually deep & grunting & suggested that it might be the voice of our "Big Grunters" but to my ear it was not unlike what I have often heard from our Va. Rails in Mass. We tried repeatedly to drive these birds out of their covert but in vain. Then Faxon suggested a plan which proved a perfect success. Selecting a place where the belt of flags was only a few yards wide we cut & trampled them down until we found a broad path or lane directly through them. Then by turns one beat the flags while the other watched the path. In this way we twice drove a pair of Virginia Rails directly across the path. As nothing else appeared it seems reasonably safe to conclude that these Rails were the only

Va. Rails

(The origin

of the cutta

definitely

settled)

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 17

(No 2)

Birds (except Marsh Wrens) which the place harbored and that the authorship of the cotta cry is at length definitely and finally settled.

These birds crossed our path both times in the same place, following each other in single file, one bird about two feet in advance of the other. The leading bird peeped out of the bushes and surveyed the path carefully before it ventured out into the open. Both birds walked across rather slowly & with apparent nonchalance. They kept along the corner of a hill of water.

I took three sets of Marsh Wren eggs & two nests this morning. Sets of Eggs set contained five eggs and the eggs of two sets were somewhat Cis. palustris incubated. One nest was low down & well concealed with a large strong false nest in the tips of the flags a few rods off.

In the afternoon we paid the Killdeer a visit. They were Killdeer Plover both are a small bit of wet marsh beyond the plateau where we saw them yesterday. They did not seem at all concerned about or interested in our movements to-day but when we approached the marsh they called a little. Once the male(?) flew to meet us on the hill & circled about us but he soon left us. Later, when we were lying down among some bushes the male(?) Plover made a wide circling flight over the plateau moving his wings loosely & slowly & uttering incessantly, a cry which I have never heard before but which must have given rise to the birds popular designation. This was a shrill kill-de-ah given with great rapidity & repeated a hundred times or more in ^{rapid} succession. The bird hovered over a certain spot for one instant & alighted. Shortly afterwards two Plovers rose & flew off together. We searched for the nest but found nothing nor did the birds show any concern at our presence. What is the meaning of all this?

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 17

(No 3)

Yellow-winged Sparrows were exceedingly numerous in the fields. The simple song and spluttering outcry of the males were heard incessantly in every direction. Near where we lay down a pair with wounds in their bills began chirping anxiously and were soon joined by four others, the whole six being at one time strung along on the top rail of a fence. The chirp of this Sparrow bears a curiously close resemblance to that of a cricket. It is double, that is composed of two notes run together or "blurred". Near where we saw the six birds on the fence Tabor found a nest with five eggs incubated a few days only. It was so deeply sunk that the rim was flush with the surface of the ground which was here broken or lumpy with an exceedingly sparse growth of short, fine grass which grew in tufts, with bare spaces between. The nest was in one of these tufts & all the grass blades, which were of last years growth & dry & bleached, had been woven together by the bird into a little canopy or house which completely overarched & concealed the eggs save ~~from~~ ^{on} one side where there was an entrance hole. Tabor's eye caught this dark spot or hole from a distance of several yards. He called me up & we both stood fifteen or twenty feet away for several minutes & looked at the sitting bird through our glasses. She sat with her bill pointing out towards the entrance of her home. Her median crown stripe was very conspicuous. She winked her eyes frequently but made no other movement. When we approached she ran out directly under foot and after running a few yards flew. The male had been sitting about 50 yds. away.

Tabor afterwards found another nest, empty & evidently broken up by Crows. It was built at the roots of, & partly under, a tuft of beach grass. I took the nest ~~in~~ eggs.

Tabor also found a Grass Finch's nest with 4 fresh eggs. It was under a little Bayberry bush on the north side in a hollow stretched in the ground & lined with a thin mat of dry grass.

Yellow-winged
Sparrows'
nests.

Nest of
Grass Finch

1893

June 18

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

Cloudless with strong N. wind; a fine day cool in the breeze but with a hot sun.

On the 10th Haxon started a bird which looked like a Least Bittern near the Saybrook end of the big marsh. The next day I found in the same belt of flags a curious structure, evidently the work of some bird or mammal but unlike anything that either of us had ever seen before. Near the middle of a dense cluster of tall cat-tails the tops of the living flags had been bent & doubled ^{continued} down and their tips carried inward from every side had been loosely interwoven forming a platform of basket-work above which such of the flags as had not been used in its construction were also doubled like the rest so as to form a canopy or bower, the roof of which was a foot or more above the platform. At this date there was no sign of anything like a nest & on the next day (June 12) Haxon, who looked at the curious structure, did not discover any additions. But this morning when he visited it for the third time he found that it had developed into a Least Bittern's nest containing five fresh eggs. He left it untouched & came back for me when we went to the place together, approaching very cautiously, but failing to catch a sight at the bird although a change in the arrangement of the eggs showed that she had visited the nest in the interim between his trips. The eggs could be seen through the roof of the canopy, as well as from every side. They looked almost pure white in the strong daylight. The nest was 33 inches above the ground & about the same distance below the tops of the surrounding flags. It measured 6 inches across & was hollowed to the depth of an inch. I took both nest & eggs.

Nest of
Least Bittern

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893.

June 18

(No 2.)

In the afternoon we beat the fields for Yellow-winged Yellow-winged Sparrows' nests. I found two, in both instances flushing Sparrows' nests. The bird who darted out directly under foot and ran several yards with half spread wings before taking flight. Both nests were in old, worn out fields where the grass was short and scanty, the soil thin & gravelly, the ground broken into little mounds and hillocks. Both were in the tops of these mounds in small tufts of short, fine grass. Each nest was sunk to its rim in a hollow shaped out by the birds and each was completely covered by a little tower or canopy of interwoven dead grasses with a small opening on one side, the ^{plan of} construction & the entrance hole being precisely like that adopted by the Oven Bird. One nest (depended) (like the one taken yesterday) ^{so that} for concealment wholly on the arch a tower of dry grass ~~that~~ from one direction it was possible to look directly in through the hole & see the eggs or sitting bird. The other nest ^{was} surrounded by a thin fringe of short living grass a tuft of which drooped down over the entrance hole and had to be brushed aside before the interior of the nest could be examined. This last nest contained three perfectly fresh eggs. The other nest had two young only, a few hours old and two eggs one of which was chipped. Both male birds were singing within less than 100 yds. of their respective nests.

Of the five nests (one empty) found thus far four have been within thirty or forty yards of a fence, fence post or cluster of bushes on which the male could perch & sing. The nest with three eggs found to day was an exception to this apparent rule being near the middle of a large field with nothing larger than an weeds plant near.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 18
(No 31)

Keeping on beyond the fields where the Yellow-wings are so numerous we crossed a hilly pasture dotted with cedars and clusters of bayberry bushes where Field Sparrows were singing and Carolina Doves flying about and finally came to a rocky point studded with fine old pasture oaks and hickories. On one side the marshes extended to the river, on the other a broad creek wound its sinuous course through beds of cat tail flags (*Typha angustifolia*) more extensive and of ranker and denser growth than any that we have seen elsewhere. Sitting down under a large black birch on the bank overlooking the creek we watched and listened for one an hour. The flags were alive with Marsh Wrens and there were many Red-wings also. Soon we heard the big-note of Rallies virginianus and once a cry something like a Blackbird's but yet different. We saw one Least Bittern a fine male that came flying in over the creek and alighted near us in the cat-tails. A Parula Warbler was singing near us in some cedars thickly hung with usnea. We looked for his nest but found only a last year's one. A Hood Plover among the big oaks waited at intervals. In the distance I saw some whistling.

The walk homeward across the fields was delightful with the Bay-wings & Yellow-wings singing. The Killdeer were in the little marsh again to-day.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893
June 19

Clear and warm with fresh N. to S. W. wind.

At 9.30 A. M. I started up river in the boat and rowed to the creek where we were yesterday afternoon. The water was shoal along the shores for the tide was out and as I rowed slowly along I noticed innumerable small eels on the sandy bottom. There seemed to be about one for each square yard. They averaged only three or four inches in length. Diving into the creek and reaching the cat calls I started a pair of Least Bitterns from the edge of the water and a little farther on another pair and one single bird which still farther up I heard two or three more calling among the flags. Evidently the place was alive with them.

A breeding
colony of
Least Bitterns

On reaching the knoll I found Taxon, who had preceded me by land. He took me to a cedar swamp where he had heard a White-eyed Vireo. The cedars (Cypripedium thyoides) were growing thickly in places and some of them over five tens fifty feet or more in height with trunks about a foot in diameter. In one of smaller growth but fully thirty five feet above the ground was the nest of a Green Heron. Three young apparently nearly full grown were standing (or sitting) in the nest with their long necks still covered with whitish down stretched stiffly upwards. Some stink cabbages under the tree were most conspicuously whitewashed with the excrement of the young Herons and this first attracted our attention to the nest. The old birds were seen passing to & from the nest & the river marshes.

Nest of
Green Heron

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 19

(No 2.)

A short search among the usual - laden red cedars Nest of
on the knoll resulted in the discovery of a beautiful nest Parula Warbler
of the Parula Warbler containing several young fully feathered
and nearly ready to fly. They crowded the nest to its brim.
This nest, like all that I have seen here, was open at
the top and made of, not in, the usnea. There were two
males singing steadily on the knoll.

After eating lunch on the grass under a birk we entered Nests of
the cat-tails, Faxon taking our side of the creek & I Least Bittern
the other. It was killing work for the tall, dense flags
that off the breeze and the sun had heated the air beneath
to an almost intolerable temperature. The perspiration
fairly streamed from our faces & bodies. The walking, too,
was very laborious for there was a stiff undergrowth of
dead, last year's flags broken down & matted together.
In about two hours search I found three Bittern's
nests, one an old one, one with two eggs and two young
just hatched. The third nest was empty but a young bird
apparently only a few days old & not larger than a Song Sparrow
was perched in the flags a yard or two away. As I
approached it made off over and away, the ends of the
broken, last year's flags with surprising agility stretching
its feet across from stalk to stalk & clinging to them
most tenaciously when I shook them slightly. It kept
thus a few feet above the ground and moved eight
or ten feet horizontally in the course of a minute or less.
It was covered with dense, fluffy down of exactly the
same pale, faded yellowish brown as that of the heads
of the feeding cat tails which the bird also resembled
in size & shape & for one of which it might have

1893

June 19
(No 3)

been easily taken when at rest.

Nests of the
Least Bittern

Returning to the nest first found I found that another of the eggs had hatched during my last visit only an hour or so before.

All three nests were built among dead cut limbs of last year's growth about 2 ft. above the ground & a little below the point where the stalks had been broken down by the winter's snows. In each case the broken down stalks formed a rude cover over the nest. There were also plenty of green stalks of this season's growth rising ^{among the dead} six or eight feet above the muddy ground. Two nests were slight, i.e. thin-platforms of dead flags. The third was nearly a foot thick vertically & also composed of dead flags. We started five or six of the old birds during our boat but saw none very near the nests. On going further up the creek in the boat we started a pair from the edge of the water where they were evidently fishing.

These Bitterns when flushed in or near the flags rose ^{like rails} feebly & flew only a few yards before dropping among the flags, but those that we found on the meadow took longer flights (one went fully 200 yds) ^{dancing} which the legs were stretched out behind, the neck drawn in and the wings beaten rapidly & strongly like a Green Heron's the flight being swift & firm for a Heron. Each bird on rising especially if surprised & startled uttered a succession of caes or cucks, the tone varying somewhat. At times this outcry closely resembled that of a Red-winged Blackbird; at others it was more like that of a startled Botaurus lentiginos.

The Least Bittern is evidently diurnal in its habits. We saw ~~several~~ flying from place to place at midday.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893
June 19
(No 4)

We left the Britton's threshold at about 2 P.M. and rowed a mile further up the river landing again at some oak woods where a short walk revealed us things more interesting than a Red-eyed Vireo which was actually the only bird seen or heard. Returning to the shore we lay down on a clean sandy beach dotted thickly with Mink tracks. A Fox had rambled there, also.

We saw a Bald Eagle flying over the river and a Kingfisher passed us twice, each time with a fish which it took into a hole in the bank. It was a male bird & was probably taking this food to its sitting mate.

Both in the afternoon we rowed back to the creek and I lashed the boat to its dunnage at the head of the meadow. On the way up we started four Least Bitterns from the edge of the water & saw a muskrat & several small turtles swimming.

A pair of Marsh Hawks, the first or have seen in this state, passed over the marsh flying rather high. The male carried some prey in his talons. Just as they were above the cedar swamp the female rose above and dashed down at her mate forcing him to drop his mouse or frog and catching it by a graceful downward swoop before it had fallen many yards.

Marsh Hawks

At least three Larks were whistling in the fields above this marsh & a Chest King.

We reached the house at 6.30 P.M.

Saybrook Ferry, Conn.

1893

June 20

Clear and very hot but with a strong pleasant
Breeze all day.

Faxon & I spent the forenoon in the great fields
to the N.W. of the house looking for Sparrows & Plover's
nests but finding nothing whatever. I took the
Yellow-wings' nest found on the 18th. It had four eggs
yesterday & ~~was~~ now to-day. Although the female has
~~been~~ sitting three days the eggs were perfectly fresh.

Nest of
Yellow-winged
Sparrow.

There were two pairs of Killdeer Plover in the
little marsh but they showed almost no concern
at our approach merely fluttering or ahead alighting
in the marsh, on a gravel conveyor, & ~~and~~ the
hills calling but little. They repeatedly allowed us to
get within thirty yards before taking wing. The
paired birds kept together. All four finally flew
off towards the river & did not return during the
next hour at least. We are at a loss to imagine
where they are nesting.

Killdeer
Plover

We spent nearly an hour lying on the turf under
the shade of a big pear tree on the edge of the
marsh. A Field Sparrow among the bayberry bushes
near us, a Maryland Yellow-throat across the creek
& Bay wings & Yellow wings in the pastures were
the only birds that sang at all freely.

Spent the afternoon looking for one short
le-murrow.

Saybrook to Andover, Conn.

1893

June 21

Morning cloudy; afternoon clear; the late afternoon and evening oppressively hot with scarce a breath of air.

We left the Ferry this morning and at Saybrook Junction took a train up the Valley Railroad for Hartford. The banks of the river nearly to Middletown were essentially similar to those about Saybrook the country being exceedingly hilly and as a rule rocky with cedar pastures, swamps, and marshes bordering the creeks. Beyond Middletown - in fact before we reached that city, the change began - the hills receded from the river and a broad, fertile river bottom covered with cultivated farms and essentially similar to the region about Springfield, Mass. extended all the way to Hartford.

We dined at Hartford and took the 12.10 train for Vernon where we left our things at the Station and took a long walk following a road that led up over a hill and finally turning into a wood path which took us down a slope into an extensive woods of chestnut, oaks & birches. Here we spent an hour or more lying on the ground under the trees. It was excessively hot & the birds did not sing at all freely but we heard a number of species, all of the commoner kinds.

Returning to the town we next walked down the railroad to a deep ravine with hemlocks & oaks on the sides. After spending another hour here we went back to the Station and took the 5.46 train for Andover which we had decided would be a better place to stay than Vernon.

Vernon, Connecticut.

1893

June 21

(Wed.)

The country about Vernon is similar in many ways to Worcester Co. Mass. and about equally broken & hilly. Many of the hills and ridges are in pastures, others covered with woods. Chestnuts appear to be the prevailing trees in these woods but oaks are common also. The bear oak which we did not see at Saybrook grows here plentifully. The black & yellow birches were common and generally distributed and we saw a few fine young paper birches. The common hornbeam was also noticed in many places but it was less numerous than in Southern Connecticut. The hemlock was common and appears to flourish here and there were several groves of pitch pines but we saw no white pines except a few growing near houses & evidently planted trees.

Character
of the
Country.

The birds were such as would be likely to be met with in a similar walk in E. Mass. viz. Wood Thrushes, Oven Birds, Chestnut side Warblers, Blue Jays, Red-eyed Vireos, Tanagers, Cat Birds, Brown Thrashers, Field Sparrows, Indigo Birds, Shrikes, etc. There were two Warbling Vireos, a Grosbeak & many Baltimore Orioles & Robins besides Chipping & Purple Finches in the trees that shaded the streets of the quiet little village and in the fields outside we had a meadow lark.

Birds

We saw a male Marsh Hawk cross a barley swamp & then, flying only a yard or two above the ground, plunge into a dense woods of oaks & chestnuts, the most unusual thing for this species to do.

Marsh Hawk

As we were sitting on the ground in young oak woods an immature *Buteo calurus* alighted directly over our heads not twenty feet above us, after looking down at us curiously for a moment he flew off pursued by several Red Eyes & Down Hawks.

Broad wing
Hawk.

Andover, Conn.

1893

June 21
(No 3)

At 5:45 P.M. we took a train for Andover, passing on the way through Bolton Notch of which I shall attempt no description here for we intend visiting it later and spending one entire day there. It bids fair to prove most interesting in every way. From the cars we saw numerous black & yellow ^{downy} & proper chicks as well as a few turkey trees in the woods near the highest part of the ridge. Butterburts were among the most abundant trees. There were no cypresses except a few cornbuds.

On reaching Andover we put up at the hotel, a wretched, dirty place where the food and people were alike unendurable. The town itself was extremely pretty. After tea we walked down the street to a picturesque bridge across the little river, Hop River, so called, it is said, because wild hops grow along its banks. Cat Birds, Yellow Warblers, a Red Start and a Wood Pewee were singing in the trees over the stream & a Kingfisher that perched under the low bridge.

Faxon turned back and walked down the railroad to inspect a boarding place which I crossed the river and climbed a steep ridge beyond. In oak woods on the right I heard a Towhee & Oven Birds; in the fields & meadows below Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, and a Quail, Towhees & Maryland Yellowthroats were singing in some bushes near the river. An Oriole's nest in an elm over the dusty road was filled with noisy young. A heavy fog in the distance and presently a Whippoorwill began. Robins were scattered about in a field where the grass had just been cut. The evening was still & twinkly pretty with distant lightning.

1893

June 21

(no 4)

From the time of our leaving the hotel to my return Night-hawks an hour later Night Hawks were never out of sight or hearing. From two or three to half-a-dozen were continually darting about high in air and their sharp, penetrating flight cry (speak or, more literally rendered, peek) came to the ear from any direction which the males boomed at short intervals. Foxe afterwards reported seeing & hearing them for a mile or more down the railroad & we consider twenty a moderate estimate of the total number observed.

At a mile they flew in pairs, at first 200 or 300 ft. above the earth, later low down over the fields & road. The males were continually mounting by ^{a succession of} short, jerky flights until getting 100 ft. or more above the females they would swoop down ^{forward} ~~forward~~ then & boom just as they passed their ^{partner} ~~partner~~ sometimes ~~booming~~. The male sometimes ~~passed~~ turned upward just above, sometimes just below its mate immediately passing within a few feet of her just before the upward turn. It seemed to me that the female ^{usually} turned her flight so as to be at the right spot ~~at the moment~~ when the male was ready to descend. When the female alighted ~~the~~ the ground the male would boom one or two many times in quick succession rising each time only 50 to 70 ft. One bird had much evident trouble to avoid the telegraph wires under which the female had alighted.

As it was getting dark the Night Hawks came in pairs to the dusty road and alighted on the ground side by side. They moved about by a succession of short awkward runs reminding me of big toads. They kept picking up something from the ground. Through my glass I could see three smaller than objects which I took to be insects. Both sexes certainly picked up & ate the objects whatever they were. I saw

Andover, Conn.

1893

June 21

(No 5)

Night-hawks

in all three or four pairs thus engaged. They were ridiculously tame allowing me to approach within ten to fifteen feet. One pair had chosen a piece of road directly in front of the hotel where they were constantly disturbed by teams & foot passengers.

When on the ground they carried their wings loosely folded the "shoulder" joints drooping so that they almost touched the earth. When approached closely (& perhaps at other times also) they alternately raised & bowed their heads by anything & shortening the neck, precisely in the manner of a Peewee Owl when its attention is attracted by something, the motion being a slow, bobbing one. For minutes at a time the bird would sit squatting in the dust without moving at all.

When on the ground they were invariably silent but next day, at about noon, I ~~heard~~ a male Night Hawk which had just alighted on a rock in a field utter its peep several times in succession while sitting still with its wings folded.

During the preceding four days the weather was cool and for the most part cloudy & rainy or windy. Although we saw Night Hawks every evening none of them alighted in the roads again. It is evident that this habit is only indulged in during occasionally and under certain conditions - probably when the weather is warm and the roads are dry & dusty.

Andover, Conn.

1893

June 22

Cloudy with heavy showers in the forenoon. Cooler but yet pretty. A gloomy day.

Despite the rain Faxon & I were out all the forenoon, taking a long walk, down the railroad to a bridge, up along the course of a small brook to an old, ruined mill where we sought shelter from one of the heaviest showers & where some young Phoebe were flitting about, on past a small mill pond where we saw a Green Heron & a brood of young Cow Black-birds, up a steep road bordered by fields in which a Grass Finch, a Meadow Lark, a Quail and Song Sparrows were singing and by some thickets in which we heard a White-eyed Vireo, and finally to the crest of a high ridge overlooking the narrow valley in which the town of Andover is situated, and about on a level with most of the other hill tops & ridges which we could see by looking off through the misty atmosphere. We next took a narrow, deeply-rotted lane which finally entered extensive woods. Here we heard & saw a Hairy Woodpecker - new to our Conn. list. In some scrubby thickets near these woods two Chats were singing & among some young birches a Nashville Warbler.

On the way back we heard a Co. Water Thrush sing several times near the old mill.

House Wren appears to be numerous in the village and in apple orchards about the outlying farm houses. We heard at least four males singing this morning. Other common village birds are the Robin, Purple Finch, Chipping, Chipping Swift, Sol. Oriole, Yellow-throated Vireo, Least Flycatcher, Phoebe & Goldfinch. The only nesting birds was near a farm house. English Sparrows very scarce in Andover.

Village birds

1893

June 23

Andover, Connecticut.

Another gloomy day, dark & lowering but with only a few light showers. Much cooler.

Later yesterday afternoon we moved out of town to an attractive old farm house, the owner of which, Mr. Chas. R. Stearns, has agreed to take us to board for a few days.

After tea we walked down the road a little way & then climbed a hill. It was a gloomy evening & but few birds sang. A Partridge drummed once near us, we saw a Rabbit squatting on the turf on the edge of a thicket into which it disappeared as we approached.

This morning we started out soon after breakfast. Crossing the intervals we followed the bank of Hiss River eastward for a greater of a mile or so. There were thickets of alders & willows in which we hoped to find Hiss's Flycatcher & meadows in which we looked for Henslow's Sparrow but neither bird was detected. Swifts in great numbers, a few Barn Swallows, two Cow Swallows & one Tree Swallow were flying low over the river & meadows. A solitary male Red-wing (the only one seen here) with a shrill voice sat perched on a maple. Yellow Warblers, Song Sparrows, Cat Birds Maryland Yellow throats & a Grass Finch were singing near us. In the woods across the river we heard a Tanager, a Grosbeak, a Redstart, Olive Shrike & Red eyed Vireo. A Green Heron passed, flying up stream. There were no Boblinks in the meadows but Mr. Stearns says they used to breed here.

Crossing the road we next followed up the course of a large brook which came dashing & roaring down over a rock bed walled in by steeply sloping bank covered

1893

June 23

(No 2)

with large sugar maples, oaks, chestnuts, beeches, basswoods, butternuts and hickories with a sprinkling of hemlocks and cypressum an undergrowth of *Kalmia* covering the hillside with dense, almost impenetrable thickets showing with their beautiful white & rose tinted ^{many} blossoms. It seemed just the place for Hooded Mergansers but we saw only Oven Birds, Black & White Cuckers, a pair of Chestnut Sided Martins, Red-eyed Vireo & a Wood Thrush. A Robin flew from a nest built only a wrist high in a barrel & containing three eggs.

As we advanced the scenery became wilder & more picturesque. The brook dashed over a ledge in a succession of low falls & the roar of the falling water drowned all other sounds but presently, just below a bridge where a road crossed, we heard above the roar of the water the sharp chirp of a Water Thrush. The bird proved to be an old female in faded, drabbed plumage. When we crept the cove close about us skipping from stone to stone & fluttering hardly over the pools, ~~leaving~~ ^{leaving} her feet in the water. She evidently had young but we did not find them. Just above the bridge we saw a Red-tailed Hawk soaring over a pasture.

Water Thrush
with young

Following the road a little way we turned to the left across a pasture and crossed through woods, pastures & birch openings to the rocky road. Oaks & Chestnuts superior to those at Saybrook but much more vigorous & beautiful than any we have at home were sprinkled abundantly throughout the pastures & *Kalmia* thickets in the height of their bloom were scattered about everywhere. We flushed a Woodcock in some bushes on high, dry ground and heard several Grosbeaks & Towhees singing. A Prairie Warbler singing in a pasture. Back to dinner at noon.

Andover, Conn.

1893

June 23

(No 3)

Faxon took a long walk in the afternoon over "Shunk's Hill" and beyond which I stayed in the house writing. A Great Crested Flycatcher came into the pines near my window and called a number of times. Faxon heard another, & found five or six Red-winged Blackbirds in a meadow down river.

After tea we walked across the fields to the river which we crossed by a public road leading over what is called the Cart bridge. The river at this point is sluggish and deep with clumsy oaks and alders lining its banks and overhanging the water. To the westward there is a meadow vein with heavy woods beyond, a short stretch of river forming the foreground. I have seldom seen anything of the kind so pretty and restful as the outlook from this simple, rough little wooden bridge.

The Cart Bridge

Beyond, the road climbs a steep, long hill with orchards, grass fields & woods on each side and in one place a wooded knoll with really precipitous sides. The highway itself is narrow and shaded with fine trees which grow naturally in belts & clusters and in places form a perfect arch of foliage, ~~over the road~~. There are steep banks on each side covered with the most luxuriant shrubbery and a profusion of ferns of various kinds. Nothing like this bit of country road can be found in Eastern Mass. The trees here are much finer than ours, the foliage fresher and invariably free from any signs of the attacks of insects, while the ferns on the driest hillsides equal or excel those which grow in our richest swamps.

A Beautiful
Country road

The clouds lifted & broke in the west just as the sun was setting and we had some fine effects of color. There was too much wind for the birds to sing freely.

Bolton Notch, Conn.

1893

June 24

Clear with light N. wind; a fine day with the temperature just right for walking & not too cool for a rest in the shade.

We took the 9 a.m. train for Bolton Notch. While we were waiting at the Andover station a pair of Balders appeared over the woods across the river and sailed about, one alighting on a dead tree. They were so far off and looked so queer, against the background of foliage that we did not identify them fully but concluded that they were probably Red-tails.

On arriving at the Notch we started at once down the railroad track which we followed for half a mile or more in the direction of Vernon. On our right a brook flowed swiftly and noisily over a rocky bed between banks covered with *Kalmia* thickets and shaded by maples, basswoods, oaks, chestnuts & humbucks. To the left rose a cliff of shale with blooming *Kalmias* clinging to every available nook and corner in its face. The crest of the ridge was covered with dense *Spartan* growth of ten or fifteen years growth with tall dead trees or stumps scattered about.

Reaching an artificial trout pond we left the railroad and followed a wood path which took us up over the top of the ridge on the right. For most of the way we passed through young *Spartan* growth woods but there were several small pastures with wild apple trees and one grove of pitch pines where two Dend. virens were singing. On reaching the summit we came out on the highway which we followed back to the Notch. Passing on our left a large artificial pond or reservoir and on the right several deep shale quarries inhabited by *Phoebus*. A *Heuserson* flow from one which was filled with clear water in which we saw a number of large tadpoles but no fish of any kind.

1893

June 24

(no 2)

We lunched by the roadside near the Notch sitting on a flat-topped wall under a big sugar maple. A Chat was singing in a large thicket on the neighboring hill. ~~we~~ we also heard Chestnut-sided Martins, a Redstart, a Phoebe and a Wood Pewee. Least Flycatchers inhabited the neighboring orchards and Robins, Baltimore Orioles, Chipping Sparrows, Alder Flies and Swallows were flying to & fro across a field. It was a pretty spot but there appeared to be only the commonest birds in the neighborhood.

After lunch we went through the Notch and half around a small pond where there was a considerable area of cat tails in which several pairs of Red-wings were breeding and to & from which Green Herons came and went as short islands. Lying down in the shade of some pitch pines we watched the pond for an hour or more. A pair of White-bellied Swallows had a nest in a dead tree which stood in the water well out from shore and two Night Herons in immature (brown) plumage came to another dead tree on the bank and sat among the branches in the sun, preening themselves.

Later in the afternoon we followed the road still further out to the southward. Past a large grove of pitch pines in which a Pair Martin, the first we have found in Conn., was singing freely, across a grassy plateau where we heard a Bay-wing to some woods of large white pines in which there was nothing of interest. Then we turned back & Faxon started the walk to Andover while I waited for the train filling the interim partially by a stroll up a beautiful wood path behind the Station. A Dove was cooing and a Wood Thrush singing. Found a small Chestnut oak.

List of Birds observed during the day in or near the Notch,
the number of individuals marked being the result of a careful count
in all cases save that of Agelaius.

* = singing.

Bolton Notch, Conn.

1893

June 24

(no. 3)

1. Sialia sialis ♂
2. Merula migratoria 7 (3*)
3. Lardus mistelinus 2*
4. Harporhynchus rufus 6 (3*)
5. Galuscoptes carolinensis 7 (4*)
6. Parus atricapillus - 4.
7. Mniotilta varia - 4-1♀
8. Helminthophila ruficapilla 3.
9. Dendroica virens 3
10. " aestiva 2
11. " pennsylvanica 8-1♀
12. " vigorsii 1.
13. Geothlypis trichas 7
14. Siurus notacilla 1 ♀ with young.
15. " amocapillus 11
16. Sitophaga ruticilla 5*
17. Icteria virens 2*
18. Vireo olivaceus 14
19. " flavifrons 1*
20. Chelidon erythrogaster (6) (bare)
21. Tachycineta bicolor (3) (2)
22. Ampelis cedrorum 6
23. Piranga erythromelas 6*
24. Cardinalis purpureus 1*
25. Spinus tristis 3
26. Poocetes gramineus 1*
27. Melospiza fasciata 7 (4)
28. Spizella pusilla 8 (6)
29. " socialis 7 (4)
30. Pipilo erythrophthalmus 13 (9)
31. Habia ludoviciana 1*
32. Passerina cyanea 5*

33. Lusitachis griseola - 1
34. Agelaius phoeniceus 14
35. Icterus baltimore 288 (1*)
36. Corvus americanus - 7
37. Cyanocitta cristata (2)
38. Tyrannus tyrannus 5-
39. Myiarchus cinerascens 1*
40. Sayornis phoebe 11 (6)
41. Contopus virens 2*
42. Empidonax minimus 4 (3)
43. Colaptes auratus 4*
44. Coccyzus erythrophthalmus 2*
45. Chaetura pelagica 6
46. Grus aleutica 3
47. Zenaidura macroura 1*
48. Ardea herodias - 6 adults.
49. Nycticorax nycticorax 2 imm.

1893

June 24

(No 4)

List of trees & shrubs noticed.

- Castanea* : abundant
Liriodendron alba "
 " *tinctoria* "
 " *coccinea* - Common
 " *rubra* - "
 " *persea*? one small tree only.
Betula alba populifolia - abundant
 " *lutea* - "
 " *lutea* - Common
 " *papyracea* - Three clusters of sprouts.
Acer rubrum - abundant
 " *saccharinum* - Common
Corylus alba - not "
Salix Tree - A few swampy slope
Spiraea grandidentata - Common
 " *laemmodonta* - Several
 " (Balm O'gilead) Two groves.
Nyctaginia?, Poplar. One tall tree.
Fraxinus alba - Several
Sassafras - In one locality only
Rumex Cherry - Common
Pyrus arbutifolia One specimen
Pinus strobus - One grove & a few scattering trees, probably introduced
 " *resinosa* - Several extensive groves all the trees sickly looking
Abies canadensis - Very common & vigorous
Juniperus virginiana - A few.
Alnus incana - Common
Kalmia latifolia - Abundant along streams
Viburnum dentatum - Several
Kuckelberg - Abundant

Dirca trifida - Common.

Ostrya virginica

Carpinus

Andover, Conn.

1893

June 25 Sunday. Cloudy with rain in P.M.

Faxon took a rather long walk up river in the forenoon but saw nothing new except a Red-shouldered Hawk which flew over him screaming.

In the afternoon we started out together and crossing the river a little below the house entered an extensive woods which covered a gently-sloping but very rocky hillside. These woods contained the usual sort of deciduous trees but they were chiefly composed of shell-bark Hickories which in many places were crowded thickly together and grew ^{as} straight & tall as 40 many young pines. The ground beneath was covered with a profusion of ferns of various species among which the meadow's hair fern was represented by large numbers of fine specimens.

There were comparatively few birds, a Red eye or two, a Crow, two Redstarts, several Towhees, a White-eyed Vireo, a Ruffed Grouse ^(drumming), & a Red-tailed Hawk.

The Red-tail, a large female, evidently had young for she followed us about keeping on ahead at times, then doubling back on us, never allowing us to get quite within shot of her young. She uttered continuously, at short regular intervals, a husky, tremulous scream resembling somewhat the ordinary scream of a Blue Jay but more prolonged and having a peculiar dragging quality which suggested the whining of a horse. This sound became positively annoying after we had heard it a few dozen times. There was something about it that rasped on the nerves - a droning, choking cry quite unworthy of so stately a bird.

Return from Concord to Concord

1893

June 26

Morning cloudy & cool.

We left Andover at 10.10 This morning and returned to Boston over the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad. From the cars we noticed that the country changed but little until after passing Hingham where we entered a very hilly region largely under cultivation, with, however, extensive woods of white pines & various deciduous trees. The last Butterburts were seen on or very near the Massachusetts line and the Shell bark Hickories seemed to disappear at about the same point. Mountain Laurel grew abundantly in groups near Pomfret but was not seen elsewhere. The country about Pomfret was for the most part open and exceedingly hilly, but not well suited for any except pasture & field loving birds.

Near Franklin we passed a pond studded with stumps & dead stumps on one of which a White-bellied Swallow was perched.

(Compiled from pocket note book slips
which were afterwards distributed in
systematic note pockets)

List of Birds Observed in Connecticut.

1893. June

| | Fairfield | Saybrook | Vernon | Andover | Bolton | No. |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|-------------|---------------------|-------------|-------------|-----|
| 1. <u>Sialia sialis</u> | Common | Common | Common | Common | One | 8 |
| 2. <u>Merula migratoria</u> | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Seven | |
| 3. <u>Turdus mustelinus</u> | Common | Common | Common | Common | Two | |
| 4. " <u>fuscus</u> | Common | Common | Common | Common | | |
| 5. <u>Galoocephalus Carolinensis</u> | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Seven | |
| 6. <u>Harporhynchus rufus</u> | Common | Common | | Common | Six | |
| 7. <u>Troglodytes aëdon</u> | Abundant | Two pairs | Abundant | Abundant | | |
| 8. <u>Cistothorus palustris</u> | | Abundant | | | | |
| 9. <u>Parus atricapillus</u> | | Common | | Common | Four | |
| 10. <u>Sitta carolinensis</u> | Two | One | | Two | | |
| 11. <u>Minutella varia</u> | Common | Abundant | | Abundant | Four | |
| 12. <u>Helminthophila ruficapilla</u> | | One June 13 | | One June 22 | Three males | |
| 13. " <u>pinus</u> | Common | Common | | | | |
| 14. <u>Empidonax hammondi</u> | | Abundant | | | | |
| 15. <u>Dendroica aestiva</u> | Abundant | Abundant | | Abundant | | |

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

1893. June

| | <u>Fairfield</u> | <u>Saybrook</u> | <u>Vernon</u> | <u>Andover</u> | <u>Bolton N.</u> |
|--------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------------------|
| 16. <u>Dendroica pinus</u> | | | | | One June 24 |
| 17. " <u>viens</u> | | Abundant | | One ♂ | Three ♂♂ |
| 18. " <u>pennsylvanica</u> | | Abundant | Three June 21 | Abundant | Seven Heater ♂♂ |
| 19. " <u>striata</u> | Two ♂♂ June 11 | | | | |
| 20. " <u>discolor.</u> | | Abundant | | Common | |
| 21. <u>Sciurus motacilla</u> | | Common | | Common | ♀ with young |
| 22. " <u>aurocapillus</u> | Common | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Eleven ♀. |
| 23. <u>Geothlypis trichas</u> | Common | Abundant | | Abundant | Seven |
| 24. <u>Sylvania canadensis</u> | | One June 8 | | | |
| 25. " <u>mitrata</u> | | Abundant | | | |
| 26. <u>Setophaga ruticilla</u> | Common | Common | | Common | Five |
| 27. <u>Icteria virens</u> | Abundant | Abundant | | Not common | None June 24 |
| 28. <u>Vireo olivaceus</u> | Common | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Fourteen |
| 29. " <u>flavifrons</u> | Very Common | Common | Common | Common | One |
| 30. " <u>gilvus</u> | Three ♂♂ | Two ♂♂ | Two ♂♂ | | |

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

1893. June.

| | <u>Fairfield</u> | <u>Saybrook</u> | <u>Vernon</u> | <u>Andover</u> | <u>Bolton N.</u> |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|--|---------------|----------------|------------------|
| 31. <u>Vireo noveboracensis</u> | Three ♂♂ | Abundant | | Not common | |
| 32. <u>Ampelis cedrorum</u> | Very common | do. | | Very common | ♂ |
| 33. <u>Progne subis</u> | Pair | Common | | | |
| 34. <u>Tachycineta bicolor</u> | | Not common | | Common | Five |
| 35. <u>Petrochelidon lunifrons</u> | | One | One | Common | |
| 36. <u>Chelidon erythrogaster</u> | Common | Common | Common | Common | ♂ |
| 37. <u>Stelgidopteryx serripennis</u> | Two ♀s | | | | |
| 38. <u>Alivicola riparia</u> | | One | | | |
| 39. <u>Piranga erythromelas</u> | One | Common | | Common | (♂) Abundant |
| 40. <u>Carpodacus purpureus</u> | Common | Common | | Common | One |
| 41. <u>Spinus tristis</u> | Common | Common | | Common | Three |
| 42. <u>Poicetes gramineus</u> | Common | Common | | Common. | One. |
| 43. <u>Ammodramus maritimus</u> | Four | Abundant | | | |
| 44. <u>Ammodramus caudacutus</u> | ♂ | Common | | | |
| 45. <u>Ammodramus subvirens</u> | | Two that were 10 th at Saybrook by W. E. Hunt | | | |

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

1893 June.

| | | Fairfield | Saybrook | Vernon | Andover | Bottom W. |
|-----|--------------------------------|-------------|-------------|----------|-------------|----------------|
| 46. | <i>Ammodramus sarrana</i> | Lf | Common | | | |
| 47. | " <i>passerinus</i> | One | Abundant | | | |
| 48. | <i>Metopiza fasciata</i> | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant |
| 49. | <i>Spizella pusilla</i> | Common | Common | Common | Common | Abundant |
| 50. | " <i>socialis</i> | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant |
| 51. | <i>Passer domesticus</i> | Abundant | Abundant | | Two pairs | |
| 52. | <i>Pipilo erythrophthalmus</i> | Common | Abundant | | Abundant | Abundant |
| 53. | <i>Habia ludoviciana</i> | | Common | One | Common | One |
| 54. | <i>Passerina cyana</i> | Common | One June 13 | Three ♂♂ | Common | Two Eggs 88 |
| 55. | <i>Dolichonyx oryzivorus</i> | None June 4 | Abundant | One | | |
| 56. | <i>Molothrus ater</i> | Abundant | Common | | Common | |
| 57. | <i>Sturnella magna</i> | Two June 4 | Common | One | Common | |
| 58. | <i>Luscinahus griscula</i> (?) | Common | Common | One | Common | One |
| 59. | <i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i> | Abundant | abundant | | very Common | Fourteen |
| 60. | <i>Icterus galbula</i> | Abundant | Common | Common | Abundant | Sept 288 |

1893 June

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

| | Fairfield | Saybrook | Vernon | Andover. | Bolton W. |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|-------------------------------|-------------|------------|--------------------|
| 61. <i>Sternus fuscus</i> | Abundant | Common | | | |
| 62. <i>Corvus americanus</i> | Common | Common | Three | Common | Eight |
| 63. " <i>ossifragus</i> | Heard June 4 | E. Lynne f. 34 One seen at | | | |
| 64. <i>Cyanocitta cristata</i> | One | Common | Two June 21 | Common | Two Two |
| 65. <i>Chordeiles virginianus</i> | | 2 or 3 pairs | | Abundant | |
| 66. <i>Anthostomus vociferans</i> | Common | Common | | Common | |
| 67. <i>Coccyzus americanus</i> | Very | Common | | | |
| 68. " <i>erythrophthalmus</i> | Three | Common | | Common | Two |
| 69. <i>Chaetura pelagica</i> | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Abundant | Big |
| 70. <i>Fulicula columbis</i> | One ♂ | Common | | One | |
| 71. <i>Ardea alcyon</i> | One | Common | | Common | Three |
| 72. <i>Tyrannus tyrannus</i> | Common | Common | | Common | Five |
| 73. <i>Myiarchus cinerascens</i> | Two | Very Common | | Not Common | One |
| 74. <i>Sayornis phoebe</i> | Four | Not Common | | Abundant | Five or Six |
| 75. <i>Contopus virens</i> | Abundant | Abundant | | Common | Two Common |

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

1893. June

| | Fairfield | Saybrook | Vernon | Andover | Boston W. |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|-------------|--------|------------|-------------------------------------|
| 76. <u>Empidonax minimus</u> | Common | Common | | Common | June ^{June} 24. |
| 77. <u>Dryobates villosus</u> | | | | One | June 22 |
| 78. " <u>pubescens</u> | | Not Common | | Not Common | Two. |
| 79. <u>Colaptes auratus</u> | One | Not Common | One | Not Common | June ^{June} 24 |
| 80. <u>Buteo borealis</u> | | | | Two | |
| 81. " <u>lineatus</u> | | | | One | |
| 82. " <u>latissimus</u> | | | One | | |
| 83. <u>Accipiter cooperi</u> | | Two | | | |
| 84. <u>Haliaeetus leucophthalmus</u> | | Common | | | |
| 85. <u>Pandion carolinensis</u> | | Common | | | |
| 86. <u>Circus hudsonius</u> | | 2 ♀ June 19 | | | |
| 87. <u>Ectopistes migratoria?</u> | | Two June 7 | | | |
| 88. <u>Tenidura macroura</u> | | Abundant | | | One coming |
| 89. <u>Bonasa umbella</u> | | Very Common | | Two | |
| 90. <u>Colinus virginianus</u> | | Abundant | | Common | |

List of Birds observed in Connecticut.

1893 June

| | <u>Fairfield</u> | <u>Saybrook</u> | <u>Vernon</u> | <u>Andover</u> | <u>Bolton N.</u> |
|-------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|---------------|----------------|------------------|
| 91. <u>Philohela minor</u> | | Five young | | One | |
| 92. <u>Agelaius vocifer</u> | | Two pairs | | | |
| 93. <u>Ereunetes</u> ? | | Flock of 8 | | | |
| 94. <u>Actitis macularia</u> | | Common | | Two | |
| 95. <u>Nycticorax naevius</u> | One | | | | Two. |
| 96. <u>Ardea virescens</u> | Two | Abundant | | Two | 24 June 24 |
| 97. <u>Ardetta citis</u> | | Abundant | | | |
| 98. <u>Kallus virginianus</u> | | Abundant | | | |
| 99. " <u>elegans</u> ?? | | Several heard | | | |
| 100. <u>Anas obscura</u> | | Common | | | |

1893

June 26

Concord, Mass.

Morning cloudy; afternoon clear. Cool with N. E. wind.

Returning from Connecticut to-day I reached Concord at about 6.30 P.M. Saw a Dove flying over the fields in Lincoln

After tea walked up the Estabrook road to Dutton's. Birds singing freely - a Thrasher, 2 Yellowthroats, 4 Grass Finches, 3 Cowbirds, 2 Maryland Yellowthroats, 3 Chippies, 3 Field Sparrows, 1 Robin, 1 Red-wing, 1 Oven Bird, 4 Song Sparrows, 2 Wood Thrushes, a Tanager and a Yellow-rumped Sparrow. After dark 2 Whippoorwills.

Birds singing
at sunset.

Near the Buttricks' I heard a Yellow-bellied Cuckoo utter the wooden rattling several times; it was answered by another in feeble, hurried tones which I took to be those of a young bird just from the nest. After the old bird ceased the young(?) uttered these notes at the briefest possible intervals dozens of times in succession in a willow by the river.

Yellow-bellied
Cuckoos

The singing of the Grass Finches was very rich and tender this evening - quite up to the best singing one ever hears from this species. There can be no question that the song becomes braver & more expressive as the summer advances.

Grass Finches

Last year a Chipping Sparrow at the Buttricks' began at about this season to sing in a curious manner splitting his song first into two or three, afterwards into four separate phrases. When the Chippie returned this Spring I listened for this peculiar song but up to June 2, when I went to Comm., heard nothing but the normal song from the two males that had settled on the farm. On my return this evening, however, I passed the split song & found the bird singing on his old station, a dead branch of an apple tree in the orchard. He divided his song into four parts.

Chipping
Sparrows with
peculiar song
returns to
Buttricks'
orchard.

1893

June 27 Cloudy with a light shower at 2 P.M. Wind N.E.

We had a pic-nic at Egg Rock to-day. There was a Savanna Sparrow singing in the meadows opposite most of the time. Bank Swallows were flying about in considerable numbers, a few Barn, Barn & White-bellied Swallows with them.

After tea this evening I walked to Dutton's & back hearing about the same number & kinds of birds as yesterday evening.

Found an Indigo Bird's nest in a small cluster of huckle bushes on the roadside opposite Clark's house. The female was sitting on three eggs & one young bird which evidently had just hatched. When I started off the mother bird she set up a loud continuous chirping which soon brought the male. Both flitted about in some bushes near the nest chirping but keeping well concealed.

nest of
Indigo Bird

" 28 Clear & cool.

Spent the day in Cambridge where I heard a Grosbeak singing on Oxford Street. If there are any Grosbeaks near the Buttrick farm they are silent now.

In the evening walked to Dutton's with D.C.F. Looked at the Indigo Bird's nest and found that another egg had hatched. Birds singing freely, especially Song Sparrows & Grass Finches.

nest of
Indigo Bird.

" 29 Clear & rather warm.

In P.M. took a drive through the Latabook road & back around Fifty Acre Meadow. Heard a Meadow Lark near the stock farm.

1893

June 30

Concord, Mass.

Clear and rather warm. Wind still in the E.

Spent the day in the house writing. After tea walked up the Estabrook road as far as Druttons.

The Indigo Birds' nest still contains two unhatched and doubtless infertile eggs. The two young have changed but little in either size or appearance since they left the eggs. There was no old bird at the nest this evening but the male sang a few times not far off.

Found a Phoebe's nest in Deby's lane built in a ^{nest of} pocket shaped cavity in the perpendicular face of a sand bank Phoebe a foot or two below some earth-laden roots which projected out from the top of the bank. The bank was so high & crumbling that I could not get at the nest but the female parent flew from it and joined her mate who was also fluttering about the bank alighting on the roots near the nest. This nest was very conspicuous because of the uniform light yellowish color of the surrounding surface. I do not remember to have seen before a Phoebe's nest built in the face of a bank of clear sand. (On July 30th this nest was filled to overflowing with young fully feathered & apparently about to fly)

The only Meadow Lark which I have heard in Concord this week ^{the one} was near the Stock Farm yesterday. The bird which sang in the field opposite the Buttricks' a few mornings in early April probably failed to get a mate & deserted. There are none of these birds in the valley behind Clark's where they were so numerous last year.

Meadow Larks

I also miss the voice of the Quail during these warm Quail weeks. Miss Buttrick thinks she heard one while I was in Concord.

1893 June 26-30.

Concord, Mass.

- 1 *Sialia sialis*. 26^①*. 27. 28. 29. 30.
- 2 *Merula migratoria*. 26¹/₂*. 27¹/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 29¹/₂*. 30
- 3 *Turdus mustelinus*. 26²/₂*. 27²/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 4 *Galiscroptus carolinensis* 26²/₂. 27²/₂. 30¹
- 5 *Harporhynchus rufus* 26¹/₂. 27¹/₂. 28¹/₂. 30^④ old bird & young.
- 6 *Dendroica aestiva*. 26²/₂*. 28¹/₂*.
- 7 *Scirrus aurocapillus* 26¹/₂*. 28¹/₂*
- 8 *Geothlypis trichas* 26²/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 9 *Vireo olivaceus*. 30¹/₂*
- 10 *Vireo flavifrons* 26¹/₂*. 27¹/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 29¹/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 11 *Vireo gilvus* 26¹/₂*. 27¹/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 29¹/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 12 *Ampelis cedrorum* 28^②
- 13 *Progne subis*. 26²/₂. 27¹/₂. 28¹/₂. 30²
- 14 *Tachycineta bicolor* 26⁵/₂. 27⁶/₂
- 15 *Petrochelidon lunifrons* 26²/₂. 27²/₂. 30²
- 16 *Chelidon erythrogaster* 26⁴/₂. 27⁶/₂. 30²
- 17 *Chicola riparia*. 26⁸/₂. 27¹⁰/₂. 28²/₂.
- 18 *Piranga erythromelas*. 26¹/₂*
- 19 *Corpodacus purpureus*. 26¹/₂*. 27¹/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 29¹/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 20 *Spinus tristis*. 28²/₂*. 30¹/₂*
- 21 *Coccyzus gramineus* 26⁴/₂*. 27⁴/₂*. 28³/₂*. 30³/₂*
- 22 *Ammodramus savasana* 27¹/₂* (meadow spp. Egg Rock)
- 23 *Ammodramus passerinus* 26¹/₂*. 27¹/₂* (Duby farm)
- 24 *Melospiza fasciata* 26⁴/₂*. 27⁴/₂*. 28³/₂*. 30⁶/₂*
- 25 *Spizella pusilla* 26³/₂*. 27²/₂*. 28²/₂*. 30²/₂*
- 26 *Spizella socialis* 26³/₂*. 27¹/₂*. 28²/₂*. 30²/₂*
- 27 *Passer domesticus* 26²/₂
- 28 *Passerina cyanea* 27³/₂ nest 1 chick 28²/₂ nest 2 eggs 2 chicks. 30³/₂ nest 2 eggs 2 chicks
- 29 *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* 26²/₂*. 27²/₂*. 28¹/₂*. 30²/₂*
- 30 *Molothrus ater* 29¹

June 26-30.

31. *Sturnella magna* - 29* (Stock form)
32. *Leucocoris aeneus* - 27⁽⁶⁾ (Assabet)
33. *Agelaius phoeniceus* 26. 27. 28. 29. 30
* * * * *
34. *Icterus galbula* - 26. 27. 28. 29. 30⁽⁶⁾
35. *Tringa americana* - 30¹
36. *Cyanocitta cristata* 30*
37. *Anthus vociferus* - 26²*
38. *Coccyzus americanus* 26²*
39. *Chaetura pelagica* - 26. 27. 28. 29. 30⁷
40. *Tyrannus tyrannus* - 26², 30²
41. *Sayornis phoebe* - 30⁽²⁾ (nest in sand bank)
42. *Empidonax minimus* 26. 27. 28. 29. 30
* * * * *
43. *Colaptes auratus* 30⁽⁴⁾ (young)
44. *Troglodytes aedon* 28⁽³⁾ (nest full)
45. *Actitis macularia* - 26¹. 27¹. 29¹. 30¹ (Bird with young in Strawberry bed)

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 1

Clear and warm with light S. E. breeze.

Spent the day in the house but after tea took a short walk along the Estabrook road. ~~The~~ sunset was obscured by a bank of leaden gray clouds and the evening was rather cool and damp with a breeze from the S. W. Song Sparrows and Grass Finches were singing with unusual freedom & fervor but most other birds were silent or nearly so. I heard a Bobolink sing twice, a Field Sparrow once, a Maryland Yellow-throat several times, a Black-billed Cuckoo once, a Robin once. There was a Yellow-winged Sparrow in full song in Mr. Hayes's field and another in Mr. Derby's; I have not heard the former individual before since returning from Connecticut but he sang regularly in this field through the latter half of May.

A Pine Warbler was in full song for an hour or more early this morning in the elms in front of the Buttricks'.

Swifts appear to be more numerous this season than they were last year. I hear them humming in the chimney of the Hume's house making a sound like distant thunder or the rapid beat of horse hoofs mingled with the roll of wheels across a wooden bridge. Another pair, ~~are~~ nesting in one of the chimneys of Mr. Hayes's farm house, evidently have young as one or both of the old birds go into & from the chimney at short, regular intervals. Both of these chimneys are of the modern type with small flues. It is a pretty sight to see the Swifts drop into them with fluttering wings.

Concord, Mass.

1893
July 2

Clear and hot with light S. wind.

The Pine Warbler visited our clams again this morning singing freely for some time.

During the forenoon I heard Robins, Chippies, our Warbling Vireos and now & then a Least Flycatcher. Orioles are scarcely silent now although I see them frequently. Most of their young have left the nests and are swimming about in broods. Song Sparrows singing by the river all the morning. For the past three days I have heard Barn Swallows at all hours flying high over the house uttering the rough tehar note.

I spent the entire day in the house and did not walk at evening as usual not feeling well.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 3

Clear with floating, cumulous clouds and strong S. W. wind. To Ball's Hill

In the afternoon went down river with W. Deane. He took the two canoes and sailed nearly all the way to Ball's Hill where we landed, opened the cabin, and took a short walk over and behind the hill. Very few birds singing, Song Sparrows, a Maryland ^{a Redeye,} a Veery and a Black-throated Green Warbler. A ♀ Creeper was feeding young in the birches in front of the cabin.

Along the river we heard a few Red-wings, a Grosbeak (in full song) two Bobolinks, Robins, Yellow Warblers, one Swamp Sparrow and a great many Song Sparrows. Green Herons were seen at frequent intervals flying about over the meadows, once a pair together, there must have been at least four different birds in all. A Virginia Rail gave the pig-note once. If there were any Marsh Wrens in the meadows they kept silent.

Birds singing
along river

Swallows were flying over the meadows at evening in unusual numbers. One swarm near Hunt's Pond contained fully sixty birds and they were distributed sparingly over the entire meadows. The bulk seemed to be Bank Swallows but there were very many Barn Swallows, also, feeding broods of young perched on dead branches over the river. White-bellies were present in small numbers & I heard Barn Swallows. There appeared to be no Martins and we saw only four or five Swifts.

Unusual
assemblage of
Swallows over
the meadows

A King Bird was feeding young in a nest in a white maple opposite Holden's Hill. This nest was finished May when I drew down the branch and examined it.

Nest of
King Bird

Some young King Birds were flying about near the Buttricks' Landing this evening. They probably came from the nest in the willow found May

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 3
(No 2)

While walking along the Estabrook road this evening after sunset I saw an Indigo Bird mount into the air over an open field and sing on wing. It gave low stuttering notes were prefixed to the usual song which was delivered as the bird was rising and ended when it had attained a height of about 40 feet. It then closed its wings and shot down a steep incline into some bushes on the edge of the field. I do not recall seeing this species sing on wing before.

Flight song of
Indigo Bird.

A Mr. Dodge who has bought the Dutton farm and who is familiar with and much interested in the birds of this region tells me that a pair of Woodcock nested near his house this season. He found the nest in down bushes on the west side of the Dutton lane. It contained four eggs which he thinks were safely hatched.

Woodcock's
nest.

Mr. Dodge also tells me that there is a Tanager's nest with three eggs in an apple tree near his house 100 yards or more from the nearest woods. I have heard the Tanager singing in the orchard during my evening walks the past week.

Tanager's nest
in orchard.

1893

July 4

Concord, Mass.

Clear and warm with strong N. wind.

Walk to
Debby's lane.

Soon after breakfast I walked to Debby's lane and spent an hour or more there lying on a bank near the big hemlock smoking and watching the birds. A Red-eye, Oven Bird, & Black & White Creeper ~~were~~ singing with some regularity, and the two & a Maryland Yellow-throat and Song Sparrows by the brook. A Grosbeak also sang a dozen times or more in quick succession. His voice had a bell-like quality which recalled that of the Hood Thrush. Two Chickadees, apparently a pair of old birds, were roaming about among the pines & I heard a Black-throated Green Warbler chirping. The Robber was sitting quietly on her nest in the sand bank and not far off her mate was silently busy catching flies. Occasionally a Flicker whistled in the distance or a Robin sang a few notes.

As I strolled through the path an old Crow accompanied by four young fledged noisily out of a pine on the hillside & flew over my head clamoring.

On the way back across Debby's field I stirred up a pair of Bobolinks who followed me quite to the road circling about me chirping anxiously. The female had a worm in her bill. She uttered a clatter chirp exactly like that of the ♀ Orchard Oriole.

Bobolinks

In the afternoon a pair of Carolina Doves flew past the Nuttalls' house going in the direction of the Debby's. One looked like a young bird.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

July 5

Cloudy with occasional intervals of sunshine and light showers in the late afternoon. Sultry with light variable N. to S.W. winds.

To Ball's Hill at 9.30 A.M. Birding most of the way. The wind was light & fresh so that I made slow progress but I employed the time in keeping a list of every bird seen or heard between Flinth's bridge & the cabin. It is as follows:

- | | | | |
|----|---|-----|------------------------------------|
| 1 | <u>Scalia biata</u> . 1 | 25. | <u>Colaptes auratus</u> 1/2 |
| 2 | <u>Merula migratoria</u> 3. 2 seen | 26. | <u>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</u> 1 |
| 3 | <u>Parus atricapillus</u> brood of young (Dahm's pine) | 27. | <u>Tyrannus tyrannus</u> 12 |
| 4 | <u>Galeoscoptes carolinensis</u> 1/2 (cabin) | 28 | <u>Laniidura macroura</u> 1 |
| 5 | <u>Aistothorus palustris</u> 2/3 (Beane Dam Rapid) | | |
| 6 | <u>Turdus fuscescens</u> 1 | | |
| 7 | <u>Dendroica aestiva</u> 3 | | |
| 8 | " <u>pinus</u> 1 | | |
| 9 | " <u>percydomina</u> 1 | | |
| 10 | <u>Geothlypis trichas</u> 2 | | |
| 10 | <u>Vireo gilvus</u> 2 (Flinth's bridge & Flinth's bridge) | | |
| 12 | " <u>olivaceus</u> 5 | | |
| 13 | <u>Progne subis</u> 1 | | |
| 14 | <u>Tachycineta bicolor</u> 8 (2) | | |
| 15 | <u>Petrochelidon lunifrons</u> 2 | | |
| 16 | <u>Chelidon erythrogaster</u> 7 | | |
| 17 | <u>Chondestes riparia</u> 2 | | |
| 18 | <u>Dolichonyx oryzivorus</u> 3. 1 seen | | |
| 19 | <u>Agelaius phoeniceus</u> 8. 12 " | | |
| 20 | <u>Melospiza fasciata</u> 15. 2 " | | |
| 21 | " <u>georgina</u> 1 | | |
| 22 | <u>Habia ludoviciana</u> 2 | | |
| 23 | <u>Spinilla pusilla</u> 1 | | |
| 24 | <u>Corvus americanus</u> 6 | | |

1893

July 5
(No 2.)

Concord, Mass.

The only birds singing near the cabin were a Red-eye, a Cat-bird, and a Song Sparrow. Two Red Squirrels, apparently a pair, appeared about noon in one of the oaks directly in front of my door and chased one another up and down and around & around the trunk, spending upwards of an hour in this one tree. I afterwards saw two others on Benson's Knoll.

After finishing the cabin in order I walked to Davis Swamp ^{Birds singing} and spent half an hour or more lying under one of the ^{in Davis Swamp} firs near the north end of the ridge. Two Red-eyes, a Veery, a Maryland Yellow-throat, a Canadian Warbler, a Christm. Bird Warbler and an Oven Bird sang more or less steadily and frequently within hearing and there was a silent Cat-bird flitting about in the bushes. Occasionally the breeze brought fragments of the song of a Robin from the orchard near Benson's. Now and then a Chipmunk rattled the leaves or chuckled. The sky was dark with threatening clouds & a few rain drops fell at intervals. The mosquitoes were numerous and bloodthirsty.

Tramping along this ridge I found a dozen or more large mountain hollies (Hedera) and in the swamp very near the ridge in an opening a number of fine poison dogwoods reared their broad, glossy heads above the dense tangle of Clethra. Both holly & dogwood have wholly escaped my search in this region hitherto.

Become the
poison dogwood
& Hedera

On the way back to the cabin I saw a Solitary vireo in the firs above the glacial hollow, a Cooper's Hawk hotly pursued by an acute King bird over the crest of Ball's Hill, and a female Hairy Woodpecker, apparently anxious about young in the oaks near Benson's Landing.

1893.

July 6

Clear and cooler with boisterous N. wind.

A large party of us went to Ball's Hill this morning & spent the day there, dining in the cabin. I was too busily occupied to see much of the birds but I noted a fine adult male Marsh Hawk early in the afternoon. He attempted to beat the meadow opposite Ball's Hill but the Red-wings turned out in force and quickly drove him from their domain and out over the woods to the South. I was surprised at the burst of speed which he essayed to escape from their tormentors.

Marsh Hawk
mottled by
Red-wings

Once in 1890 and again in Connecticut last month I saw a Kingbird pursue & overtake a Chipping Swift. Less remarkable but yet well worth noting was the pursuit of a Robin by a Kingbird this evening. I was paddling in towards our landing when the Robin came dashing through the big white willows and made for the further side of the river. The Kingbird was at least twenty feet in the rear at first but although the Robin did his best he was overtaken before he reached the middle of the stream and suffered a severe punishment before he could gain the trees on the further bank. The Kingbird in fact dealt him a dozen or more blows on the back of the head, the poor Robin squawking the while as if he were in the clutches of a Hawk. Whether or no the Robin had done anything to merit this chastisement I had no means of ascertaining. It is evident that the Kingbird can, upon occasion, fly more swiftly than any other of our small land birds.

Kingbird
overtakes a
Robin in
fair flight

Started a Duck which I took to be A. obscura from under the maples opposite Holden's Hill.

Black? Duck

1893

July 10

Canton, Mass.

Clear and cooler with strong north wind.

A hunt for
nests of the
Short-billed
Marsh Wren

I went to Milton yesterday and passed the night at the Haywards'. At 8.30 this morning I was driven over to the Bowles'. The two boys Jack & Charles have been actively collecting the past three months and had many beautiful sets of eggs to show me, among them a set of Hairy Woodpecker's eggs (3 in number), three sets of Solitary Vireo, a set of 5 eggs of the Red-shouldered Hawk, three sets of Jerush Owls eggs, and one of the Western Crows two sets (6 & 7 eggs) of the Short-billed Marsh Wren. The greatest pair of all, however, was a fine, large Otter which Charles Bowles shot March 30th (1893) in Portage Pond. It swam across the Pond directly towards some inflated canvas decay ducks one of which it was about to swim when the first shot was fired by Mr. Bowles. It took six shots in all to finish the poor animal. There are several Otters living in & near Portage Pond judge by the signs which the Bowles Bros. have seen during the past year.

At about 9 A. M. we started for the Meadow where the Marsh Wren Breed. following a narrow wood path which leads down a long steep hillside through oak & pine woods. Black-throated Green Warblers, Red-eyed Vireos and a Wood Thrush were singing in these woods.

On reaching the meadow we started at once to search for Wren's nests and kept it up unceasingly until 1 P. M. when we returned to the house. Although the day was cool for the season we suffered sorely from heat & thirst for the grass was tall & down to the walking very hard.

Canton, Mass.

1893

July 10
(No 2.)

The scene of our labors was a meadow some 500 yards in length by from 100 to 200 yards in width through which Rockaford Brook winds its sluggish course. This meadow is somewhat higher than the Neponsett (Fowl) Meadows into & through which the Brook afterwards flows. It is surrounded on every side by maple & birch woods and is dotted here & there by clumps of alders & other bushes. It is everywhere intersected by narrow ditches which, however, fail to drain it effectually for most of the ground is wet & in many places covered with two or three inches of water. The growth of grasses is unusually varied, large tracts or belts of "blueprint" (*Phalaris*) alternating with stretches of the shorter, finer tussock grass ^(*Carex stricta*) while considerable areas were covered with the short, coarse, broad-leaved "cut grass".

The Marsh Wrens (all *C. Stellaris*) were pretty evenly distributed over the entire meadow. About a dozen notes were heard singing in all. They did not appear to prefer or avoid any particular kind of grass but the nests at this season are almost built in the fine tussock grass according to Mr. Bellows' experience. The ^{early} June nests on the other hand are ^{almost} invariably in the *Phalaris* which, of course, is the only grass tall enough at that season to afford the necessary shelter.

I saw in all to-day ten nests of this species, two last year's nests still firmly held among the old grass, six "cock" nests, or "decoy" nests, and two nests with seven incubated & three fresh eggs respectively. Of these ten nests two were in *Phalaris*, seven in tussock grass, and the tenth (the nest with 7 eggs) in a tract of cut grass but supported by both cut and tussock grass intermingled & intertwined. All ten nests were composed of dry grasses of last year's growth but all but one of the new nests were so completely covered

C. Stellaris
its nests,
eggs &
feeding
habits

Canton, Mass.

1893.

July 10
(no 3)

outwardly by the interlaced stems of the living grasses by which they were surrounded and supported that at the distance of a few feet they appeared wholly green, thus differing from the typical nest of the Long-billed Wren in being considerably smaller, ^{shallower & flatter} much rounder & more symmetrical, and in lacking all trace of the protrusion or porch which is usually built out over the entrance of the Long-billed nest the entrance being merely a small round hole in the side. Some of the eggs in both of the occupied nests could be seen by merely looking into the hole from above (I have never succeeded in seeing Long-billed eggs in this way). The fresh eggs had a strongly marked rosy tinge & the shells appeared rough. The incubated eggs were plain white with a marked polish. The shells are much thinner than those of the Long-billed eggs. Mr. Bolles finds that it is not safe to roll the Short-billed eggs out of the nest.

The occupied and the false nests were similar and greatly well finished in every respect save that the former were warmly and prettily lined with feathers, the latter with fine dry grass only. In position I could not discern that the two differed at all. Indeed the nest with 7 eggs was quite as conspicuous as was any of the "cock" nests. All the nests which I saw were built from 2 to 3 ft. above the ground. ^{than well over, and} ~~that they were made wholly of dry grass~~ the fine, dense character of the grass in which they were placed and the envelope of green grass woven about them rendered them much less conspicuous than is the average nest of C. poliostris but yet it was not at all difficult to see them. Indeed the tangle of green grasses bent down from every side & interwoven ~~about~~ after caught my eye from a distance of several yards. We found short, light

Aristothorus

Stellaria

Barnston, Mass.

1893
July 10
(no 4)

holes of great assistance in finding the dens beds
of grass as we walked through them.

Artostomus

Stellaria

Mr. Bowles thinks the "false" nests are built partly
to save time in case the eggs are destroyed. In one instance
a bird which he robbed laid a second lot in a "false" nest
which was only a rod or two away. The presence of one
or more false nests, however, gives little or no clue as to the
position of the occupied one which is often many
rods away. Indeed the false nests are usually scattered
about at random all over the meadow. He found women
to day everywhere near either of the nests that contained
eggs.

I found, personally, the nest with seven eggs and three
new false nests. All the others had been found previously
by the Bowles Bros. & were shown me.

The male then sometimes keeps very near the nest, often
100 yds. or more away. The ♀ always slips off before the
intruder is near & is never surprised on the nest. The
bird whose nest I took came close about us (within two
or three yards) as we picked the eggs keeping well
covered but making the grass stems tremble as she
flitted & hopped through them & uttering a low, guttural
cheer.

We saw two Bittorns in this meadow & I was shown two Bittorns
of their nests. One from which ~~four~~ eggs were taken this season nests
was supported six inches or more above the mud by grass stems
bent down from every side & loosely interlaced. There being a
clear space underneath. The other nest was built directly on the
ground on a dry mound. Both nests were in low dense grass
in the open meadow although there were thickets of bushes near by
& both were composed wholly of grass, one of cut grass the other of twigs.

Barnton, Mass.

1893

July 10
(No 5)

The Bowles Bros. took this morn a Prairie Warbler's nest of
nest in Barnton which was built in ^{part} white pine Prairie Warbler
sapling about 3 ft. above the ground. The usual position
in this locality is in a hard wood sapling in front
land.

Quail suffered severely about Milton last winter & Quail
but few survived. I heard one whistling near the
Hoywards' July 9th

Red-eyed Vireos are comparatively scarce every where this Red-eyed
summer. At Milton on the 9th & 10th I heard only vireos
three or four in all.

Wrote this afternoon Roland drove me to Houghton's Pond
where we spent about two hours sitting on the shore
& walking about through fields & woods. A Chat sang Yellow breasted
a few times in some young spruce land across the pond. Chat
A Rose-breasted Grosbeak was in full song in an oak.
A ♀ Hummingbird came about us picking among some
pitch pines & darting to & fro catching flying insects, for
her young, probably, for she finally darted off across
the pond to the woods on the further shore.

Cambridge, Mass.

1893

July 11

Clear and warm.

Left Milton early this morning and spent most of the day at the old place in Cambridge. A Robin, Yellow Warbler and Yellow-throated Vireo were the only birds that I heard singing. A Flicker called at intervals in the clump on Sparks Street. Robins feeding on the ripe cherries, a Redstart followed by young flitting about in the alders, and a Hummingbird at the Buzantst. I saw another Hummer in the garden on the 8th. Both were females & apparently old birds.

When I reached Concord this evening I found the grass cut & cocked in the large field opposite the Buttricks'. To my surprise the Yellow-winged Sparrow was singing there as cheerfully as if nothing had happened.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 12

Forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy with light rain. Cool.

Soon after dinner I took the open canoe and started up river intending to visit Panty Brook Meadows to search for Short-billed Marsh Wren's nests but it began raining soon after I passed Clamshell Hill and I took refuge under Heath's Bridge and remained there over an hour. As the rain continued steadily I got out my rubber coverings & oiled jacket and started back paddling & sailing alternately & reaching the Buttricks' at 6.30.

As I passed the mouth of Dugan Brook two Henslow's Sparrows were singing. One appeared to be rather near the river, the other well back towards the high ground. Both were in the Dugan Brook meadow proper, not above near Heath's Bridge where I heard one last year. These are the first that I have met with this season but I have passed about the usual number in Panty Brook Meadows one day last month.

Henslow's
Sparrows

I was surprised as well as delighted to hear two Lark whistling to-day, on this morning in the field opposite the Buttricks', the other late this afternoon on the sandy ridge behind Clamshell Hill.

Lark

Birds are still singing freely at all hours. The only species which seem to have become silent within the past week are the Least Flycatcher & Grosbeak. The Orioles & Cuckoos dropped out nearly two weeks ago. Heard three Bobolinks this afternoon all in full song.

Singing of
birds

Concord, Mass.

1893
July 13

Clear and warm with N. wind.

Chadbourne came from Boston this morning and we went to Ball's Hill for the day dining and taking tea at the cabin and returning after dark. W. Dean joined us late in the afternoon, staying to tea. He sailed most of the way down river in the morning and part way back in the evening.

In the afternoon we took a long walk, traversing most of my land. Birds were very silent but we heard a Black throated Green & two Pine Warblers, a bay, a Hood Plover & a Grosbeak, the last singing only brokenly.

When the Cooper's Hawks were frequenting the pines near the Glacial Hollow last April I noticed two large nests in these trees. Pat climbed to one but found that it was a Squirrel's nest. The other, which was further to the northward in a tree that stands at the foot of the slope next the Swamp, we did not examine as it did not look very promising & the Hawks had apparently deserted the woods at that time. I have seen them there at rare intervals since but felt certain that they were nesting at some distance beyond my limits. As we were passing through the woods this afternoon, however, we started one of the birds from the pines very near the second nest & on examination found the ground beneath it literally white with droppings of the birds. There were also the shells of a recently-hatched egg directly under the nest. It is probable therefore that the birds have been there the whole season & have put me off the track by their unobtrusive silence and ^{elusive} flight. I have not heard them scream since April.

nest of
Cooper's Hawk

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 14

Clear and warm. Winds light & variable during the morning, strong & steady from S.E. in P.M. Pantry Brook

Chadbourne spent the night & started up river with me this morning but a sprained wrist troubled him and as he preferred to drift about all day I left him in the open canoe & pushed on alone to Pantry Brook taking perhaps one third of the way. Birds were singing freely but I heard nothing of much interest save a Parula in the pines opposite the Cliffs and a Nuthatch Warbler in full song in some bushes near Conantown. Quail are more numerous than I have dared to hope for I heard no less than four different birds during the day, three of them beyond Lee's Bridge. Chadbourne reported hearing three between the town & Clamshell Hill & together we probably heard six.

Quail.

After lunching at Warren's camp I covered the canoe among some reeds & spent two hours searching Pantry Brook meadows for nests of Short-billed Marsh Wrens. Marsh Wrens Heard only two birds singing & could find no nests. A third Short-bill was singing just above Heath's Bridge, a new locality. There were two Song-bills on the river banks just below Pantry Brook.

Bobolinks are flocking but the old nests still wear their superficial lining & now & then one sings. On the 12th I heard three in full song.

Started back at 4 P.M. and sailed most of the way to Clamshell Hill. It was delightful skimming silently between the meadows or wooded banks much after mid. Reached home at 6.30 P.M.

Saw only one Hawk all day, a ♀ Circus flying over the Cliffs

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 14
(No 2)

The following list includes all the birds heard singing this morning between the Partridge farm and Partry Brook. Each individual was noted as soon as heard and every care taken to make the count accurate. The list also includes all the species seen but in some cases as with the Swallows, Bobolinks & Red-wings it was not possible to get an exact count. The distance traversed was about seven miles. No birds except the Crows were noted on the return trip.

- | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. <u>Sialia</u> 1 | 23. <u>Chelidon</u> 19 | 45. <u>Colaptes</u> 1 |
| 2. <u>Merula</u> 8 | 24. <u>Chondestes</u> 10 | 46. <u>Dryobates pub.</u> 1 |
| 3. <u>Larus fuscus</u> 2 (calling) | 25. <u>Corvus</u> 1 | 47. <u>Sturnella</u> 1 |
| 4. <u>Galusca</u> 2 | 26. <u>Spinus tristis</u> 1 | 48. <u>Colinus</u> 4 |
| 5. <u>Cathartes palmaris</u> 2 | 27. <u>Poocetes</u> 2 | 49. <u>Circus</u> 2 |
| 6. " <u>Helleris</u> 3 | 28. <u>Passerculus</u> 1 | 50. <u>Actitis</u> 3 |
| 7. <u>Parus atricapillus</u> - brood | 29. <u>Melospiza fasciata</u> 18 | 51. <u>Ardea vires</u> 1 |
| 8. <u>Minutella</u> 1 (middleman with) | 30. " <u>gorgiana</u> 9 | |
| 9. <u>Compsothlypis americana</u> 1 | 31. <u>Spizella socialis</u> 4 | |
| 10. <u>Helminthophila ruficapilla</u> 1 (in full song) | 32. " <u>pusilla</u> 3 | |
| 11. <u>Dendroica aestiva</u> - 5 | 33. <u>Habia ludoviciana</u> 4 | |
| 12. " <u>virens</u> 2 | 34. <u>Pipilo</u> 3 | |
| 13. " <u>pinus</u> 1 | 35. <u>Dolichonyx</u> 15 16 | |
| 14. " <u>pusillissima</u> 1 | 36. <u>Agelaius</u> 10 | |
| 15. <u>Geothlypis trichas</u> 5 | 37. <u>Leuciscus</u> 3 | |
| 16. <u>Vireo olivaceus</u> 14 | 38. <u>Corvus</u> 4 | |
| 17. " <u>flavifrons</u> 2 | 39. <u>Cyanocitta</u> 1 | |
| 18. " <u>gilvus</u> 2 | 40. <u>Chaetura</u> 3 | |
| 19. <u>Piranga myiarchus</u> 2 | 41. <u>Ceryle</u> 1 | |
| 20. <u>Ampelis</u> 1 | 42. <u>Tyrannus</u> 30 (count) | |
| 21. <u>Progne</u> 9 at bay. 1 | 43. <u>Contopus virens</u> 2 | |
| 22. <u>Tachycineta</u> 15. | 44. <u>Empidonax minimus</u> 4 | |

1893

July 15

Concord, Mass.

Evening walk

Cloudy and sultry with strong S.W. wind.

Spent the day in the house writing etc. Very few birds singing. Robins, Song Sparrows, ~~Chipping~~ Sparrows and Red-wings being all that I heard through the open windows. Buttricks' Our Warbling Vireo, Yellow-throated Vireo & Purple Finch silent for the first time.

After tea walked out along the Estabrook road as far as Oak Meadow. The high wind and cloudy sky perhaps exercised a depressing effect on the birds for I heard singing only two Robins, two Grass Finches, one Chippy, a Cat bird and one Oven bird. One of the midsummer grasshoppers stridulating for the first time this season. A single Tree Toad calling at Abundona Pond, apparently in the water. The hay has all been harvested & the fields are bare & brown.

Looked at the Indigo Bird's nest near Clark's which I have not visited before for nearly two weeks. It contained only the two unhatched eggs but the ♀ parent flew from the hazel bushes near it and chirped at me anxiously as she must have had the young concealed somewhere near. It is a pity that I could not have ascertained the exact time they left the nest.

Dodge tells me that he found the nest of a small Hawk in the pines behind his home (the Sutton place) but shot one of the parents before any eggs were laid. Sharp-shinned Hawk From his description I take the bird to have been a Sharp-shinned. Can it have been one of the pair that nested last year in Hutchins' woods, to which they did not return this season?

Concord, Mass.

1893.

July 16

Clear and very warm with strong S. W. wind which died away wholly at sunset.

Spent the day in the house. Robins, Chippies & Song Sparrows singing rather freely. The Yellow-winged Sparrow in full song in Mr. Keyes's field where I have not heard him before since the 12th. He gave the spurring song repeatedly this afternoon. The field is perfectly bare & brown for the grass has not started down it was cut over to the drought now prevailing.

A Spotted Sandpiper nested in our strawberry bed. The Spotted
Sandpiper
eggs hatched before the pickers came but the old bird remained about and day after day kept flying back & forth past the strawberry patch uttering a monotonous yip, yip and showing the greatest concern at the presence of the children who were picking the berries. I heard the bird's plaint up to within two or three days and yesterday Mr. Buttrick found two young nearly grown & able to fly feebly in the vegetable garden which adjoins the strawberry bed & is also on the high ground. From this it appears that the Spotted Sandpiper does not always (if often) lead her young to water until they are fully grown (is where they have been hatched in upland fields).

After tea paddled up river to Red Bridge. A calm, Up river
beautiful evening the water dark ~~got~~ shining like polished steel. at evening
Two Hood Mewes (one at the house), a Savanna Sparrow & a
very singing. The air literally filled with small Diptera
whose combined humming I mistook at first for wind in the
trees.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

July 17

Cloudy, calm & balmy. Ther 96° at noon.

Robins, Song Sparrows, Chipping, and Yellow Warblers singing this morning, the last named rather fatly and listlessly.

After a profound silence of two days - due perhaps Warbling Vireo to the weather which has been windy & more or less cloudy - our Warbling Vireo was once more in full song this morning - from sunrise to about 10 a.m.

I have not heard our Oriskany since the 7th Oriskany but the birds are about the house in the elms & orchard at all hours. I see ^{them} usually in little family parties composed of the old female and her young which are now fully grown & strong on wing but still addicted to uttering the monotonous here-we-are call. The old males are seldom with their families and I see little of them.

Broods of young Grosbeaks also visit the elms & orchard daily. The young have a call which closely resembles the sad, autumnal plaint of the Bluebird. A loud, explosive cry, not unlike that of a Downy Woodpecker anxious about her young, is also frequently given, by the ad. ♀ Grosbeak as nearly as I can ascertain. Grosbeaks

Bowcord, Mass.

1893

July 17
(No 2.)

A little before sunset this evening I saw a flock of fifteen Chimney Swifts flying in a large circle over the Darby's house acting precisely as if they were preparing to descend into one of the chimneys to roost. Unfortunately I was unable to watch them for more than a minute or less during which time they kept flying around and around. When I came out of our house a little later they had all disappeared.

At frequent intervals last night between 9 and 11 P.M. I heard Swifts "mumbling" in our Chimney. What can they have been doing? The mumbling frequently occurred repeatedly at short intervals - certainly not over half a minute - thus leading me to conclude that they were not passing out of and into the chimney but merely hovering - or something of the kind - within it. Can they have been teaching their young to fly? The night was dark and clear. I also heard this ~~same~~ mumbling at various times through the day.

After tea I took my usual walk. There was a superb Evening walk sunset but I missed the best of it by turning into Darby's Birds singing lane and keeping on up the Darnsdale to Pratt's nursery at evening. & beyond. The evening was still and comparatively cool after the terrible sultry heat of the day. Birds of certain species were singing as freely as in June. Thus I heard several Robins, a Wood Thrush, two Cat Birds, three Oven birds (all gave the flight song) a Minotilla (midsummer warbler), a Black-throated Green Warbler, three Towhees, two Indigo Birds, several Song Sparrows, ^{two Grass Finches, a Field Sparrow,} three Chippies, a Maryland Yellow-throat, a Quail and (after twilight set in) a Whippoorwill.

This is about the height of the fire fly season. They light the meadows this warm evening with a myriad dancing fairy torches.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 18

Clear, nearly calm and intensely hot the thermometer rising to 98°. A heavy thunder shower at 6 P.M. after which the air was much cooler.

A cherry tree with ripe fruit near the Boutwicks' house attracts great numbers of birds. Stopping under it this afternoon and looking up for a moment I saw two Robins, a Crow Blackbird, a Grosbeak, six Baltimore Orioles and several House Sparrows, all eating the cherries. Most of the Orioles were young birds. They & the Sparrow pecked at the cherries; the Robins ate them whole. The Blackbird appeared to be suffering from the heat for it kept its bill open and panted visibly.

At 3 P.M. I started for Balls Hill in the open canoe. There was a light head wind so I had to paddle down. Robins, Song Sparrows & a few other common birds were singing in spite of the intense heat. A Crow Blackbird flew across the river with something in its bill which looked like a Snake. Of six or eight inches in length. It dropped it among some newly mown hay but on landing & going to the spot I could find nothing.

Landings at the Cabin I walked around & over Balls Hill. The blueberries are ripening and the Swamp was alive with birds, chiefly Cat birds, Thrashers and Song Sparrows. A Cat bird, Pine Warbler and Song Sparrow were singing.

Near the middle of the Swamp I came upon a family Redstarts party of Redstarts consisting of ~~both~~ old birds & at least three young. The old male was in fine black & orange plumage.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 18
(No 2.)

The shower confined me to the cabin for more than an hour which I spent in getting & disposing of tea. When the rain ceased twilight was falling. A Cherry, Robin, Song Sparrow & Black-throated Green Warbler song near the cabin, a Tanager across the river, several Swamp Sparrows in the marshes.

As I passed Mrs. Barrett's meadow several Red-wings were circling in the rank Phalaris grass where they were in the habit of roosting last year. Paddling close in to them I struck the water with the flat of my paddle when fully 100 Red-wings rose and flew off about half going down, the remaining half up river. Most of them appeared to be females & young. At the Holt, a little later, I started at least 200 all of which flew back towards Ball's Hill. It is probable that the 50 or 60 which went off to the westward from the Barrett meadow alighted at the Holt but even in that case there must have been three the number already settled at the latter place when they reached it, and as I saw no birds coming in to either roost it is probable that they are both frequented nightly by separate flocks of birds. They are about 400 yds. apart in an air line.

Roosts of
Red-wings.

As I was rounding the turn opposite Holden's Hill a very large Woodcock rose from the muddy margin under the maples and crossing the river disappeared in the gloom of the woods beyond. A little later as I was approaching the Holt what was doubtless the same bird passed me flying low & silently up river. When it rose the first time it whistled slightly not in the usual manner but more like a Duck the whistle being very faint.

1893

July 18
(no 3)

Soon after the Red-wings had been driven away from the roost on the Barrett meadow, in fact before they had quite disappeared in the gloom a flock of twenty Barn Swallows came dashing past flying low over the water, doubling & twisting like so many Snipe and making a great outcry as if alarmed or excited. After whirling about for several moments they swept in over the meadow and apparently alighted in the Phalaris at the very spot which the Blackbird had evacuated. I say apparently because I did not actually see any of the birds alight but merely lost sight of them at this point and failed to see them reappear against the sky or over the water lower down river. On several occasions last year I saw Swallows flying about this Blackbird roost at evening and once or twice was nearly sure that they alighted in the Phalaris although I never could settle the point definitely.

Barn Swallows

Repeatedly last summer I noticed that the swarms of mosquitos which frequently followed me up river at evening invariably left me at Phin's bridge. This evening I tested the question with some care. A large number of the little wretches had followed me closely all the way from the cabin. So long as I paddled at top speed they did not annoy me much but I could hear their humming in my wake. When I stopped they would close in around my head by dozens. I stopped within a few yards of the bridge & found that the whole pack were in close attendance. I then paddled slowly in under one of the arches & waited them for ten minutes or more. During this time I did not see nor hear a single mosquito!

Mosquitos
will not
follow a
boat under
Phin's bridge

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 19

Clear with two sudden, short but heavy showers in the afternoon. Wind N. to N.E.

To Ball's Hill at 9.30 A.M. for the day in company with C., E. R. S., W.D. and M.M. Hayward. On the way down saw a brown Eagle soaring over the meadows and a Red-tailed Hawk over Holden's Hill.

After dinner at the cabin I took most of the party to Davis Hill & Swamp. Few birds singing, a Wood Pewee at Davis Hill and a Pine Warbler on Benjamin's knoll.

Heard a Song-Bird Marsh Wren at Beane Dam Rapid but thus far have detected no Short-bills anywhere "down river".

After tea I walked with M.M.H. up the Estabrook road as far as Oak Meadow. The evening was still, rather warm & very damp. We heard a good many birds, Robins, then Wood Thrushes, Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Towhees, an Indigo Bird, Maryland Yellow-throat, Yellow-winged Sparrow (near Clarke's) and Whippoorwill.

There was an Indigo Bird singing on Ball's Hill this afternoon (the first that I have ever heard there) and another near Hunt's Landing on the river bank. Thus I heard them in all to-day. It is singular that I find so many more about Concord at this season than in June. Can it be that there is really an increase in the number of old birds or do they merely come to the neighborhood of the river from the remoter fields & pastures. They are in full song now at all hours. Can they be "second brooded"? I have never seen any proof of it but this midsummer singing is suspicious to say the least.

Indigo Birds

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 20

Clear, calm, hot in the sun. A fine midsummer day.

Despite the hot sun there was a quality in the air like September and the morning & evening were bracing fresh & cool. The air, also, was very dry & almost perfectly free from haze. These conditions seemed to please & excite the birds for such species as have not become wholly silent sang freely during most of the day. Early this morning & again at evening the singing seemed almost as vigorous and general as in early June but analysis showed that it proceeded almost wholly from the Robins, Sparrows, ^{birds} and Black birds the Mockers being represented only by two *D. aestiva*, who warbled listlessly a few times, and by two Pine Mockers which were singing freely at sunset. The Redwings, Orioles, Least Flycatchers, Phoebe, Bluebirds & Wilson's Thrushes were wholly silent & I heard only one Cat bird along a stretch of four miles of river. The Brown Thrasher has been silent ever since the month came in and I have heard the Marsh Wren but once. Robins, Wood Thrushes, Song & Swamp Sparrows, Towhees, Grass Finches, Yellow winged Sparrows, ^{Indigo Bun.} Meadow Larks, Redwings, and Quail are the most prominent & persistent songsters now. The Red-eyed Vireos are equally vociferous but the Warbling & Yellow-throated vireos sing only a little at morning & evening. Chipping & Field Sparrows are still singing but not at all freely. The Redwings have fallen off very decidedly during the past week but to-day I heard nearly as many as in June.

Of Batrachians the Bull & Green Frogs are the only species still in song & neither shows as yet any signs of abating. The Tree Toads ceased a week or more ago.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 20
(No 2.)

At 3 P.M. I started up river in the open canoe. There was practically no wind and I paddled as far as Clamshell Hill when a faint breath tempted me to hoist the sail. By degrees the boat freed itself, a brisk breeze and I sailed all the way to Fairhaven.

To Fairhaven

In the little meadow just above Heath's Bridge I heard a Short-billed Marsh Wren singing on the 14th. He was there again to-day and as I had taken my rubber boots I decided to look for a nest. But first I ran the canoe into a little creek and with my head just above the bank watched the meadow which. Presently ^a ~~the~~ ^{man}, the male, I thought, appeared flying low over the grass ~~took a short flight~~ and hovering a moment above the grass dropped ~~into it~~ ^{out of sight}. After a moment he reappeared and flew away to some distance where he ^{long} began ~~again~~ singing. Within five minutes he flew back to the same spot & again disappeared in the grass for a moment, then flew away again ^{I again heard the} ~~very~~ 50 yards or more distant.

Nest & eggs of
Short-billed
Marsh Wren

I had marked the spot carefully and now went to it. When I was within about 25 ft. my eye was attracted by a tangle of grass which had been bent down & intertwined leaving a slight open space above. To my delight these intertwined grass blades covered a nest which contained four fresh eggs. The entrance hole was of nearly double the usual size but well concealed by the grasses woven above & around it. From every side the nest presented the appearance of a green tangle of fine grass. It was about 15 inches above the ground. The grass was of the short, wiry kind known as cut grass. ^(Carex monilepis M. Donnell)

During his trips to the nest the ^{bird} ~~male~~, as far as I could see, had nothing in his bill. I left the nest unmolested in the hope that more eggs would be laid. (There were six on the 22nd and no more on the 23rd when I took the set)

(*) I was not able to trace the flight of the bird with sufficient accuracy to make sure that it was the same which I heard singing but I believe that such was the case.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 20
(no 3)

After reaching Fairhaven and bailing back & forth for half-an-hour listening to the birds that were singing about its shores I landed and walked past Staples's Camp up the wood path to the oak openings where the Hermit Thrushes used to sing. I fully expected to hear one or more singing for the sun was low down in the west and there was little wind but the notes of a Red-eyed Vireo and the distant whistles of a Lark were all the bird sounds that came to my listening ears. The deer flies were simply maddening in their attractions as I strolled slowly along this wood path and there were many mosquitoes, also.

It was a great relief to escape them by returning to the shore and pushing out into open water. I took my evening lunch off Martha's Point floating idly in the canoe in mid stream. The sun had set and the evening was calm & very beautiful. I could hear Red-eyed Vireos, Towhees, Song & Swamp Sparrows, Robins, Red wings etc. singing on every side. Swallows were flying up river in small flocks occasionally descending to the river to drink, dozens striking the surface in quick succession. At a distance where I could see only the flashes & chirps, the birds being invisible against a dark background of woods, it looked as if a school of small fishes were sporting & leaping.

I paddled all the way home reaching the Buttricks' just as the last rosy gleams of sunset were fading in the western sky.

1893.

July 20
(No 4)

I heard no less than five Hail whistling out-while this afternoon, one near Clamshell Hill, one at the Cliffs, one at Martin's Point, and the fourth beyond Coarctum. At least two of this number could not have been counted by me on the 14th. Since then one at least of the birds whistling this season between Clamshell and Pointy Brook. I have heard none along the Gotochuk road & none this month "down river".

Hail.

Shortly after sunset I saw a large flock of Swallows going to roost in an extensive thicket of button bushes just below Heath's Bridge. There were fully fifty birds, the majority Barn Swallows with perhaps a dozen White-bellies and four or five Bank Swallows. They alighted first on the tops of the bushes and gradually worked their way downward under the foliage by fluttering from twig to twig a few inches at a time. Sometimes a dozen were beating their wings vivaciously among the leaves at once and there was much twittering & chattering & pretty little flickings for the best places. All the while a good number of birds were flying about over the river feeding but one by one they joined the throng among the bushes and when I left all had alighted, which all but two or three had worked down out of sight. At first dozens of brick red and brown white breasts glowed in the strong light from the west but now there was nothing to be seen but the masses of dark foliage beneath which the birds were safely sheltered. During the whole time there ^{were no flights} ~~was~~ no sudden inrush, & no panic departures such as I have noted on former occasions.

Swallows roost

1893

July 20
(No 5)

As I passed the meadows about the French farm I saw a few Robins coming from the westward and pitching down into the maple woods. There was a roost in those woods last year and I do not doubt that these birds were assembling at the same place to spend the night but I did not see above a dozen in all.

Robin 10021

This is the height of the Dragon Fly season. The variety of species and the number of individuals to be seen during an afternoon paddling of a few miles on the river are simply incredible. In places to day there were thousands in sight at once, most of them the graceful, brilliant little Agrion.

Dragon Flies

At about 10 o'clock this evening as I was sitting in the house writing I heard through the open windows ^{in the direction of the house,} what I took at first to be a Cuckoo. but on going to the window & putting ^{out} my head ~~out~~ I got the sound more plainly a second time & at once ^{quite new to me,} recognized the fact that it was something ~~that I had~~ ^{new} heard before. There were fair cooing notes given more rapidly than those of a Cuckoo but slower than those of a Screech Owl & all on the same key. The tone, however, resembled that of the Owl when cooing & I suspect that Megascops was really the author of the sound which was repeated six or eight times in all, at short intervals, ~~in the direction of the house.~~ If it really was a Screech Owl it is the first that I have heard in Concord this year. I fear the long hard winter destroyed most of these interesting & useful birds.

Screech Owl?

1893

July 21

Concord, Mass.

A very warm day, clear with strong S.W. wind.

Goose Pond

To Goose Pond this morning with M. M. H. driving to Califf's and loading the horse back. As we walked ^{the path} in along the ridge ~~path~~ a Gray Squirrel bounded ^{the path} along ahead of us for several rods before taking to a tree. Red-eyed Vireos were singing in several directions and near the pond ~~see~~ number of Blue jays screaming. As we were skirting the shore I picked up the feather of a Red-shouldered Hawk and showed it to my companion. A few rods further on we flushed the Hawk himself from a tree overhanging the water. Literally no other birds were seen or heard in these woods, but in some pines near the shore of Holden Pond ~~we~~ heard a Wood Pewee ^{was waiting} and a Black-throated Green Warbler ~~both~~ singing. Thus the total number of species seen and heard during the forenoon's walk (others were observed which we were driving to & from the woods) was just five! Where were the Oven Birds and Tanagers?

Goose Pond was very pretty this morning. I have not visited it before this year ~~and~~ ^{nor} indeed ~~before~~ ^{ever} before in Spring or Summer so I was much interested in the slight invagination of its aquatic vegetation etc. which I was able to make as we walked around its shores. The surface of the water over large areas was densely crowded with the leaves and blossoms of the Floating Heart, the white flowers giving the dark green "pads" the appearance of being dotted over with snow or hoar frost. There were also a few clusters of Cow Lily pads but practically the *Najas* had possession of the entire pond. I have never seen it growing elsewhere in any thing

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 21
(no 2)

like to great abundance.

Beneath the surface the water was quite free from vegetation and clear ~~and~~ well as sweet to the taste. There were quantities of snails (i.e. young) frogs and many tadpoles in the shallow water near shore. The water was much higher than last autumn and came in close to the bushes. There were no ~~reeds~~ ^{nor} flags and practically no grass about the margin of this singular pond. What can possibly keep it so free from vegetation?

1893

July 22

Concord, Mass.

Clear with a strong S.W. wind which felt like the blast from a furnace for the day was oppressively hot. The temperature fell suddenly and considerably at about 5 P.M. when the wind changed to N. Shortly afterwards a violent thunder shower broke and was followed at short intervals by four other distinct showers, each accompanied by more or less lightning, wind & rain, the fifth passing at about 10.30 P.M.

At 10 A.M. I started up river in the canoe search for with the intention of having another try for Marsh Wrens' nests of nests in Panty Brook meadow. The wind was N. at first. I had and I sailed from Clamshell Hill into & across Fairham Marsh. Stopping to look at the nest (of C. stellaris) just above Heath's Bridge which contained six eggs to-day.

Beyond Fairham I met a stiff head wind which obliged me to paddle the remainder of the distance.

On reaching my destination I landed and lunched in the woods where the round-topped Cornel grows. Then I carried the canoe across the causeway and paddled up the brook a few hundred yards until the vegetation became so dense as to make further progress by water impossible. I now took to the meadow and walked straight up the middle until I came to the region inhabited by the Marsh Wrens. There were four males singing to-day, but although I tried faithfully in each locality I did not find so much as a "cock" nest. In one place I found the female who followed me about, holding. It was frightfully hot work and once or twice when the breeze failed for a brief space my brain reeled and I had to stop. I spent two hours in this useless search. Heard one Henslow's Sparrow singing.

Covered, Mass.

1893

July 22
(No 2)

It was about 4.30 P.M. when I regained the canoe pretty thoroughly exhausted. Reaching the river I hoisted sail and began skinning brightly homeward for the bridge had changed to S. and was blowing hard. But I had made scarce half-a-mile when it shifted suddenly to N. and I had to take to the paddle.

As I came in sight of Fairhaven a Wood Duck started from the City ponds on the right and flew out across the bay. It was an old drake in mixed plumage but showing a good deal of brilliant coloring about the head & neck.

At Camp Staples I stopped to take some lunch and as the first shower was coming up rapidly finally landed and sought shelter at the camp where I sat on the piazza a close prisoner until nearly 10 P.M. Then I started on again and paddled home in about an hour. It rained hard most of the way and the night was very dark but every now & then the lightning flashed bringing out very detail of river, field & woods. A few bull frogs trumped and fire flies were out in force. Once my bow struck some large creature, probably a big mud turtle, which made a loud & very startling splash for a moment & gave the boat a decided shake. A large fish, perhaps a bass, also startled me by rising directly under the rail of the canoe and rising a streamer of river weed which trailed on the water for a moment from the end of my paddle. All the while the flames of a burning building struck by lightning, doubtless, glowed in the eastern sky. My last adventure was near Nashawtuck bridge where a boat rowed by two men missed striking my canoe by scarce two feet of space.

1893

July 23

Clear with strong N. W. wind. Much cooler than yesterday with a further, more decided fall of the temperature late this afternoon the coming being almost frosty.

Up river with W. Deane in the forenoon rowing to Clamshell Hill and sailing thence to Fairhaven, stopping by the way to visit the Marsh Wren's nest near Heath's Bridge. The number of eggs had not been added to since yesterday so I assumed that the nest was complete and took both eggs and nest. The male was singing about fifty yards away when we landed. We walked briefly to the nest and stood within three or four feet of it for a minute or more, talking. Then I stooped to look in when the female darted out of the entrance hole and dropping to, or nearly to, the ground made off through the grass, probably springing from stem to stem but keeping so well concealed that I could not see her. The trembling of the stems served to trace her route & progress pretty accurately, however. After she had gone a few yards I rushed after her when she flushed and flew off slowly & heavily. The Bowles Bros. have never started a bird from the nest but in this instance I probably surprised the bird by approaching brightly and silently along the path which I had made during former visits. She came about as we were looking the eggs and uttered her scolding chew but did not again show herself. Yesterday when I was at the nest she kept flying from place to place in the grass near me carrying in her bill something white or whitish about half the size of one of her own eggs. The female

Aistothorus

Ostellaris

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 23
(No 2)

of the nest taken at Canton June 10th also came *Cistothorus*
about us with a similar whitish object in her bill. At *Hollis*
the time we supposed her to be feeding young of the first
brood but I am very sure there were no young in this
Heath Bridge meadow yesterday.

It was perfectly easy to see the eggs in this nest - or at
least most of them - by merely bending the nest over
so that the sunlight could shine in. They looked
very transparent and had a decided 'woy' tinge. I
rolled them out of the nest just as I always roll out
Song-bills' eggs and with perfect success although Bowles
considers it a dangerous experiment. The shells of these
eggs although thinner than those of the Song-bills' were
decidedly thicker than the shell of a Warbler's egg. They
had a slight pinkish before they were blown.

At Panty Brook yesterday I noticed that each
male *M. occipitalis* or rather monopolized an area
of several acres no two ^{male} birds flying nearer each other
than about 200 yards. Faxon thinks, & no doubt correctly,
that the scarcity of birds in this meadow this season
is due to fact that this meadow was entirely under
water at about the time of their arrival forcing
them to choose breeding grounds elsewhere. This theory
will also explain this total absence this season on
the Great Meadows below Concord.

A female Short-bill on Panty Brook meadow yesterday
came very near me hovering over the grass & dropping
into it uttering a hollowing churr or sometimes a low
chip or chup. I looked vainly for a nest but started
two full grown birds which I took to be young.

The great difficulty is hit upon the immediate vicinity
of the nest in such a sea of grass. I found no other nests.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 23
(no 3)

After packing the Marsh Wren's nest & eggs we sailed to Fairhaven and then started back running north of the way home. We saw no birds of any especial interest.

In the afternoon I went by train to Ball's Hill and beyond to Davis's Hill where I landed and spent half an hour examining the big trees most of which show no marks of serious injury from the fire of last summer. A Wood Pewee and Pine Warbler were singing in these woods. The sun was setting when I reached the Buttricks'.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

July 24

Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind.

Goose Pond

Walden &

Fairyland

I took W. Deane to Walden woods this morning. He was driven to Calipps and the carriage met us by appointment at Fairyland at 12.30 and brought us home. He had a delightful walk to and around Goose Pond, thence to Walden and last to Fairyland where we spent a good deal of time wandering about among the big pines and oaks on the top of the hill. In one of these trees - an oak - a Towhee in fine plumage was singing lustily. He watched him for ten minutes or more during which time he changed his position but over. He was sitting on a dead, moss-grown branch in the sunlight.

In the Goose Pond woods we heard literally nothing but a few Red-eyed Vireos. In the pond itself we saw several Painted Tortoises and one Mud Turtle of medium size - perhaps weighing twenty five pounds.

A Meadow Lark was singing in the fields near the Poor Farm as we were passing along the road on our way home.

In the Fairyland woods we heard besides the Towhee, several Red-eyes, a Wood Pewee and a Pine and Black-throated Green Warbler.

1893

July 27

Clear with N.W. wind. a fine, cool day.

I spent the 25th and 26th at Cambridge. This morning a party of us went to Ball's Hill for the day, C. driving down, Mr. & Mrs. Deane, E. R. S. and E. H. going in the dog and I in the Little Morris canoe.

Soon after landing I walked to the 3rd camp, Cooper's
see p. 10. On the way back while passing around the Hawks
glacial hollow I started two young Cooper's Hawks from the pines on the west slope. They were fully grown with long tails and ample wings. One circled around me and flew back towards the nest, the other alighted among the dead lower branches of a pine where he sat very erect with feathers drawn in long, long & slender & eyeing me somewhat doubtfully. I passed within 30 yds. of the tree without causing him to fly again.

In the afternoon as Deane & I were looking at some plants in the Ball's Hill swamp an adult of Cooper's Hawk passed directly over us heading towards the glacial hollow, flying low and very slowly, and bearing a bird in her talons clutching it apparently, with both feet and holding it close up to her belly. I could not see what it was but two old Kingbirds were following her closely harassing her after their usual fashion. As they pecked at the back of her head she would throw up her bill & flick at them but she kept steadily on her course the while. Under the abandoned nest we found a dozen or more small oblong pellets all composed wholly of feathers among which I recognized only ^{of those} those of the Robin & Black-billed Cuckoo.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

July 27
(No 2)

Bitterns

As we coming up river this evening we saw a Bittern flying over the meadows and another was started in the morning from a belt of reeds on the river from which it rose as we approached in the boats. Each bird while flying discharged a perfect shower of excrement. It is probable that the cutting of the grass on the meadows disturbs & drives the Bitterns from their usual haunts to the river banks. At least I have seen none this month before to-day and hay cutting on the meadows began only a few days ago.

Just above Phil's Bridge a Wood Thrush thrust his head above the surface a little in advance of the boats. Suddenly he raised the whole forward part of his body into view as if pushed violently upward at the same time pawing at the air with his fore feet. The next instant he sank slowly back out of sight. Then two turtles heads appeared near together & were withdrawn again. On paddling to the spot I found one Turtle of about fifty pounds weight and another of perhaps forty pounds facing each other threateningly, their heads ^{under water} only four or five inches apart, their moss-covered backs just showing. They remained thus for several minutes, then one thrusting up his head saw us when he at once swam straight for the bottom, the other following him. Doubtless we interrupted one of those terrible battles which these creatures are prone to, it is said.

Wood Thrush
fighting

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 29

Cloudy with high S.W. wind and light rain at intervals in the forenoon.

To Ball's Hill at 9 A.M. sailing down alone in the Stella Maris. I spent most of the day in or near the cabin writing and trimming trees by turns.

Bate in the afternoon while wading through some young pines behind the hill I came upon a mixed flock of small birds, the first that I have seen this summer. There were perhaps a dozen birds in all including several Chickadees, ^{two} a Chestnut-sided Warbler, Black & White Anfers, a Grosbeak, and a Canadian Warbler, the last ~~two~~ young birds in full autumnal plumage.

Kingbirds, although still numerous along the river, are beginning to diminish in numbers or at least to leave the immediate vicinity of the water.

Kingbirds

Few birds were singing to-day. Of course the weather had something to do with this but there has been a marked falling off during the last week.

Cessation
of bird
song.

1893

July 30

Concord, Mass.

Clear and warm with light W. wind.

Estabrookwoods.

With W. Deane I took a long tramp this morning in the Estabrook woods. Starting at 9.15 we went through Derby's Lane, up Duttons Lane to Bow Meadows, then by wood road to Bateman's Pond, next across country to the Estabrook place, down the Estabrook road and through the "Common Lot" woodpath to Peath's Spring and home by way of the fields & meadows behind Murray's meadow; the Buttricks at 1 P.M. Although very warm in the sun the wood paths and other shaded places were just cool enough to make a slow, quiet walk wholly delightful.

Long Sparrows, Indigo Birds, Towhees, Tanagers, Red eyes, and Black-throated Green Warblers were the only birds singing at all freely & continuously but in addition we heard one Mocking and one Yellow-throated Vireo, one Robin, one Chipping, one Field Sparrow, one Creeper, two Wood Pewees, and a Black-billed Cuckoo. The last-named gave the full cuc-cuc-cuc etc. song once at about noon. It is the only Cuckoo that I have heard since July 1st.

As a rule birds seemed very scarce in the woods to-day but I saw several small flocks and one very large mixed flock was met with near the old Estabrook place where the trees and bushes along both sides of the road for a distance of 100 yards or more seemed to be fairly alive with Warblers, Thrushes, Finches etc. We had no time to make a careful census of this flock but it must have contained fully one hundred in individuals and I fully identified the following fifteen species:

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 30
(No 2)

Merula migratoria (3 or 4), *Lindus cristatus* (1), *Salicoceros* (1), Large mixed
Haemaphysalis (2), *Helminthophila nigripennis* (6 or 8), *Dendroica* flock among
Asteria (2), *D. pennsylvanica* (4 or 5, all young in fall plumage), oaks along
Geothlypis trichas (6 or 8 young), *Seiurus aurocapillus* (1), *Pipilo* (2), *Estabrook* road
Habia (2 young), *Icterus galbula* (2 young ♀♀), *Colaptes auratus* (2),
Dryobates pubescens (♂), *Contopus virens* (2)

This is the first really large mixed flock that I have met
with this summer. Yesterday I saw the first small one at
Bobb's Hill.

I inspected the Phoebe's nest in the sand bank on
Dorby's Lane this morning and found it crowded with
young which were fully feathered and evidently nearly ready
to take wing. They filled it to overflowing and formed
a domed-shaped mass of brown plumage rising above the
rim each bird sitting with its head out & tail in like wading
bird. I found this nest June 30th when the ♀ was
apparently sitting but as the bank could not be
climbed I did not ascertain its contents. A single young
bird remained in this nest Aug. 4 at 10 A.M. & 7 A.M.

Phoebe's nest

At sunset this evening a Robin, Gray Sparrows, Grass Finch Birds
& Yellow Warblers were singing steadily near the house singing at
& a Red-wing fitfully on the meadow. Swifts were evening
cawing about in great numbers, and I counted 45
together flying over Mr. Dorby's house.

At about 8.30 P.M. I heard the chirp of a *First night*
Warbler flying southward. This is the first undoubted night migrant
migrant that I have noted this season. Another chirp
as I am writing - at 10 P.M.

The first Cicada July 28th then heard to-day

First Cicadas

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 30

(No 3)

The two Orioles met with to-day in a large mixed flock among oak woods on the Estabrook road a mile or more from any farm or clearing are the only ones which I have seen since the 24th when a single bird was observed among button bushes along the river near Clamshell Hill. They were abundant in the elms and orchards near the Buttricks' up to the 18th after which they wholly disappeared from the farms in that vicinity. It is singular what becomes of the old males at this season. I have not seen one since the 7th.

Baltimore
Orioles.

Chipping Sparrows are still singing pretty freely and just now (10 P.M.) I heard one give the full song in the trees outside my window the night before, still and clear.

Chipping
Sparrows.

Swallows were abundant in small flocks about the river and meadows up to the 23rd when I have seen only a few scattered birds. This morning I heard a Barn Swallow give the full twittering song and a solitary bird of this species was flying over Buttricks' Pond at noon. A friend who came from Marshfield on the 28th told me that swallows had been swarming there for several days. Our birds there have probably nearly all departed for the coast.

Swallows.

The Martins, however, have not left Concord yet. Indeed they have been exceptionally numerous during the past week. Most of them appear to be young but I heard the song this to-day. The crowds of young perch usually in leafy tree tops. Both young & old feed chiefly on oak woods & visit the river & meadows much less often than do the swallows.

Paspeh
Martins

1893

July 31

Concord, Mass.

Clear and very warm, the forenoon calm, a pleasant breeze from the S.W. during the afternoon.

I went to town in the forenoon, paddling to Red Bridge and walking the rest of the way. After spending an hour or two I returned by way of the Pritchards' park, a pretty little piece of low-lying maple woods through which winding drives have been made.

In the afternoon I rowed N. D. to Egg Rock and back. We spent a good deal of time picking up & examining eel grass (*Vallisneria*) in the vain attempt to find flowers or fruit. At Egg Rock we found *Utricularia*, *Myriophyllum* and *Najas* growing in close company. The last named was new to me. Pratt has recorded the Lotus (*Nelumbo*) and taken away all that grew near the channel of the river but far back in a cove, in shallow water close in to the rear of the lake we found ten or a dozen young plants one of which I took to place in a pond at Ball's Hill.

Robins, Chippies, Song Sparrows, Yellow-throated, Birds singing
Warblers, & Red eyed Vireos, sang freely this morning and more or less during the entire day. An old male Redstart, followed by a brood of young which he was feeding, was singing almost continuously in the Pritchards' woods. Before breakfast I heard a Flicker shooting & in the afternoon a Savanna Sparrow in good song near Egg Rock. Two Nuthatches visited one orchard this morning.

Concord, Mass.

1893

July 31
(No. 2)

On my way back from town this morning I passed near Mr. Edward Hoar's garden. To my surprise there were at least six Martins sitting on the edges of his bird house or peeping out of the holes. This colony must have bred late this season for the birds left the boxes on the river bank beyond Nashawink Bridge nearly a week ago and flocks of young Martins with their parents have ^{been} scattered ~~about~~ over the whole country about Concord for ten days or more. They seem to be unusually numerous and I think they must have been unusually successful with their young this year. Their voices sound pleasantly these still warm days coming from out the sky over meadows, fields & woods. So where I will the call of the Martin is constantly in my ears whereas in May & June I see or hear but few, away from the town. The old males are still "singing" freely.

Purple
Martins

Bobolinks have been very scarce of late. The wild rice, delayed probably by the protracted floods of last spring, is only just passing out of blossom and the grass on the meadows is so tall & dense that the Bobolinks cannot easily get at the surface of the ground so there is probably little or no feed for them along the river. I saw four then to-day, however. Two of the number were old males, one appearing to be in full spring plumage while the other had entirely lost his tail feathers and showed patches of yellow feathers among the black areas.

Bobolinks.

Concord, Mass.

1893. July

1. *Sialia sialis* 3² 4¹ 5¹ 6² 7¹ 12¹ 14¹ 15¹ 18² 29⁸ ^{ad} (P.M.)
2. *Merula migratoria* 1 2 3 4 5⁶ 6 7 8 11 12⁶ 13 14⁸ 15³ 16² 17³ 18^{*}
19-20 ^{small} 21 22 23 24² 25² 26 27 28 29¹ 30⁴ 31²
3. *Turdus mustelinus* 17¹ 19³ 32²
4. *Turdus fuscus* 3¹ 5² 6² 7¹ 12¹ 13³ 14³ 16¹ 18² 19 22¹ 23¹ 28¹
5. *Salpinctes obsoletus* 1¹ 3¹ 5¹ 6¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14² 15¹ 17² 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
6. *Harporhynchus rufus* 1¹ 16¹ ^(Buttrick's garden) 17¹ 18⁶ 23¹ 28¹ 30²
7. *Cistothorus palustris* 5² ^{great} 6² ^(do) 14² ^(big woods) 19¹ ^(P. Meadow) 22³ ^{near} ^(P. Meadow)
8. *Cistothorus stellaris* 14¹ 20¹ ^(nest) 22⁵⁻² 23²
9. *Parus atricapillus* 4¹ 5² 6¹ 8¹ 14¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 29¹ 30¹
10. *Minotetta varia* 3² ^{young} 4¹ 5² 6¹ 13¹ 14¹ 17¹ 19¹ 29² 30¹ 31²
^{(2) = midsummer warble}
11. *Dendroica aestiva* 1¹ 2¹ 3² 4³ 5² 6² 7¹ 12⁶ 13¹ 14⁵ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹
19² 20² 22¹ 23² 25¹ 28¹ 30⁴ 31²
12. *Dendroica pinus* 1¹ 2¹ 3¹ 5² 6¹ 13² 14¹ 18¹ 19² 20² 23² 24¹ 27²
13. *Dendroica virens* 3¹ 4¹ 13¹ 14² 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 21¹ 22¹ 24¹ 27¹ 30³
14. *Dendroica pinus glauca* 5² 6¹ 13¹ 14¹ 18¹ 19¹ 29¹ ^{young in} ^(full ant. fl.) 30¹ ^(do)
15. *Scirrus auricapillus* 1¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 15¹ ^(at evening) 17² 23¹ 28¹ 30¹

1893. July

16. *Geothlypis trichas* 1st 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 12th 13th 14th 17th 18th 19th 20th 22nd
23rd 27th 29th 30th (juv) 31
17. *Setophaga ruticilla* 18th (ad 24th young) 31st (ad with brood of young) (Pittsford, N.H.)
18. *Vireo olivaceus* 3rd 8th 6th 7th 12th 13th 14th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd
23rd 24th 30th (very little but continuous) 31st
19. *Vireo flavifrons* 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 7th 12th 13th 14th 18th 19th 20th 23rd 25th 26th
30th 31st
20. *Vireo gilvus* 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 12th 13th 14th 17th 18th 19th
20th 23rd 26th 30th 31st
21. *Vireo solitarius* 5th 23rd (Dani's Hill) 27th (Dani's Hill)
22. *Ampelis ceterum* 1st 2nd 3rd 5th 12th 14th 16th 18th 19th 23rd 28th 29th 30th
23. *Progne subis* 1st 3rd 5th 7th (at Concord) 12th (at Concord) 13th 14th (at Concord) 17th 18th 19th 20th (at Concord)
21st (at Concord) 22nd 23rd 24th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st (at Concord)
24. *Tachycineta bicolor* 3rd 5th 7th 12th 13th 14th 18th 19th 20th 22nd 23rd 29th
25. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* 1st 2nd 3rd 5th 6th 7th 12th 18th 20th 22nd 23rd (at Concord)
26. *Chelidon erythrogaster* 3rd (young ones) 5th 6th 7th 12th 13th 14th 18th (20th) 28th
29th 30th 22nd 23rd 29th 30th 31st
27. *Chondestes topasa* 3rd 5th 6th 7th 12th 13th 14th 18th 20th 23rd
28. *Piranga erythromelas* 2nd 4th 6th 13th 14th 18th 19th 24th 27th 30th
29. *Cardinalis purpureus* 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 11th 12th 13th 16th 18th
30. *Spinus tristis* 2nd (at Concord) 3rd 7th 13th 14th 22nd 24th 30th (at Concord)

1893 July

31. *Poecetes gramineus* - 1⁵* 2³* 3⁴* 4³* 6¹* 7²* 12¹* 13¹* 14²* 15²* 16¹* 17²* 19³* 20³*
 23³* 24³* 25¹* 27¹* 29¹* 30¹* 31¹* ^{song twice only}
^{Key's field - at sunset}
32. *Ammodramus passerinus* 1²* 2¹* 3¹* 4¹* 5¹* 6¹* 7¹* 8¹* 9¹* 11¹* 12¹* 16¹* ^(all song at intervals)
 19¹* ^{near} ^(Sunset feeding) 20³* 21¹* 22³*
33. *Melospiza fasciata* 1⁵* 2³* 3⁷* 4¹* 5⁽¹⁵⁾* 6¹* 7¹* 8¹* 11¹* 12¹* 13⁵* 14¹⁸* 16²* 17³*
 18³* 19³* 20¹⁰* 21²* 22²* 23²* 24²* 26¹* 27²* 28²* 29³* 30⁵* 31⁴*
34. *Spizella pusilla* 1¹* 5¹* 13¹* 14²* 17¹* 19¹* 20¹* 27¹* 30¹*
35. *Spizella socialis* 1¹* 2¹* 3¹* 12¹* ^(at night) 12²* 13¹* 14⁵* 15²* 16²* 17³* 18²*
 19³* 20³* 22¹* 23²* 24¹* 26¹* 27²* 29²* 30²* 31²*
36. *Passer domesticus* 12¹* ^{near} ^(at night) 17⁽¹⁰⁾* 18¹*
37. *Passerina cyanea* 1¹* 3¹* 15¹* 17²* ^(at night) 19³* 24¹* 27¹* ^{twice} ^(at sunset) 29¹* ^{once at} ^(at sunset)
 30³* ^(blue throat) ^(middle)
38. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* 1¹* 3²* 4²* 5³* 6²* 7¹* 12³* 13⁽²⁰⁾* 14⁽¹⁵⁾* 16⁽¹²⁾* 17⁽¹⁰⁾*
 20⁽³⁾* 22⁽¹⁰⁾* 23⁽¹⁰⁾* 29⁽⁵⁾* 31⁽⁵⁾* ^{2nd & 3rd minus tail & patch of yellow} ^{black}
39. *Agelaius phoeniceus* 1¹* 2¹* 3¹⁰* 4¹* 5⁽¹²⁾* 6⁷* 7⁸* 12¹* 12⁽¹⁰⁾* 13⁽²⁵⁾* 14⁽¹⁰⁾* 15⁽¹⁶⁾* 16⁽³⁰⁾*
 17⁽¹⁸⁾* ^(near D. river) 19⁽³⁰⁾* 20³* 21³* 22⁶* 23⁽¹⁰⁾* 24¹* 25¹* 27⁽⁵⁰⁾* 28⁽³⁰⁾* 29⁽²⁵⁾* 30¹* 31¹*
40. *Icterus ballinon* 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7¹* 11. 12. 13¹* 14²* 15. 16. 17⁽¹⁰⁾* 18⁽⁶⁾* ^{Cherry tree}
 24¹* 30²* ^{in mix of flock of Indigo B.} ^{dark woods near Oxtabrook place}
41. *Corvus americanus* 4⁽³⁾* 5⁶* 12⁽³⁾* 13. 14⁴* 18⁽⁵⁾* 19⁶* 20³* 21⁽⁵⁾* 22. 23. 24⁽⁶⁾*
 27⁽³⁰⁾* ^(at night) 30⁶*
42. *Cyanocitta cristata* 13¹* 14¹* 19¹* 21³* 24⁽⁹⁾* 30³*
43. *Anthostomus vociferus* 17¹* 19¹* 20¹* 29¹*
44. *Chaetura pelagica* 1⁵* 2. 3. 5⁽¹⁰⁾* 6⁽¹⁰⁾* 7. 8. 11. 12. 13. 14³* 15⁴* 16⁴* 17⁽¹³⁾* 18⁴*
 19²* 20¹* 21⁽²⁾* 22²* 23⁽¹²⁾* 24⁽²⁾* ^(Cherry) 27¹* 28⁽⁶⁾* 29⁴* 30⁽¹³⁾* 31⁽¹⁰⁾*
45. *Ceryle alcyon* 4¹* 13¹* 14¹* 27¹* 28¹* 29¹* 31¹*

1893 July

Concord, Mass

- 46 *Tyrannus tyrannus* 1³. 3⁶ (young 14-j). 5^{12c}. 6. 7. 11. 12⁶. 13. 14³⁰ (Count). 15. 16. 17. 18⁶
19⁶. 20¹⁰. 21. 22¹⁵. 23²⁰. 24. 27¹⁰. 28⁸. 29¹⁰. 30⁷. 31⁵
47. *Sayornis phoebe*. 4². 7¹. 12¹. 17² nest. 18 (Kins) 19 (do) 20² do 29¹ do. 30¹ ^{nest in nest} ^{planned 30 July}
48. *Contopus virens*. 7². 13¹. 14². 16². 19¹. 21¹. 23³. 24². 25¹. 27². 28¹
30². 31²
49. *Empidonax minimus* 1¹. 2¹. 3¹. 4¹. 5¹. 6¹. 7². 11. 12². 13². 14¹. 15². 16¹ ^{bird} ^{July}. 17¹
23¹. 29 (Ball's H.). 30². 31¹ ^{2 birds young} ^{bird} ^{chase in territory}
50. *Dryobates pubescens* 14¹. 28¹. 30²
51. *Colaptes auratus* 4². 5¹. 12¹. 13¹. 14¹. 16¹. 20¹ (Kins) 22¹. 25¹. 30². 31¹
52. *Actitis macularia* 1¹. 2. 3². 5². 6². 11. 12. 13. 14⁵. 16¹. 18¹ juv. 19² juv. 20⁶. 22³
23². 24¹. 27¹. 30¹ ^{old bird holding in} ^{field} - 31 (do)
53. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* 1¹. 5¹. 13 (at night) 30¹ ^{nest} ^{full eggs, one at} ^{nest given over about} ^{nest}
54. *Habia ludoviciana* 3¹. 4¹. 5². 6¹ [Milton] 10¹ 13¹. 14¹ ^{with} ^{young}. 16. 17. 18¹. 21¹
23² (Ball's H.) 27¹ ^{once at} ^{nest} - 29 (Ball's H.) 30² juv. 31 juv.
55. *Ballus virginianus* - 3¹ juv.
56. *Melospiza georgiana* 3¹. 5¹. 6¹. 13¹. 14¹. 18¹. 19¹. 20¹. 22¹. 23¹. 27²
29²
57. *Ardea virescens*. 3². 5¹. 6². 12². 13¹. 14¹. 16¹. 18¹. 19¹. 23². 27¹. 29²
58. *Zenaidura macroura* 4² (Harris form). 5². 13 (Ball's H.)
59. *Dryobates villosus* 5 (Ball's H. nest) - 6¹ ^{with} ^{young} ^{nest} (Ball's H.) 7¹ ^{with} ^{young} ^{nest} (Ball's H.)
60. *Accipiter cooperi* 5¹ ^{nest} ^{at} ^{Ball's H.} 13¹ ^{nest} ^{at} ^{Ball's H.} 27¹ ^{nest} ^{at} ^{Ball's H.}

1893 July

- 61 Sylvania canadensis 5-¹/₂ (Davis Swamp). 29 ^{young in} fall fl. (Ball's H.)
- 62 Sitta carolinensis 6 (Buttrick's elm), 7 (do), 18 (do), 29 (S. tree elm), 31 ⁽²⁾ (Buttrick's orchard)
- 63 Junco cinereus 6²/₃, 7⁵/₈, 12²/₃, 12²/₃, 14⁵/₈, 15⁵/₈, 18²/₃, 22⁸/₉, 28⁽¹⁰⁾/₉ Egg Rock, 31³/₄
- 64 Circus hudsonius 6 ^{♂ ad} (Ball's H.), 14 ^{♀ ad} (Buttrick's), 23 ^{♂ ad} (Harris's Bridge)
- 65 Pipilo erythrophthalmus 6 ⁽²⁾ (Davis's H.), 12¹/₈, 13¹/₈, 14³/₈, 17³/₈, 19³/₈, 20³/₈, 22¹/₈, 27³/₈,
30⁷/₈ (fully hatched, singing all the forenoon)
- 66 Molothrus ater, 6¹/₂, 11¹/₈, 12¹/₈, 17¹/₈, 18¹/₈, 19¹/₈, 22¹/₈, 23¹/₈, 25¹/₈
- 67 Sturnella magna, 7¹/₈ ^{Clamshell Hill}, 12¹/₈ (Clamshell H.), 14¹/₈ (Clamshell H.), 20¹/₈ (do), 22¹/₈ ⁽⁴⁾
^{nest on}
^{24¹/₈ June}
- 68 Ammodramus savanna 7¹/₈, 13¹/₈ ^{White B. meadow}, 14¹/₈ ^{Off Egg R.}, 16¹/₈ ^{do.}, 26¹/₈ ^{Off Egg R.}, 29¹/₈ ⁽²⁾
30 ⁽²⁾ ^{chirping in Marcy's meadow.}, 31¹/₈ ^{at Egg Rock.}
- 69 Ammodramus houstoni 12²/₈ (Dugan Butte m.), 22¹/₈ ^{Butte Brook.}
- 70 Colinus virginianus 12²/₈, 13²/₈, 14⁴/₈, 17¹/₈, 20⁴/₈, 22³/₈
- 71 Nycticorax nycticorax 12 ⁽²⁾ (Buttrick's at evening), 13⁽²⁾ (Ball's H. at eve)
- 72 Compsothlypis americana 14¹/₈ ^{Pine off the cliffs.}
- 73 Helminthophila ruficapilla 14³/₈ ^(in full song at P.A. H.), 19 (Ball's H.), 30 ⁽²⁾ ^{in large mixed flock, Estabrook fl.}
- 74 Anas obscura 6 ⁽¹²⁾ (River)
- 75 Philohela minor 18 ⁽²⁾ (River bank at evening)

Concord Mass.

1893 July

July

✓ 76 Haliaeetus leucoscephalus 19 ^{1 brown bird} (Ball's H.)

77 Buteo borealis 19 ^(ad. ♀) (Holden's H.) 29 ^{ad. ♀} (Holden's H.)

78 Megascops asio? 20 ^(♂ ad. note) _{at night}

79 Buteo lineatus 21 ^(Bore H.)

80 Aix sponsa 22 ^{♂ ad.} (Fairbanks)

81 Trochilus colubris 24¹ 25¹ 26 ^{♂ ad.} 30² ♀ green

82 Botaurus lentiginosus 27 [♂] in meadows.

Migration 30. First night migrant this evening, a Warbler singing in the sky at about 8.30. Night chor. & still - another Warbler chirps at 10 P.M.

Rana catesbeiana 22 [♂] 31 [♂]

" ^{cawing} clamorous during the whole month but decided falling off at close

Hyla verruculosa 30 [♂] _{in clear} at 6 P.M. Not heard before this month.

Cicada 28 [♂] 30 [♂]

1893.
Aug. 2

Concord, Mass.

Clear and cool with brisk N.W. wind

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. Sailing down and
paddling home late in the afternoon.

In the pine woods around the glacial hollow a
Pine and Black-throated Green Warbler were singing
freely at 11 a.m. Along the river I heard three Song
Sparrows, one Swamp Sparrow, two Field Sparrows (songs
(listless and broken) several Red-wings (all in large flocks
composed chiefly of young) a Phoebe (singing freely and
continuously at 10 a.m. on the river bank) and several
Yellow Warblers (all giving the listless midsummer warble.)
Besides these a Yellow-throated Vireo, Warbling Vireo, and
Chipping Sparrow were singing near the house in the
early morning. Robins were silent for the first time
although one sang freely last evening. The Grass Finch
and Indigo Bird should be given in the above list of
river birds for I heard one of each on my way homeward
this evening.

List of birds
heard singing

One of one little Cocking Sparrows whom I took with
me this morning started four Partridges on Benson's Knoll
where they were probably feeding on buckwheat. All looked
fully grown but as they rose together it is probable
that at least three were young.

Partridges

As I stepped out of the cabin this afternoon two
Green Herons flew out of the tops of the birches in
front of the door. At least one of them was a young
bird in autumn plumage.

Green
Herons

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 4

A sunny day, warm but not oppressively so, very hazy and, at sunset, cloudy in the north-west. Wind S., light.

I took a short walk after breakfast. A number of Yellow-throated Vireos were singing in the Buttricks' clump & heard as I left the house and an Indigo Bird on the Derby farm. In Derby's Lane I found a small mixed morning flock composed of five Chickadees, three Nashville Warblers, a Black-throated Green Warbler, a Chestnut-sided Warbler and a Grosbeak, all of which were hopping about and chirping at a big Gray Squirrel who was sitting on the branch of a pine near his nest barking hoarsely. The only bird singing in these woods was a Red-eyed Vireo and his voice had an unmistakable weary lottish quality, as did also the Indigo Bird's just mentioned.

Apparently I was just in time to note the departure of the Phoebe from their ~~house~~ nest in the sand bank for only one ^{young} was left in the nest, while another nest in Derby's sand bank was just picked on a willow near by. The old birds did not show themselves & I saw only three young.

As I crossed the fields on my way home two Grass Finches flitted on before me, but I heard no singing to-day.

The Martins are getting scarce but I heard at least one to-day. The bulk left us about the 1st of this month.

Grass Finches

Martins

Covead, Mass.

1893

Aug 4
(Ms 2)

In the afternoon I made a flying visit to Ball's Hill Country driving down with Mr. Hatch whose services were required to mend the pump in the cabin. suffering from drought

I was shocked at the appearance of the fields along the road which are now suffering sorely from the drought. Many of the grass fields were of a uniform brown color and the corn is drooping and withering. The foliage of the roadside thickets looked dull and dust stained. There were few birds visible & none singing.

The adult ♂ Orioles are coming out of retirement at last. On the way to Ball's Hill I saw one, apparently in good plumage, in an elm by the roadside not far from a house and another fluted over this evening near the Buttricks'. These are the first that I have noted since July 18th. But Faxon told me on Aug. 1st that he had seen them regularly up to that date in the elms about the hotel at E. Lexington and further that there had been a little singing each morning early up to that date.

Baltimore
Orioles
Ad. ♂♂
suffering about houses

As I was passing along the path at the foot of Ball's Hill next the river, early this afternoon, I saw ahead on the horizontal branch of an oak in the middle of a tuft of leaves something that looked like an Oriole's nest. I came nearly beneath it before I made it out to be a gray Screech Owl, a young bird about half through the moult between the downy (first) and autumnal plumages.

A young
Screech Owl.

He sat erect with feathers drawn in and eyes half closed, and allowed us to pass directly under him although the branch was barely 8 ft above the path. He had turned about when we returned and as we stopped to look at him flew and alighted high up on the hillside among some young pines.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug. 5

At sunset last evening there was a broad belt of clear sky in the N.W. but clouds were rolling closely overhead from the S.W. and by 8 P.M. a few drops fell. The air was warm and very dry, the newspapers predicted a clear and excessively hot day for to-morrow (5th), and our farmer neighbors agreed that there was no chance of continued rain. Nevertheless the clouds thickened and gradually overspread the heavens until they blotted out the clear stripe in the N.W. and the rain increased to a steady but gentle fall which lasted through the night. Soon after daybreak this morning it began raining very heavily and continued without the slightest cessation or abatement up to 10 a. M. After this a drizzle and clearing weather. The night was still with a puff of air very warm ^{the P.M.} from the S.W. At 8 a. M. the wind was N. to N.E. but not strong. Thus ended the long drought which since July came in has been broken by only a few short thunder showers.

I was restless during the night and awoke many times. At about 2 a. M. (I did not look at my watch) I was surprised to hear Chimney Swifts twittering outside the window. There seemed to be a good many of them and the sound of their voices indicated that they first circled about the house several times and then went off towards the south. When I first heard the twittering there were also several birds making their peculiar rumbling in the chimney but this soon ceased and was not again repeated. The night was dark and still at the time with rain falling gently & steadily. My impression is that these Swifts ^{were} starting on migration & that several birds roosting in our chimney emerged and joined the large throng.

Coveud, Mass.

1893.

Aug. 5
(No 2)

The chirping of Warblers passing overhead a few ^{thoughts on} nights since (July 30th & Aug. 2^d) has set me to thinking ^{Migration} about migration. On talking with Faxon about the matter I find that he fully agrees with me in regard to the following points:

1. That the first ^{southward} nocturnal flights of small land birds - especially of Warblers - start in the most southern localities where the species breed. Good evidence of this is the fact that many migrants occur on the Florida Keys at dates earlier than they are ever or often seen in Mass. (Cf. Allen's & Seale's papers & my collection.) The reason is obvious; - southern breeding birds migrate earlier than those which breed further north.
2. That the first movements in any given locality are composed chiefly if not wholly of local birds, individuals as well as species. In E. Mass. there can be little doubt that the first small birds which we hear ^{hearing} at night are Yellow Warblers, Black & White Creepers, Redstarts, Oven-birds, Nashville Warblers(?) etc. - species which rear but one brood and moult early. Evidence, - At about the time Warblers begin to be heard in the sky at night the species first named - with a few others - begin to diminish in numbers and this diminution continues until the country (as species) is well-nigh drained of them. Some of them reappear later, more or less numerous, but in company with, or on the same dates as, allied species which breed only further northward. If the more northern breeding individuals of our "summer ^{residents} ~~birds~~" started first many

Lowell, Mass.

1893

Aug. 5
(No 3)

would tally with us between stages and the number. ^{thoughts on} of our local birds be augmented for a time, which is never ^{the case.} migration

3. That in spring the individuals which breed with us are the first to arrive, the more southern breeders arriving later and those going furthest north closing the spring flight of each species.

Evidence - Taxon - I have both watched certain individuals which were among the first of this kind to arrive and which from some peculiarity of note or coloring or from marked attachment to a certain locality were easily recognizable and in repeated instances we have found that these early arrivals remained to breed at or near the place where they were first seen.

4. That in most if not all genera of land birds the species which breed furthest north are the first, and those which go furthest north the last, to arrive in spring. This rule is subject to but few exceptions. It is especially satisfactory in respect to the Thrushes, Warblers and Sparrows (eg Turdus fuscus T. alixia; Swainson motacilla vs. S. swainsoni & many others)

- ~~5. That in autumn the species which breed only to the northward of Mass. ^{pass us on the northward} ~~the~~ ^{migration} later than species of the same genus which breed further south.~~

5. That in most if not all of these genera the species which breed only well to the northward of Mass. do not return in autumn until their nearest allies among our local breeding birds have departed.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug 5

(No 4)

To sum the matter briefly migratory land birds - species or individuals or both - which breed the furthest south are the first to leave their winter quarters and to reach their summer homes. They are also the first to go south in autumn. The explanation is very simple viz the more southern breeding stations are ready for occupancy long before the more northern ones are freed from snow and ice or at least are in condition to supply the requisite amount & kind of food on which the ^{summer} ~~particular~~ birds depends. Thus a Warbler or Sparrow which breeds in Virginia can safely take up its summer quarters there a month or more before earlier than can another of the same species or habits at Anticosti or Labrador. And breeding so much the earlier of the two it is ready to take its young southward at a much earlier date in autumn. The logic of these conclusions is irresistible and all the available data relating to the ^{dates} ~~times~~ of migration in the South as compared with those recorded at more northern stations - Mass. for example - attest the probable truth of the theory as a whole.

Thoughts on
Migration

Individuals of any particular species must, during the spring migration, continually pass ^{perhaps} each other as the successive flights push northward over or by places which ~~at~~ have already been populated by their summer birds. In autumn, on the other hand, the flights must follow one another at least until the confines of the winter habitat have been reached after which there may be more or less passing.

Concord, Mass.

1893.
Aug. 5

I walked through Deby's Lane this morning in the rain. It was good to hear the pattering and plash of rain drops once more and to see the dripping leaves. The air was filled with fragrant scents reborn, perhaps, by the penetrating moisture. I saw no birds except a King bird and two Chickadees.

During the afternoon the conditions were apparently most favorable for free singing but I heard only three birds a Robin, Song Sparrow and Chipping. The last named ^{Close of the season of} ~~had singing~~ sang but once, the Song Sparrows several times at intervals, the Robin freely for several minutes.

After tea I walked with Mr. Hubbard along the Estabrook road to beyond Dutton's. The sky had clouded over again but the evening was still and cool. A Song Sparrow near the Buttricks' was actually the only bird that we heard until we were beyond Clark's when a Whippoorwill began and repeated its call just three times after which it elapsed into silence. Thus I heard in all the day only four species of birds! It is evident that this date marks about the close of the singing season this year.

+ During most of the afternoon a number of Barn Swallows were flying about over Mr. Hayes's field, coursing close over the stubble like hounds searching for a lost trail. It is one of the prettiest sights which the summer brings - these graceful, long-winged, fork-tailed birds skimming swiftly to and fro turning & returning abruptly and seldom leaving the boundaries of the field. It carried my thoughts back to boyhood & to England.

Barn Swallows

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug 6

Clear and oppressively warm. A thunder shower passing south of us at 5 P.M. gave Concord a light sprinkle but failed to cool the air. The evening was still, damp & sultry.

I walked through Derby's Lane this forenoon with D.C.F. and up the Estabrook road this evening with Mr. Hubbard. There was absolutely no singing at evening but during the forenoon and early afternoon I heard in all new species as follows: Yellow Warbler 1, Red eyed Vireo 1, Mocking ds. 1, Yellow-throated ds. 1, Song Sparrow 2 or 3, Grass Finch 1 (sang five or six times in quick succession at 1 P.M.), Chipping 1 (sang only once), Indigo Bird 1 (once), Red-wing 1. Of these not one single individual sang at all steadily or with much vigor. The Song Sparrows did the best; indeed so far as sweetness of voice and fullness of expression are concerned they showed no marked deterioration.

On referring to my July and August lists of last year I notice that several species ceased singing then on nearly or exactly the same dates as this year. Indeed the termination of the singing season in different years appears to quite as nearly (if not more) uniform as the date of arrival.

The last young Phoebe had left the nest in the sand bank where I looked at it this forenoon & I could find no signs of the brood in the neighborhood. They have probably betaken themselves to the river banks. Phoebe's nest

D.C. French tells me that a pair of Swifts are still feeding young in the chimney of his studio. This is their second nest, however, the first having fallen before the eggs hatched.

Swifts

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug. 7

A sultry day with two heavy thunder showers, one between 11 & 12 A.M. the other lasting from 4 to 5.30 P.M. There was a third last night between 12 & 1 A.M. Series of violent thunder storms

The shower this forenoon was remarkable in several respects. It began with torrents of rain and a violent W. wind. The rain soon changed to hail which fell thickly in lumps as big as Robin's eggs beating down corn and tearing the leaves of more delicate plants into shreds. Our vegetable garden was very seriously injured and scarce a lily pad in the river but was riddled with holes as if buck shot had been fired through it. The river this afternoon was nearly as turbid as the Mississippi at least as far up as the Mill Brook which was discharging a swollen stream of muddy water. Above the mouth of this brook the Concord was comparatively clear.

At the height of the storm this forenoon the wind suddenly lulled for a minute or so then began blowing again with great violence from the opposite direction that is East.

The afternoon storm was heavy but of the usual type. Just before it began as I was sitting in the canoe in Mr. Hayes's boat house at Red Bridge I heard a Yellow-leg whistle and the next moment five Totanus flavipes passed low over the bridge and pitched down into the Mill Brook meadow. If they alighted it was but for a moment for a little later I saw them rise over the trees and pass out of the meadow towards the S. E.

Totanus flavipes
on the river

Concord, Mass.

1883

Aug 7

(No 2.)

I found birds singing this afternoon as the thunder storm was coming up and others in the afternoon just before the second storm, in both instances most fully when the clouds were close upon us and the thunder rolling heavily. There was also a little singing just before sunset but in all I heard only eight or ten species and scarce twice as many individuals. There can be no doubt that the season of bird singing is practically ended for this season.

The Red-wings began on the wild rice along the river upwards of two weeks ago when it was still in blossom eating the staminate flowers as I satisfied myself by actual observation. They are now fast stripping the stalks of the grain which is green & milky & not nearly fully grown. The introduction of this plant into Concord River by some of the young sportsmen (Duby, Prescott & others) ten or twelve years ago has been a great boon to the Blackbirds and to the farmers as well by diverting the birds from the cultivated crops which they do not now molest at all at this season.

In my floating boat house I found early this afternoon at least seven Musk-rats. They were all very tame allowing me to creep in & to watch them from a distance of three or four feet. One old female was suckling a young about as big as a Chipmunk, lying on her side, ~~the~~ young pushing in under and biting against her belly. The mother meanwhile kept going on her offspring back with her teeth nipping rapidly as if to kill fleas. Another young of the same size as the first frequently came swimming along under board & climbing out & under board to bottom.

1893.

Aug. 8

Concord, Mass.

Cloudless with light N. to N.E. wind dying at sunset.
A very warm day, the afternoon positively sultry & oppressive.

Ball's Hill.

L. Ball's Hill with C. at 9 a.m. spending the day.
In the afternoon I walked to Davis Hill and along the Swamp ridge. Later I rowed C. to Davis Hill. We came up the river a little before sunset after the light wind had died wholly away. The air was very clear and the reflections in the water unusually fine.

The singing has been less in amount and variety to day than on any previous clear day this summer. A Chickadee (in full song at 9 a.m.), Yellow-throated Vireo, Warbling Vireo, four Yellow Warblers (midsummer number only of Cates) two or three Song Sparrows, one Swamp Sparrow, a Field Sparrow, a Flicker, an Indigo Bunting, and a Red-wing make the list, - ten species & fifteen individuals only.

Birds heard
singing

First Tree Cricket this evening. Four Mole Crickets along the river, later in the afternoon, were also the first I have heard but then I have not been down river in the late afternoon for a week or more.

First Tree
& Mole Crickets

Stopping out of doors at about 9 P.M. I at once heard Warblers hisping and chirping in various directions overhead. The sky seemed to be alive with them and the sound of their voices was nearly incessant up to 11 P.M. when I went to bed. This is the first really heavy nocturnal flight that I have passed over Concord this summer. I do not remember to have ever heard more birds within the same length of time.

First heavy
nocturnal
migration

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug 8
(No 2)

Somewhat to my surprise Tree Toads were calling Tree Toads freely this evening for the first time in nearly a year or a month. Outthink they were all in the trees. I heard one at short intervals for more than an hour.

Fully 100 Barn Swallows were flying over the meadows Barn Swallows opposite Ball's Hill this forenoon. I received a large portion of the flock without detecting any other species except the House Swallow of which I saw a single representative.

At evening however, as we were coming up river White bellied & Bank Swallows. five White bellied and seven or eight Bank Swallows were flying about our Hunt's "Pond" alighting in the tops of the white maples. There were a good many Barn Swallows also but nothing like the number seen in the forenoon.

As Swallows of all kinds have been scarce and at times almost wholly absent here ever since July 23rd Reappearance of Swallows I infer that the large number seen to-day have just come down from the northward. There were none anywhere except over the meadows.

A good many Swifts were feeding over the meadows Swifts and river at evening. A few, probably birds tied down by belated broods still linger about the farm houses in this vicinity & I saw a pair descend into a neighbour's chimney last evening.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug. 9

Cloudless and very warm with light S.W. breeze. The air, however, was clear and remarkably dry so that the heat was not oppressive.

+ Returning from D. C. F's Studio where I spent the forenoon I saw, at about 1 P.M., a flock of fully thirty Chimney Swifts high in air over the village flying in a large circle rising and falling in graceful confusion. Others were skimming about and above the trees and joining or leaving the main flock which revolved over the same spot as long as I was within sight. It looked as if they were preparing to start on migration. I heard at least one bird rustling in our chimney this evening.

Chimney
Swifts.

In the afternoon I went to Goose Pond with Mr. Hubbard and walked thence to Walden and Fairland where we were met by one of Fittler's men and driven home. It was oppressively hot in the woods for the first hour but after that as the sun sank behind the trees the air became fresher and charged with delicate fragrances. At Goose Pond we came upon a small mixed flock composed of two Kingbirds, four Blue Jays, five Chickadees and a Veery. A Kingfisher perched on a dead branch watched the water with intently although the pond contains no fish of any kind. Perhaps the numerous small frogs or big tadpoles interested him but we did not see him dive.

Goose Pond.

Two or three Song Sparrows, a Yellow-throated and Mockingbird, Birds
a Red eye and a Black & White Creeper were literally the singing
only birds heard singing during the whole day.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug 9
(No 2)

The mysteries of migration are innumerable and few of them well-nigh inscutable. Last night the hopping of Hares passing overhead was observed incessant from 9 to 11 o'clock. To-night with precisely similar conditions of weather & temperature did not bring one single bird so far as my ears could detect.

Migration

A Pickering's Hyla gave the autumn call to-night in the trees near our house. It is the first time I have heard its voice since last May.

Pickering Hyla

Blue Jays were heard screaming and chucking in several places this afternoon. The four seen at Goose Pond kept well together and acted like the members of one brood but they were in full plumage apparently.

Blue Jays

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 10

Clear, still and very warm, the atmosphere humid and biting.

Immediately after breakfast I paddled up river to the Club Boat house to meet Mr. Hill with whom I had an engagement to spend the day at Fairbourn but I found him unwilling to go on account of the excessive heat & after chatting with him for an hour or so I returned to the house. At 2 P.M. I started down river alone save for the company of the two little cocking sparrows which I took with me in the open canoe. The afternoon was spent walking about in my woods and after taking tea at the cabin I paddled home in the early evening, starting a little after sunset and arriving about dark.

To my great surprise two Short-billed Marsh Wrens were singing vigorously this afternoon in the meadows opposite Ball's Hill. The mowers were swinging theirscythes about their little domain and fast reducing the area of standing grass. These birds must have come to this meadow within the past week. I have not heard one before this season along the river below Concord.

Short-billed
Marsh Wrens

A Swamp Sparrow, several Song Sparrows and two or three Yellow Warblers were the only other songsters along the river this afternoon. The woods behind Ball's Hill were as silent as the grave but an Oriole, a Cuckoo bird & several Warblers were chirping or calling in the blueberry swamp.

Birds
singing

Concord, Mass.

1893.
Aug. 10
(No 2.)

On the 8th and again this afternoon I heard the Cosper's young Cosper's Hawks calling in the woods near the Glacial Hollow less than 100 yds. from the nest in which they were reared. It is singular that they remain so long near the nesting place. They still utter the whining cry and I do not doubt that they are still dependant on their parents for food, otherwise they would scatter in search of it.

As I was passing up the Beaver Dam Rapid at evening I heard Red-wings chattering in the wild rice on the right, where they have roosted for several seasons, and when I came opposite the place I struck the water forcibly with the flat of the paddle. Instantly a perfect cloud of birds rose with a startling crash and war of wings. There were fully 600 of them I should say. After wheeling over the marsh a few times they began to descend not in large squads but singly & independently. The greater number, however, flew off up river.

Roost of
Red-winged
Blackbirds

While sitting on the piazza of the Club boat house this morning I added three birds to my August list, a Marsh Hawk, a Bittern & a Solitary Sandpiper. The Marsh Hawk, an old male, was beating the meadows, the Bittern rose from the ledge across the river and alighted again just above the bridge, the Sandpiper was flying high heading down river.

Great numbers of Mute Auklets chirping this morning.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug 11

Another clear, hot day with more air than Ball's Hill yesterday but yet close & oppressive.

With the first glimmers of daybreak this morning a King bird began twittering and soon afterwards made a long flight. A few minutes later an Oriole fluted, repeating its song a dozen times or more. I heard no other birds until I awoke again at 7 A.M. when a Mocking & Yellow-throated Vireo and one or two Song Sparrows were singing.

Birds singing
in the early
morning.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill taking the two little Sparrows. While on my way down I saw two Summer Yellow-legs which, startled by the clatter of a hay wagon, rose from Long's meadow and, after circling a few times, alighted in nearly the same place.

Yellow legs

The two Short-billed Marsh Wrens sang all day long, at intervals, in the meadow opposite the cabin. The bird moved the position twice yesterday to a large area of grass which the mowers have not yet reached.

Short-billed
Marsh Wren

Yesterday I saw a flock of Crows, which I estimated to contain about thirty birds, at Ball's Hill. They were there again to day & I counted them accurately; there were thirty-eight. They were feeding on the recently cut meadows most of the time. When flying they kept well bunched. They acted on the whole like migrants from the north.

Crows

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 14

Clear with strong N. wind and bracing air. Frosts reported from N. Vermont last night.

The sultry, oppressive weather came to an end on the evening of the 12th when there was a light thunder shower with a good deal of wind. Yesterday was much like to-day, bracing & cool.

Both yesterday and to-day I went to Ball's Hill in the afternoon sailing down and joddlng back after a call at the cabin and a short walk in the woods. On the 12th I spent the day at the cabin with C. & Mr. & Mrs. H.

Yesterday I watched some Bobolinks working at the wild rice. They were eating the grain which, on examination, I found soft & milky and barely half grown. The bird would select a stalk that had been bent down by the wind or rain and pecking directly beneath its head on some stout upright stem would reach up and pick out grain after grain without moving its foothold. Thus they worked busily but with great deliberation and for the most part in perfect silence but occasionally the chirp call would be given & answered by scattered birds. They were difficult to see among the densely growing reeds. Once I thought I detected a bird eating the withered staminate flowers of the Zizania but I may have been deceived. I am very sure, however, that both Bobolinks & Redwings eat these flowers early in the season before the grain has formed.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug. 14

(Ms 2)

Kingbirds at this season roost in little parties (each consisting, probably, of a brood of young with one or both parents) on leafy branches of willows or white maples which stretch out over the water. Last night, as well as on another recent occasion, I started them or four birds after dark, from the same branch, by hitting the end of the branch with my head or shoulder while paddling past in a canoe.

King birds
roost in
family parties
over water.

The Yellow-throated Vireo and Song Sparrow are the only birds which I have heard sing fully and vigorously the past two days but this evening an Oriole fluted several times in succession in the elms near our house. The other species just named were literally all that I heard to-day.

Birds still
singing

Two great flocks of Swifts, one containing about twenty, the other over thirty birds, were flying about over the river a little before sunset this evening; one flock was near Holder's Hill, the other over the River Island. Neither flock changed its position or showed any tendency to drift, the birds being ^{engaged in} ~~busy~~ ^{flying}, darting to & fro within narrow limits at an average height of forty or fifty feet. They were very silent. I think the young have all left the chimneys now as I have seen no old birds flying about the houses for two nights past. On the night of the 12th I heard one humming in one chimney, however.

Swifts

1893

Aug. 16

Concord, Mass.

Clear and cool with light E. wind.

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill at 11 a.m. paddling down. After dining at the cabin I spent the afternoon trimming off branches that have grown out over the paths. I was in the woods altogether about two hours, during which time the only small birds that I saw were two Robins and a Red eyed Vireo.

The little Glanders flushed a brood of four Partridges on the north side of Ball's Hill. Two birds flew off over the swamp and two treed in the oaks. One of the latter chose for its perch a dead branch where it stood nearly upright craning its neck out and turning its head to watch the dog running about beneath.

Partridge in
a tree

On the way up river at evening I saw a good many birds, chiefly Red-wings, Bobolinks and Swifts. A Green Heron kept flitting on ahead and just above the Gut a Bittern was standing erect and motionless on the marshy ground a rod or two back from the water in a spot where the grass was too sparse & short to afford any real cover.

Bittern

The sunlight striking on the bird's yellowish plumage made it so conspicuous that I saw it when fully 100 yds. away. As I approached it began to crouch sinking down so very slowly that I could scarcely detect any vertical motion but at the same time swaying very noticeably from side to side. Its bill, all the while, was held pointed upward at the usual angle. It did not seem much afraid of me and I passed without causing it to fly. It looked like a young bird.

The marsh mallons (Hibiscus), in bloom to day for first time

Marsh Mallon

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 16
(No 2)

Chipping Sparrows, after an interval of perfect silence, Chippies returning
were singing again to-day - in the forenoon and just
before sunset.

I also heard a Robin this morning. It was evidently Robins
an old bird but it sang only brief snatches of the
spring song and then in low tones.

For several evenings past I have noticed Robins flying
towards the S. W. evidently flights to some roost, probably
the one in the maple woods near Clamshell Hill.

Robins are now in flocks and haunting the woods
and pastures where blackberries abound. I saw a flock
of about a dozen on the river bank this evening but
they do not come about the houses now.

Indigo Birds feed much at this season on wild rice. Indigo Birds
I frequently see or hear them in the belts of this grain and wild rice
along the margin of the river.

There can be little doubt that the bulk of our Yellow Yellow
Warblers left Concord on or about the 12th. Since then Warblers
they have been very scarce along the river. On my
way from Ball's Hill this evening I heard only one, and
a singing the low, warbling midsummer strain.

Our Martins have all gone. I saw the last (a single Martins
bird with white underparts) on the 11th.

A Purple Finch was singing briefly at intervals this Purple
forenoon in alders by the river. It is the only Finch
individual that I have noted this month.

Barnard, Mass.

1893

Aug. 17

Cloudy and cool with light E. wind and rain in the afternoon & evening.

I spent the day in Boston but saw and heard a good many birds during the walk to the depot in the early morning.

The most interesting were Baltimore Orioles or which Orioles I heard no less than three singing, one in Mrs. Barrett's orchard, the other two in isolated oaks (L. bicolor) on the meadows near the Causeway. All three were evidently old birds.

Soon after dark this evening I started up the Estabrook road with the dogs. Just as I reached the open hill top beyond the Burdells' I heard the faint chirp of a Warbler in the distance to the northward. A moment later it was repeated nearer, then directly overhead with great distinctness and finally faintly again to the south. There can be no doubt that the bird was migrating and flying very low down. It could not have ~~started~~ been long on its way for night had only just closed in. Hence I am forced to conclude that this bird had started ^{on migration} ~~from the wood~~ from some point ^{well} within the limits of the area covered by the ^{present} storm, ~~which~~ the weather here this evening was what a sailor would call "thick", the air being filled with fine rain and the clouds hanging low. There was scarcely any wind.

1893.
Aug. 19

Concord, Mass.

Clear most of the day with cool E. winds. Breezy cloudy.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. paddling down in the open
canoe and spending the day at the cabin.

The wild rice beds at the head of Beaver Dam Rapid Carolina Rails
were alive with Carolina Rails to-day. Scarcely a minute in the beds of
passed without one or more calling kik or ki-ki in wild rice.
sharp explosive tones and when I struck the water
with the flat of my paddle half-a-dozen or more
responded at once. I ran the canoe into the
reeds and watched the open spaces for ten or fifteen
minutes but not a bird showed himself. All the
while some bird (probably a Rail and perhaps P.
Carolina) concealed in a dense cluster of reeds within a
few yards of me kept uttering a singular a succession A sharp
of singular cries, most of them low and crooning but Rail's cry.
some sharp and grating like the scold of a hen.
I did not recognize any of these sounds & think I
have never heard them before. Of course the Carolina Rails
must have been migrants from further north. I heard
one in the reeds along the Holt.

Hawks are appearing on the meadows, as they always Hawks
do at this season. I saw ^{to-day} at least two Red. Shoulders
and one Red. tail. The latter was soaring in circles
over Davis Hill uttering the cry which resembles the
creaking of a rusty hinge.

Several Hawks & a Thrush ^{heard} migrating to-night at
about nine o'clock.

1893.

Aug. 20

Cloudy with light N.E. wind and a little rain at intervals in the afternoon. A gloomy day with lowering sky.

Ball's Hill

F. M. Chapman came from New York last night and joined us this morning at a little after nine. At 11 a.m. we started down river in the two canoes. There was almost no wind and the light was soft & restful. The only birds heard singing were an old and a young Song Sparrow and a Mocking Bird. Robins were chirping. Only one Hawk circled in the air at Beau Dam when we passed opposite it and struck the water with one paddles.

After dining at the Cabin we took a long walk and set about two dozen "cyclone" traps for mice and shrews. He saw two small mixed flocks of Titmice & Mockers and a good many scattered birds - Cat birds, Wilson's Thrushes etc.

At twilight was fathering a Black & White Auklet from the Mocking Bird, a Maryland Yellow Throat song twice on wing giving the full flight song each time, and a Wilson's Thrush near the Cabin sang brief notes in a low tone. He heard another Thrush calling on Golden's Hill and earlier in the day saw at least three more in the Davis group.

A number of Bone Swallows circling over the river at evening were joined by a small Bat which flew about with them for some time.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Aug 20

(No 2.)

While passing around the Glacial Hollow this afternoon we came upon a small mixed flock consisting of six or seven Chickadees, an Oven bird, a Solitary, Oriole and two young Chestnut-sided Warblers. They were high up in the pines at first and we had to "screech" a good deal to get them down into good view. Presently a Cooper's Hawk began screaming not far off and the next moment came flying through the trees and alighted on a low branch not ten yards from us and literally in the very midst of the Chickadees & Warblers which curiously enough showed neither surprise nor alarm but went on feeding or flitting about within a few feet or yards of their dangerous neighbor. Their confidence proved to be not misplaced for the Hawk a young female in fresh autumn plumage showed no desire to molest them but for a full minute sat erect & motionless regarding us with an expression of mingled surprise and suspicion. She then flew quietly away in the direction whence she had come but the moment we resumed "screeching" she returned and circling half around us alighted again. This was repeated half a dozen times or more the screeching never once failing to bring back the Hawk foot loose although she did not come quite as close as at first. Her approach was always heralded by a succession of shrill squeaking cries (ke-e-e-e) agreeing in form with those of the young just from the nest but louder, more penetrating, and more Jay-like in tone. Chapman thought the bird mistook our "screeching" for the call of its parent bringing food, I that it was looking for a wounded or entrapped bird, which it hoped to capture. It flew swiftly & when diving through the trees avoided the dead branches with care & grace.

Ball's Hill

Strange

behavior of a

Cooper's Hawk

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 21

A heavy N.E. storm began last night and lasted until noon when the rain ceased. The wind gradually banked into the N.W. and the sun peeped out before setting.

In the forenoon I visited the 23 Cyclone traps which Chapman set yesterday. Nearly half of them had been sprung but only two contained victims, both White-footed Mice.

During the whole time I was out the rain poured down in sheets and the woods shook & thinned under the fierce gusts of wind. An Osprey high over Davis Hill was soaring calmly, a fine sight. A young Cooper's Hawk, doubtless the same bird seen yesterday, was screaming in the pines near the Glacial Hollow & came around me when I "scumped". I heard a Wilson's Thrush & a Red-eye or two and saw a pair of Chickadees.

Chapman and I started for the Buttricks' at 5 P.M. The wind was now N. and still gusty & dangerous but we managed to sail about half the way without accident. About 15 Swifts accompanied by as many Chimney Swallows representing all five of our New England Hirundinidae Swifts (there was but one Martin & one Barn Swallow) were flying over the Beaver Dam Rapid. At Rice Island there were fully 150 Swifts dashing about close over the water & ledge. I have never seen so many together before. It would have been easy to kill one or more at each shot by firing at random through the swarm. They reminded me forcibly of goats despite the difference in their flight.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 24

Another heavy storm with torrents of rain and a violent wind, this time from the S.E.

In the afternoon I sailed to Bad's Hill and paddled back. The rain had ceased but the wind still came in angry gusts at times. The air was very soft & damp. Fleecey cloud masses down across the sky. The leaves were floated & tossed about, the maples showing silvery white in the distance.

Again great numbers of Swifts at Beane's Barn & Rice Island but nowhere else a high bird. Their marked preference for these tratches & river must be connected in some way with the presence of the wild rice which in both places forms extensive beds while elsewhere it merely fringes the banks. There were four Martins with the larger flock of Swifts and Swallows of them a few species in each. The Swifts dashed about at such tremendous speed and passed or crossed one another's lines of flight so closely that it seemed wonderful that they did not occasionally come into collision. Repeatedly this afternoon, as well as on many other occasions of late, a bird flying at full speed & passing close one's head made, with its wings doubled, a peculiar sound very like that of a humming top. Only a small proportion of the total number made this sound which, by the way, I do not recall ever hearing except at about this season. Perhaps it is produced only by the young or by adults at a certain stage of the moult when the wings are lacking a portion of the quills.

Concord, Mass

1893

Aug. 25

Clear and very warm despite a fresh E. W. wind which did before sunset.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a. m. Spent most of the day at Holden's Hill cutting down trees. Sailed all the way down and paddled home in the late afternoon.

Early in the afternoon I heard a Lesser Yellow-leg whistling over the meadows at intervals for some time but I did not succeed in getting my eye on it. Yellow-legs.

Two Night-hawks passed Ball's Hill at about 5 P. M. They were flying high towards the W. their usual course during migration at this place & season. Night Hawks.

A flock of Bobolinks feeding in the wild rice at Beaver Dam Rapid comprised fully fifty birds and I heard & saw others elsewhere. If any adult males remain here they are indistinguishable now from the females & young. Bobolinks.

Most of the Red-wings have already gone. I saw only 11 to-day, 8 together flying, 3 in a flock of Bobolinks. All were either females or young. On the night of the 20th I saw only a few Red-wings near Ball's Hill & all were flying past the Hill to the north the big loose at Beaver Dam being evidently abandoned although none of the weeds & grass have been cut. Red-wings

There were at least 6 or 8 Carolina Rails in the wild rice at Beaver Dam to-day. On the 20th & 21st none responded when I struck the water with my paddle. Rails

Concord, Mass.

1893
Aug. 26

Clear and very warm with light variable winds.

To Ball's Hill at 9.30 a.m. A brisk W. wind sprang up just as I was starting and after wafting me to my destination died away and was succeeded by several hours of dead calm. Late in the afternoon there was a light easterly air which took me to Perkins Hill on my way home.

The day was spent cutting trees at Holden's Hill. I saw few birds besides a Water Thrush and a family of Red-eyed Vireos accompanied by a Black & White Creeper, an adult male in autumn plumage which gave the warbling song several times. Two old male Maryland Yellow-throats also sang on wing. Besides these species the only bird heard in full song was the Yellow-throated Vireo in the Buttricks' elms, who sings regularly every morning for an hour or more.

There were Carolina Rails again to-day in both sides of the river at Beaver Dam Rapid about five birds in all I thought. When I fired a pistol they all exproluted at once.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Aug. 27

Clear and hot. A thunder shower passed to the N. late in the afternoon giving us a light sprinkle only.

Two Yellow-throated vireos were singing within hearing of the house this morning and our Warbling Vireo, which has been silent since the 22nd, joined them. Later in the day a Red-eye sang rather feebly & fitfully for a minute or two. Besides these species I heard only one Minioptila, which gave the warbling song, and a Maryland Yellow-throat which rose into the air & sang on wing. The Song Sparrows have been absolutely silent for nearly a week.

I spent the morning on the river paddling down as far as Davis Hill and returning in time for dinner. Saw two large Gray Squirrels on Holden's Hill and heard a Red Squirrel at Davis Hill. Stalked two Pitters, one at the Buttricks' Landing, the other a little above F. Lunt's Bridge.

Morning on the river.

At about 9.30, before the morning fog had cleared and the sun came out, I saw six King birds crossing the Great Meadows flying 100 ft or more above the earth & due south in a ~~compact~~ ^{loose} flock. They kept steadily ~~one~~ flapping their wings with perfect regularity & passing over the line of trees which fringe the river. I was satisfied at the time that they were migrating.

King birds migrating(?) by day

In the afternoon ^(at about 3 o'clock) a flock of 16 Robins passed overhead at a great height flying south and quite evidently migrating.

Robins migrating.

1893

Aug. 27
(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

Immediately after dinner I started with Mr. Hubbard & Mr. Buttrick on a long walk. We went through Mr. Rattle's fields and the Common Lot to the Lion Hill, thence across to Boteman's Pond and down past Bow Meadow & the Dutton farm. It was oppressively hot in the woods and the smaller birds were either very silent & quiet or very scarce for we heard only down Chickadees and the occasional chirp of a Warbler. The little Sparrows who accompanied us resorted very much & common of the woods but flushed no Partridges or other game.

I was greatly surprised to see no less than 26 Blue Jays together in a pasture near Boteman's Pond. They flew from down-birds into a large hickory and thence across the pasture to the woods. When in the air the back of the flock kept as close together as Blackbirds but then or four birds lagged behind & followed the others in straggling order. There was literally no screaming, not even a high cry in fact. They were moving south but not, I think, migrating at the time although there can be little question that they were collected together for the purpose of starting on a long journey.

A flock of
26 Blue Jays

On several occasions this summer when a thunder storm was coming up I have noticed Swallows & Swifts flying at a great height. Two Swifts this afternoon were wheeling about along the edge of the thunder cloud at fully 2000 ft. above the earth. They appeared to be feeding.

1893. August.

Concord, Mass.

1. *Sialia sialis*. 3⁽²⁾ 11² 12¹ 16⁶ 21¹ 22¹ 24¹ 27²
2. *Merula migratoria* 1⁽⁶⁾ 2⁽¹⁰⁾ 3⁽¹⁾ 4⁶ 5¹ 8¹ 9² 10² 11² 12² 13³ 14⁴ 15¹⁰
16⁽²⁾ 17⁽⁸⁾ 20² 21⁴ 24³ 25⁽¹⁷⁾ 27⁽⁶⁾ 30⁽⁵⁾
3. *Turdus fuscescens* 9^(Green Pond) 14^(Ball's Hill) 20⁽⁵⁾ 21¹ - 31^(Ball's Hill)
4. *Galuscoptes carolinensis* 4¹ 5¹ 10¹ 13² 20⁵ 26² 27¹ 28¹
5. *Harporhynchus rufus* 4² 6. 10¹
6. *Parus atricapillus* 2¹ 4⁽⁵⁾ 5⁽²⁾ 8¹ (to a.m.) 9⁽⁹⁾ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 16² 20⁽⁷⁾ 21⁽³⁾
25^{1st} 26^{1st} 27^{1st} 28⁽¹⁾ 30⁽⁵⁾ 31¹
7. *Miniotilta varia* 9⁽⁶⁾ 10¹ 11¹ 13^{1st} 20⁽⁸⁾ 21^{2nd} 26⁽⁸⁾ 27⁽³⁾ 28¹
31¹ (8) = Misheumum warble 7 ad.
8. *Dendroica aestiva* 1⁽²⁾ 2⁶ 3¹ 4⁽⁸⁾ 7⁽²⁾ 8⁽⁴⁾ 10⁽³⁾ 11⁽³⁾ 12⁽⁴⁾ 13⁽²⁾ 14⁽⁷⁾ 16⁽³⁾
17⁽³⁾ 19² 20²
9. *Dendroica nigrescens* 2¹
10. *Dendroica virens* 2¹ 4¹ 27^{1st}
11. *Dendroica pennsylvanica* 4^{1st} 20^{2nd} 21^{2nd}
12. *Scirrus aurocapillus* 2¹ 6² 20²
13. *Geothlypis trichas* 2² 8² 12² 13² 14² 16¹ 19¹ 20¹ twice at we. 24^{1st}
26^{2nd} 27^{ad 3} 28^{1st} 31^{3rd}
14. *Vireo olivaceus* 1¹ 2¹ 4¹ 6⁽⁶⁾ 7⁽⁶⁾ 9⁽⁶⁾ 10¹ 12¹ 14¹ 16¹ 18¹ 20⁽⁶⁾ 21¹ 23¹
24¹ 25^(Horn) 26^(Horn) 27⁽³⁾ 28⁽²⁾ 30⁽³⁾ 31⁽⁷⁾
15. *Vireo flavifrons* 1¹ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 14¹ 16¹ 17¹
18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 22¹ 23¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 30¹ 31¹

Concord, Mass.

1893. August

16. *Vireo gilvus* 1* 2* 3* 4* 6* 7* 8* 9* 10* 11* 12* 20* 22* 27* 30* 31*
17. *Amphisp. cedrorum* 2¹ 7² 8² 11² 12⁴ 13² 14¹ 19¹ 21² 25² 26. 27. 28¹ 31¹
18. *Progne subis* 1⁶. 2^{hd} 3^{hd} 4^{hd} 7* 10* 11¹ 20¹. 21^{1 juv.} 24^(4 juv)
19. *Tachycineta bicolor* 2¹ 8⁽⁷⁾ 17¹ 20¹. 21⁵ 24⁷
20. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* 1⁽³⁾ 2⁽³⁾ 3⁽³⁾ 4⁽³⁾ 5⁽³⁾ 6⁽³⁾ 7⁽³⁾ 8⁽³⁾ 9⁽³⁾ 10⁽³⁾ 11⁽³⁾ 12⁽³⁾ 13⁽³⁾ 14⁽³⁾ 15⁽³⁾ 16⁽³⁾ 17⁽³⁾ 18⁽³⁾ 19⁽³⁾ 20⁽³⁾ 21⁽³⁾ 22⁽³⁾ 23⁽³⁾ 24⁽³⁾ 25⁽³⁾ 26⁽³⁾ 27⁽³⁾ 28⁽³⁾ 29⁽³⁾ 30⁽³⁾ 31⁽³⁾
21. *Chelidon erythrogaster* 2⁽³⁾ 3³ 5⁽³⁾ 6² 7⁽³⁾ 8⁽³⁾ 10⁽³⁾ 11⁽⁷⁾ 12⁽⁵⁾ 13⁽²⁾ 14³ 16³ 17⁽³⁾ 19² 20⁽³⁾ 21⁵ 24⁶ 26¹² 27⁵ 28⁽²⁾ 30¹⁰ 31⁵
22. *Spinus tristis* 1* 2* 3* 6¹ 7* 10* 16¹ 17¹ 22* 23* 25* 26* 27* 30¹
23. *Pooecetes gramineus* 1* 2* 4² 6* 7²
24. *Melospiza fasciata* 1* 2* 3* 4* 5* 6* 7* 8* 9* 10* 11* 12* 13* 14* 16* 17* 19* 20* 22* 24* 25* 26* 27* 28* 30* 31*
25. *Melospiza georgiana* 2* 8* 10* 11* 12* 14* 16* 20* 24* 25* 26* 30*
26. *Spizella pusilla* 2* 8* 12* (6¹ only) 13* 25*
27. *Spizella socialis* 1* 2* 5* 6* 7* 12* 16* 19* 21* 22* 26* (10¹) 27* 30* 31*
28. *Passer domesticus* 1¹ 12
29. *Passerina cyanea* 2* 4* 6* 7* 8* (full song) 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17² 26⁽³⁾ 27¹ 30¹ 31¹
30. *Habia ludoviciana* 4¹ 7² 10¹ 11¹ 16¹ 30¹ (chick note heard).

1893. August.

31. Solichonx crucivorus 2^④ 4^④ 7^{hd} 8^⑨ 10^② 11^{③①} 12^③ 13^⑤ 14⁵ 16^⑬ (wired wire) 17
19^{②①} (wired wire) 20⁸ 21³ 24¹ 25^{⑦①} 26^{④①} 27^{hd} 28^{hd} 30^{⑥①} (wired wire) 31^⑤
32. Agelaius phoeniceus 1^{*} 2¹⁰⁰ 3^{*} 4⁵ 6^{*} 7⁵ 8¹⁰⁰ 10^{⑥①} (wired wire) 11¹⁰ 12^{⑤①} 13
14^{⑤①} 16^{③①} 17^{③①} 19^{③①} (wired wire) 20¹⁵ 21¹ 24¹ 25^{③①} 26^{③①} (all brown) 28^{③②} 30^{④①} (all brown) 31^{③①}
33. Luscalus cinereus 1⁻
34. Corvus americanus 1⁻ 2⁸ 8⁶ 9^⑥ 10^{③①} (Ball's H.) 11^{③①} 12^{③①} (all brown) 14^③ 19^{⑥①} 20
21^③ 26⁻ 27^{⑥①} 28² 31¹
35. Cyanocitta cristata 9^④ 25¹ 27^{②①} (all brown) 31²
36. Chaetura pelagica 1^④ 2² 3^④ 4^⑦ 5¹ 6^② 7² 8^⑥ 9^{③①} (all brown) 10² 11^④
12⁴ 13⁶ 14^{②①} 16^{③①} 17^{③①} 20⁶ 21^{③①} 22⁴ 24^{④①} 25⁴ 26² 27^{②①} 28⁷ 30^{③①} 31^{②①}
37. Tyrannus tyrannus 1² 2⁶ 4⁵ 5⁵ 6⁴ 7³ 8⁶ 9² 10^{③①} (Ball's H.) 11⁶ 12⁴ 13²
14⁵ 16² 19³ 20² 21² 22¹ 24⁷ 25² 26⁻ 27^{②①} 31^{③①}
38. Sayornis phoebe 2¹ 4² 5^{⑤①} (wired wire) 8^{④①} (wired wire) 11^{⑤①} 12¹ 13² 21² 25¹ 31¹
39. Contopus virens 1² 4^③ 7² 9^③ 10^③ 11^③ 13² (wired wire) 14¹ 19¹ 20^③
21^③ 26^③ 28¹
40. Empidonax minimus 2^③ 3^③ 10^③ 31^{white head}
41. Dryobates pubescens 6¹ 9² 11¹ 12¹ 14¹ 22¹ 28¹ 31¹
42. Colaptes auratus 7^{*} 8^{*} 9^③ 27² 30¹ 31¹
43. Actitis macularia 1/2 (photo field) 2³ 8² (wired wire) 10^{do.}
44. Ardea virescens 2^③ (Ball's H.) 8^② 9^③ (wired wire) 10³ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14² 16² (wired wire)
19¹ 24¹ 25¹
45. Buteo lineatus 2¹ 8¹ 10¹ 11¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 26¹

1893. August

- 46 *Bonasa umbellus* 2⁽⁴⁾ (Ball's H.) 16⁽⁴⁾ (Ball's Hill) 19⁽⁵⁾ (do) 20⁽⁴⁾ do. 25¹ do. 30² do
- 47 *Megascops asio* 4¹ juv (Ball's Hill)
seen in oak. 25¹ * ^{Ant. Threlk. et} ^{Ball's} ^{Greenough et} 26¹ * do
48. *Icterus galbula* 4^{ad} ^{seen} ^{2 (once in} ^{the} ^{marsh)} 10⁽¹⁾ (Ball's H. Swamp) 11³ ^{ad} (dry brook) 12¹ ^{1/2} * (do) 14¹ ^{juv (juv)} ^{ad} ^{seen} * (do)
- 17³ 18² 19¹ 20⁽¹⁾ (Ball's H.) 25¹ (juv) 26¹ (old man's H.) 30³ ^{ad} (Oak woods, Ball's Hill)
- 49 *Helminthophila ruficapilla* 4⁽²⁾ (Rushy lanes)
- 50 *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* - 4¹ juv (Lane near Benson's)
51. *Anthus vociferus* 5¹ * (note thin repeated at evening)
- 52 *Totanus flavipes* 7⁽⁵⁾ ^{fly over} ^{the} ^{brook} ⁶ ^{Meadow} 5 P.M. 11⁽²⁾ (4¹ Meadows) 25¹ ^{head -} (3¹ Meadows)
- 53 *Sitta carolinensis* 7⁽¹⁾ (Buttrick's elm) 9¹ do. 10¹ * 11¹ 14¹ 19¹ 27¹ 31⁽²⁾
- 54 *Olivicola riparia* 8⁽⁷⁾ 12¹ 13⁽³⁾ 14⁽³⁾ 17¹ 20¹ 21⁽¹⁰⁾ 24⁽⁶⁾ 26⁵
- 55 *Rallus virginianus* 8¹ ^{ki' ki' with} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{marsh} ^{and} ^{edge} ^{of} ^{river} 13⁽¹⁾ (lake)
- 56 *Scirrus noveboracensis* 8¹ ^{head} ^{chipping?} 20² 26¹ 31¹
- 57 *Ceryle alcyon* 7¹ 9⁽¹⁾ (Gorse Pond) 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 14¹ 19² 20¹ 26¹ 31¹
- 58 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* 9¹ 25¹ ^{juv} (do) 27¹ ^{juv}
59. *Cistothorus stellaris* 10² * ^{Off. Ball's H.} ^{3 P.M.} 11² * (do) 12¹ * (do) 16¹ * do 19¹ *
- 60 *Totanus solitarius* 10^(juv)

Concord, Mass.

1893 August

61. Circus hudsonius 10 ^{3 ad} (flying past Red Bridge) 13⁺ 14 ^{2 ad} (Hunts P.) 20 ^{2 ♀} 25⁺ 26⁺
62. Botaurus lentiginosus 10 ^{1 flying} (over Red Bridge) 14 (river bank) 16 do. 27 ² do. 28 ¹ do.
63. Accipiter cooperi 8 young whiting near Glacial Hills. 10 do. 20 ^{2 juv} do. 21 ^{3 juv} do.
64. Pranga erythromelas 10 ^{1 head} (Ball's Hill) 20 ^{2 ad worn out} (Davis Hill) 21 ^{1 ad} (Davis Hill).
65. Corpodacus purpureus 16 ^{2 ad} (Alders on river bank)
66. Buteo borealis 19 ^{2 ad. Davis Hill} (soaring & screaming) (rusty knife cry). 30 ^{Davis Hill} (high cry heard).
67. Perisoreus carolinia 19 ^{6 or 8 heard in} (Meadow) 20 do. 25 ^{in wild rice} do. 26 ^{4 or 5} do. 27 do. 28 ^{6 or 8} do. 30 ^{3 do} do. 31 ² do. (wild rice - three places).
68. Vireo solitarius 19 (Davis Hill) 20 ^{1 juv} do. 31 (cabin at Ball's Hill).
69. Dryobates villosus 20 ^{1 head} (Holdsen's H.).
70. Pandion carolinensis 21 ¹ (Davis H.).
71. Accipiter velox 21 (Hunts P.).
73. Chordeiles virginianus 25 ² (Meadows) 30 ^{1 flying over} (Hunts P.) 31 ^{1 flying over} (Hunts P.).
74. Tenaidura macroura 25 ² (flying over Meadows) 26 do. 31 (Davis Hill).
75. Setophaga ruticilla 26 ^{1 juv} 28 ^{2 juv}
76. Trochilus colubus 27⁺

Concord, Mass.

1873

August

- Migration. 2nd One Warbler heard about 9 P.M. Night still & clear.
 8th Heavy migration chirping & hisping almost incessant from 9 to 10 P.M. Night clear still & warm after a very warm day.
 11th One Warbler heard. 11 P.M. Night clear & warm
 12 " " " " " " " cloudy & cool.
 13 Several Warblers " 8 to 8.30 P.M. Night clear & cool.
 17 One Warbler, 8 P.M., night cloudy with fair rain
 19 Several Warblers, One Thrush; 9 P.M. " " but dry.
 21 " " " clear moonlight - cool.
 22 " " & Thrushes. Clear, warm, moonlight night

Hyla pickeringii 9th (at night) 10th do. 23rd do. 26th 2 do. 27th 3 in. ^{in. 28th} ^{in. 28th}

Hyla versicolor 3rd 6th 8th 2nd ^{Once called for} ^{imagined that they have} ^{at their usual} 9th 8th 10th 10th 2nd 25th 2nd (6 P.M.)
 26th 31st

Rana clamitans 3rd ^{several at} ^{night} 4th do. 8th do. 9th do. 31st (5 P.M.)

Rana hateriana 26th ^{Once at} ^{9 a.m.} 28th

" Catesbeiana 7th ^{only once} 16th ^{twice at} ^{2 P.M.} 26th ^{once at} ^{2 P.M.}

Tree Cricket 8th ^{the first heard} ^{this season} 9th 10th 11th 12th ^{gave} ^{up} 15th ^{first chorus to night} ^{for first time} 20th ^{Bellevue}

Mole Cricket 8th ^{Antenna} ^{Bellevue} 10th ^{do.} 12th 14th 16th 21st 25th 26th 27th 31st

Acrida 9th ^{(not before} ^{this month)} 12th 14th 16th 27th 30th

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 2.

Cloudy in the morning; the afternoon clear with high N. wind.

Down river at 2 P.M. sailing to Ball's Head where I landed and walked for an hour in the woods seeing nothing of much interest.

At frequent intervals the reports of guns came down on the wind, from the upper part of Great Meadows at first, then nearer and nearer, until at length four men and a pointer dog appeared on the strip of meadow opposite the cabin. I watched them for some time through my glass and became satisfied that they were shooting Wilson's Snipe. In all they fired at least twelve or fifteen ~~shot~~ times.

Snipe shooting

Three species of birds which are usually common in Concord up to this date or later have been apparently wholly absent this year for the past month or more. They are the Cowbird and the two Cuckoos.

Absence of
Cowbirds &
Cuckoos

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 3

Cloudless with clear, sparkling air and puffy W. wind. Very cold last night with slight frosts. The thermometer at the Partricks' stood at 38° shortly after sunrise.

I made a short visit to Ball's Hill this forenoon banking down and juddling back in time for dinner. Along the river I saw but few birds;—five Swifts flying together, three Bobolinks in one place and two in another, a flock of 25 Red-wings (counted), two or three Barn Swallows, an Indigo Bird, & several Song Sparrows. A Warbling and a Yellow-throated Vireo were singing near the house early this morning but the river banks and meadows have been silent for a week or more save for the chatter of Red-wings, the pink of Bobolinks, the twitter of Swifts and the various insect sounds. The rose mallow and iron weed are still in flower.

Leaving at the Cabin I walked north to Davis Swamp and back over Davis Hill. Started a brood of five Partridges in the Glacial Hollow and immediately behind Ball's Hill came upon a large mixed flock of small birds in mixed pines & birches. By keeping a little I coaxed them around me and made the following census. One Catbird, several Chickadees, two Nuthatches, two Yellow Warblers, one Black-throated Green Warbler, three Chestnut-sided Warblers, and two Redstarts. There were doubtless others that did not show themselves. In several other places I heard Warblers chirping but could not identify the birds. Saw a solitary Minivet and two Maryland Yellow-throats. Two of the Chestnut-sideds were old males in full autumn plumage showing a broad band of chestnut on the flank.

Mixed flock

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 4

Cloudless with strong N. to N.W. wind. A fine bracing day of the type characteristic of late September.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill looking down in the early forenoon and paddling home at evening.

The woods everywhere on my land appeared deserted of birds and the migrants seen yesterday must have passed on during the night. In a long walk this afternoon I could find nothing but a few Chickadees, then a few Robins and then Warblers together in some fives, one of which at least was a Black-throated Green.

A new lot of Swallows & Swifts appeared on the river this morning. There were several Barn Swallows, five or six White-bellies, two Bank Swallows, at least one Barn Swallow and a Martin, the last a young bird. There were also a dozen or fifteen Swifts scattered widely as were likewise the Swallows. A Night-hawk was feeding with them or four Swifts over Rice Island at about 6 P.M. ~~Started~~ A Wood Duck started from Hunt's Pond.

The Carolina Rails still linger in fair numbers in the wild rice beds at Beaver Dam rapid. I heard at least five there this afternoon. They utter a great variety of noises among which is the whining and a drawing version of the cr-c not much like the form used in the Spring & perhaps really different. Carolina
Rails

1893

Sept. 6

Concord, Mass.

Clear with strong N. wind. A fine, breezy day.

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill at 9.30 a. m. heading most of the way. Spent the day on the south slope of the hill near the cabin cutting down trees that were killed or irreparably injured by the fire of last year. A flock of Chickadees with two young Black-poll Warblers (the first I have seen) and a Red-eyed Vireo were flitting about among the oaks & pines near where I was working.

As I paddled homeward at evening I saw or heard along the river banks a solitary Red wing, two Bobolinks, a Phoebe, several Crows, a Swamp Sparrow, an Indigo Bird (in wild rice) several Song Sparrows, ~~two~~ Green Herons (both old birds apparently in full plumage) and a Wood Duck.

For the first time this season I failed to see a single Swallow of any species on the river to-day. The Swifts Swallows & were also missing. Both Swallows & Swifts were present Swifts in fair numbers on the 4th. I spent the 5th in Cambridge.

I put the little cocking spaniels into the bed of wild Carolina rice at Beaver Dam Rapids this morning & finishing off Rails with mid-stream watched the results of this active exploration of the ^{beds of} "matted" reeds & water plants. Within three or four minutes six or eight Carolina Rails showed themselves either taking short flights or slipping across openings a few yards in advance of the little dogs. Nothing else was driven out.

Concord, Mass.

1893
Sept. 6
(No 2)

The beds of wild rice along the river have been flattened by the recent winds & rain and the stalks have turned a pale, faded brown the result of ripening of the grain, evidently, for there are no signs of frost as yet. The Red-wings & Bobolinks have practically all left and the rice now attracts only a few Sparrows & Indigo Birds. Perhaps the Carolina Parakeets which still frequent it in considerable numbers are feeding on the fallen grain.

At 6.05 o'clock this evening, as I was walking up the hill from the boat landing, a Screech Owl began working in the pines at North Bridge & kept it up for a minute or more although the sun had not set (it was at least ten minutes high), and ~~still~~ ^{by} ~~did~~ ^{lit} the tops of the trees in which the bird was sheltered were bathed in sunlight at the time. This is the first instance of the kind that has ever come under my observation.

Screech Owl
working before
sunset.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 7

Cloudy ^{with} thunder showers, two passing near, the third over, Concord. Early morning cool, the afternoon & evening sultry.

Having some writing to do I spent the day in or near the house. So completely have the birds stopped singing that with my windows open I lay in bed for half an hour or more early this morning listening without hearing a single individual. In the forenoon a Nuthatch visited our elms & I heard Bluebirds & Chipping near by.

Late in the afternoon two flocks of Barn Swallows Barn Swallows
passed over the house. There were twelve birds in migrating.
one and twenty-five in the other flock. They were flying at a considerable height, directly south, and in much more compact order than when merely feeding or on the way to a roost. Hence I infer that they were migrating. An interval of less than five minutes elapsed between the disappearance of the first & the appearance of the second flock.

A single Swift accompanied one of the flocks of Barn Swallows or rather appeared at the same moment but it went off to the eastward and evidently was traveling quite independently. A solitary
Swift

Two Night Hawks also passed over the house at about sunset flying south & doubtless migrating but feeding a little by the way Night Hawks

1893

Sept. 9

Concord, Mass.

Cloudless with S. W. wind. Early morning cool but midday, Ball's Hill. afternoon, and evening warm.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a. M. ^{with} Mr. Hubbard taking the Mixed flocks two canoes. Just below Flint's bridge we came upon a large mixed flock which included several Bluebirds, a White-bellied Nuthatch, Chickadees (singing), a Pine Warbler (singing softly), two or three Black-polls, a number of Chipping & Song Sparrows, one Savanna Sparrow, a Goldfinch, a Downy Woodpecker and a Cat bird. They were congregated in the tops of the elms on both sides of the river and kept flying back & forth across it, shuttling wire.

At Ball's Hill we found an equally large flock of woodland birds, three Red-eyed Vireos, three Tanagers, a great number of Chickadees and Black-polls, a Red-Start, ^{two Downy Woodpeckers}, and a Pine Warbler. They were among the oaks and pines along the south slope of the hill. Near the cabin a Wilson's Thrush started up from among some pines, and several Song Sparrows were dodging about in the bushes near the path. Jays screamed at intervals and a Red-shouldered Hawk occasionally.

The Scarlet Tanager was an old female accompanied Young Tanager by her two young which, although in full autumn plumage, followed their mother about closely and begged continually for food uttering a monotonous hee, very like the call of a young Purple Finch, and ^{also} whew sound which was so nearly like that made by some young Red-eyed Vireos that I had just been watching that I could detect no difference. When approached by their mother the young Tanagers would squat down on their perches & quiver their half-open wings. I did not see her feed them.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 9

(No 2)

The forenoon was spent in planting hardocks. In the afternoon we took a long walk - to Davis Swamp and back by way of Bensons and the open fields. Two Brown Thrashers were seen and Chickadees and Black poll Warblers heard in several places.

As we were reclining on the ground under a large pine at the northern end of Davis Ridge small objects began falling in quick succession, rattling down through the branches and striking the ground all about us. On picking up one I found it to be the half of a cup of a large green acorn. There must have been a squirrel concealed in the top of the pine but we could see nothing of him.

During the descent of the river and while at Ball's Mill we had not seen a single Swift but at evening as we were paddling past Holden's Hill five of these birds appeared at a great height overhead and began descending and circling about after their usual fashion. Others followed them and still others until by the end of the next four or five minutes there were fully 75 darting back & forth over the river & woods. They all came from the North, as I could plainly see by watching the way in that direction, & evidently were migrating birds which merely made a brief halt to secure their evening meal. For the remainder of the way up the river Swifts were continually in sight either flying low and feeding or keeping on directly south at a height of 300 or 400 feet. All those which I saw after sunset were flying high & towards the South. There can be no doubt that what we witnessed was a reliable migration

Heavy migration
of Swifts

Concord, Mass.

1893

Sept. 9

(no 3)

Barn Swallows accompanied or appeared with, the
birds this evening although not one had been seen during
the day. There were not many - perhaps a dozen in all.
They flew about in small clusters scattering occasionally,
& feeding a little but as a rule keeping close together
& rather high in air. They acted as if they were
looking for a roosting place.

Barn Swallows
migrating

~~He stated~~ There was also an unusually heavy
and well-marked migration of Night Hawks beginning
at about 5 P.M. and lasting until nearly dark.

Night Hawks
migrating

They all came from the north east in ones, twos, and
threes and went off towards the south-west, a course
they invariably follow here. While crossing the meadows
they descended and fed for a few minutes by flying
about in irregular lines but none of them carried
long. Indeed I have rarely seen them appear to be
in greater haste to push on southward. He counted
18 birds in all.

As it was getting dark this evening I walked with
Mr. Hubbard to Dakin's Brook & back. Before the light
had faded in the W. Warblers began flying overhead
and for the next hour it was impossible to listen
intently for a full minute without hearing one or
more and often several would call in quick succession.
Evidently the sky was thronged with them. No doubt
they were the birds which came last night and
spent the day in the region about and to the westward
of Concord. The flight seemed to slacken at about 8.30
P.M. The night was clear, still & warm.

Heavy night
flight of
Warblers.

1893. September.

1. *Sialia sialis* 2⁽²⁾ 3^{hd} 4¹ 7^{hd} 8¹⁵ 9⁽⁸⁾ 10¹ 16^{hd}
2. *Merula migratoria* 2⁽⁵⁾ 3³ 4³ 8⁽¹³⁾ 9⁽⁶⁾ 13⁵ 16¹ 18⁽⁴⁰⁾ (N. Bedford.)
3. *Tarus atricapillus* 2⁽²⁾ 3⁵ 4⁽²⁾ 6⁽⁷⁾ 8⁽⁷⁾ 9⁽⁷⁾ 12⁽²⁾ 13⁽⁶⁾ 16^{hd}
4. *Harporhynchus rufus* 2⁽⁵⁾ 9² 10¹ 13⁽¹⁾ (Ball's #1)
5. *Vireo flavifrons* 1^{*} 2^{*} 3^{*} 4^{*} 13^{*}
6. *Vireo olivaceus* 2¹ 4⁽⁸⁾ 6¹ 9⁽³⁾ 10¹ 13²
7. *Vireo gilvus* 3^{*} 4^{*} 6⁽⁸⁾ 10⁽⁸⁾ 12⁽⁸⁾ 13^{*} 16^{*}
8. *Ampelis cedrorum* 2⁽¹⁶⁾ (Ball's #1) 4^{1/2} (Huntington's note) 8¹ do.
9. *Tachycineta bicolor* 2¹ 4⁵
10. *Chelidon erythrogaster* 2⁽²⁾ 3⁽³⁾ 4³ 7⁽²⁾ (Flycatcher's high up at house) 9⁽¹²⁾ (distant) (near modest)
11. *Melospiza fasciata* 2³ 3² 4⁵ 6² 8⁽⁶⁾ 9¹⁰ 10. 13. 16⁽⁸⁾
12. *Melospiza georgiana* 2¹ 4¹ 6¹ 8² 9¹ (once at house) 10¹ 13² 16¹ (once at house)
13. *Spizella socialis* 2. 7. 8⁽³⁰⁾ (Ball's #1) 9⁽¹⁵⁾ 12³
14. *Passer domesticus* 2² 13⁽⁷⁵⁾ (common)
15. *Spinus tristis* 2⁽²⁾ (2nd day) 9¹ 13¹

Concord, Mass.

1893 September,

- 16 *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* 2⁽²⁾ 3⁽³⁾ 4² 6² 9² hand 12¹ heard high in air flying over pasture at 7.30 a.m. 13¹ heard at 5 P.M.
- 17 *Corvus americanus* 2¹⁰ 3² 4⁽⁶⁾ 6⁽⁶⁾ 8⁸ 9¹⁰ 12⁽⁴²⁾ even P. 13⁽²⁰⁾ 17⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ Bull's H.
- 18 *Cyanocitta cristata* 2¹ 3² 9¹ 12¹ 13² 16⁴
- 19 *Tyrannus tyrannus* 2⁽³⁾
- 20 *Chaetura pelagica* 2⁽⁴⁰⁾ 3⁽⁵⁾ 4¹⁵ 7¹ 10¹ 13¹ 16¹ 19¹ 22¹ 25¹ 28¹ 31¹ 34¹ 37¹ 40¹ 43¹ 46¹ 49¹ 52¹ 55¹ 58¹ 61¹ 64¹ 67¹ 70¹ 73¹ 76¹ 79¹ 82¹ 85¹ 88¹ 91¹ 94¹ 97¹ 100¹ 103¹ 106¹ 109¹ 112¹ 115¹ 118¹ 121¹ 124¹ 127¹ 130¹ 133¹ 136¹ 139¹ 142¹ 145¹ 148¹ 151¹ 154¹ 157¹ 160¹ 163¹ 166¹ 169¹ 172¹ 175¹ 178¹ 181¹ 184¹ 187¹ 190¹ 193¹ 196¹ 199¹ 202¹ 205¹ 208¹ 211¹ 214¹ 217¹ 220¹ 223¹ 226¹ 229¹ 232¹ 235¹ 238¹ 241¹ 244¹ 247¹ 250¹ 253¹ 256¹ 259¹ 262¹ 265¹ 268¹ 271¹ 274¹ 277¹ 280¹ 283¹ 286¹ 289¹ 292¹ 295¹ 298¹ 301¹ 304¹ 307¹ 310¹ 313¹ 316¹ 319¹ 322¹ 325¹ 328¹ 331¹ 334¹ 337¹ 340¹ 343¹ 346¹ 349¹ 352¹ 355¹ 358¹ 361¹ 364¹ 367¹ 370¹ 373¹ 376¹ 379¹ 382¹ 385¹ 388¹ 391¹ 394¹ 397¹ 400¹ 403¹ 406¹ 409¹ 412¹ 415¹ 418¹ 421¹ 424¹ 427¹ 430¹ 433¹ 436¹ 439¹ 442¹ 445¹ 448¹ 451¹ 454¹ 457¹ 460¹ 463¹ 466¹ 469¹ 472¹ 475¹ 478¹ 481¹ 484¹ 487¹ 490¹ 493¹ 496¹ 499¹ 502¹ 505¹ 508¹ 511¹ 514¹ 517¹ 520¹ 523¹ 526¹ 529¹ 532¹ 535¹ 538¹ 541¹ 544¹ 547¹ 550¹ 553¹ 556¹ 559¹ 562¹ 565¹ 568¹ 571¹ 574¹ 577¹ 580¹ 583¹ 586¹ 589¹ 592¹ 595¹ 598¹ 601¹ 604¹ 607¹ 610¹ 613¹ 616¹ 619¹ 622¹ 625¹ 628¹ 631¹ 634¹ 637¹ 640¹ 643¹ 646¹ 649¹ 652¹ 655¹ 658¹ 661¹ 664¹ 667¹ 670¹ 673¹ 676¹ 679¹ 682¹ 685¹ 688¹ 691¹ 694¹ 697¹ 700¹ 703¹ 706¹ 709¹ 712¹ 715¹ 718¹ 721¹ 724¹ 727¹ 730¹ 733¹ 736¹ 739¹ 742¹ 745¹ 748¹ 751¹ 754¹ 757¹ 760¹ 763¹ 766¹ 769¹ 772¹ 775¹ 778¹ 781¹ 784¹ 787¹ 790¹ 793¹ 796¹ 799¹ 802¹ 805¹ 808¹ 811¹ 814¹ 817¹ 820¹ 823¹ 826¹ 829¹ 832¹ 835¹ 838¹ 841¹ 844¹ 847¹ 850¹ 853¹ 856¹ 859¹ 862¹ 865¹ 868¹ 871¹ 874¹ 877¹ 880¹ 883¹ 886¹ 889¹ 892¹ 895¹ 898¹ 901¹ 904¹ 907¹ 910¹ 913¹ 916¹ 919¹ 922¹ 925¹ 928¹ 931¹ 934¹ 937¹ 940¹ 943¹ 946¹ 949¹ 952¹ 955¹ 958¹ 961¹ 964¹ 967¹ 970¹ 973¹ 976¹ 979¹ 982¹ 985¹ 988¹ 991¹ 994¹ 997¹ 1000¹
- 21 *Noctilus columbis* 2¹ 8¹
- 22 *Colaptes auratus* 2¹ 8⁽³⁾ 9⁽⁸⁾ 12¹ 16¹
- 23 *Sitta carolinensis* 2¹ 7¹ 8¹ 13¹ 16¹
- 24 *Gallinago delicata* 2^(Gunnus Batis meadows with house, fired about 15 shots)
- 25 *Buteo lineatus* 2¹ 4¹ 8¹ 9² 12¹ 13¹ 16¹
- 26 *Passerina cyanea* 2^(Campfield) 3¹ 6^(old vic) 9² 16^{do}
- 27 *Passerina carolina* 2^(old vic) 3^(old vic) 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ 32¹ 33¹ 34¹ 35¹ 36¹ 37¹ 38¹ 39¹ 40¹ 41¹ 42¹ 43¹ 44¹ 45¹ 46¹ 47¹ 48¹ 49¹ 50¹ 51¹ 52¹ 53¹ 54¹ 55¹ 56¹ 57¹ 58¹ 59¹ 60¹ 61¹ 62¹ 63¹ 64¹ 65¹ 66¹ 67¹ 68¹ 69¹ 70¹ 71¹ 72¹ 73¹ 74¹ 75¹ 76¹ 77¹ 78¹ 79¹ 80¹ 81¹ 82¹ 83¹ 84¹ 85¹ 86¹ 87¹ 88¹ 89¹ 90¹ 91¹ 92¹ 93¹ 94¹ 95¹ 96¹ 97¹ 98¹ 99¹ 100¹
- 28 *Dendroica aestiva* 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ 32¹ 33¹ 34¹ 35¹ 36¹ 37¹ 38¹ 39¹ 40¹ 41¹ 42¹ 43¹ 44¹ 45¹ 46¹ 47¹ 48¹ 49¹ 50¹ 51¹ 52¹ 53¹ 54¹ 55¹ 56¹ 57¹ 58¹ 59¹ 60¹ 61¹ 62¹ 63¹ 64¹ 65¹ 66¹ 67¹ 68¹ 69¹ 70¹ 71¹ 72¹ 73¹ 74¹ 75¹ 76¹ 77¹ 78¹ 79¹ 80¹ 81¹ 82¹ 83¹ 84¹ 85¹ 86¹ 87¹ 88¹ 89¹ 90¹ 91¹ 92¹ 93¹ 94¹ 95¹ 96¹ 97¹ 98¹ 99¹ 100¹
- 29 *Dendroica pennsylvanica* 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ 32¹ 33¹ 34¹ 35¹ 36¹ 37¹ 38¹ 39¹ 40¹ 41¹ 42¹ 43¹ 44¹ 45¹ 46¹ 47¹ 48¹ 49¹ 50¹ 51¹ 52¹ 53¹ 54¹ 55¹ 56¹ 57¹ 58¹ 59¹ 60¹ 61¹ 62¹ 63¹ 64¹ 65¹ 66¹ 67¹ 68¹ 69¹ 70¹ 71¹ 72¹ 73¹ 74¹ 75¹ 76¹ 77¹ 78¹ 79¹ 80¹ 81¹ 82¹ 83¹ 84¹ 85¹ 86¹ 87¹ 88¹ 89¹ 90¹ 91¹ 92¹ 93¹ 94¹ 95¹ 96¹ 97¹ 98¹ 99¹ 100¹
- 30 *Dendroica virens* 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ 32¹ 33¹ 34¹ 35¹ 36¹ 37¹ 38¹ 39¹ 40¹ 41¹ 42¹ 43¹ 44¹ 45¹ 46¹ 47¹ 48¹ 49¹ 50¹ 51¹ 52¹ 53¹ 54¹ 55¹ 56¹ 57¹ 58¹ 59¹ 60¹ 61¹ 62¹ 63¹ 64¹ 65¹ 66¹ 67¹ 68¹ 69¹ 70¹ 71¹ 72¹ 73¹ 74¹ 75¹ 76¹ 77¹ 78¹ 79¹ 80¹ 81¹ 82¹ 83¹ 84¹ 85¹ 86¹ 87¹ 88¹ 89¹ 90¹ 91¹ 92¹ 93¹ 94¹ 95¹ 96¹ 97¹ 98¹ 99¹ 100¹

Concord, Mass.

1893 September.

- 31 Mniotilta baria 3¹
- 32 Helminthophila ruficapilla 3⁽²⁾
- 33 Setophaga ruticilla 3⁽²⁾ 9^{juv}
- 34 Geothlypis trichas 3^{♂ ad} 8^{juv} 9²
- 35 Ceryle alcyon 3⁽²⁾ 4¹ 7² 13¹ 16¹
- 36 Agelaius phoeniceus 3⁽²⁵⁾ 8^{1 juv} 13^{♂ ad, looked perfectly black} 16¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹ 32¹ 33¹ 34¹ 35¹ 36¹ 37¹ 38¹ 39¹ 40¹ 41¹ 42¹ 43¹ 44¹ 45¹ 46¹ 47¹ 48¹ 49¹ 50¹ 51¹ 52¹ 53¹ 54¹ 55¹ 56¹ 57¹ 58¹ 59¹ 60¹ 61¹ 62¹ 63¹ 64¹ 65¹ 66¹ 67¹ 68¹ 69¹ 70¹ 71¹ 72¹ 73¹ 74¹ 75¹ 76¹ 77¹ 78¹ 79¹ 80¹ 81¹ 82¹ 83¹ 84¹ 85¹ 86¹ 87¹ 88¹ 89¹ 90¹ 91¹ 92¹ 93¹ 94¹ 95¹ 96¹ 97¹ 98¹ 99¹ 100¹ 101¹ 102¹ 103¹ 104¹ 105¹ 106¹ 107¹ 108¹ 109¹ 110¹ 111¹ 112¹ 113¹ 114¹ 115¹ 116¹ 117¹ 118¹ 119¹ 120¹ 121¹ 122¹ 123¹ 124¹ 125¹ 126¹ 127¹ 128¹ 129¹ 130¹ 131¹ 132¹ 133¹ 134¹ 135¹ 136¹ 137¹ 138¹ 139¹ 140¹ 141¹ 142¹ 143¹ 144¹ 145¹ 146¹ 147¹ 148¹ 149¹ 150¹ 151¹ 152¹ 153¹ 154¹ 155¹ 156¹ 157¹ 158¹ 159¹ 160¹ 161¹ 162¹ 163¹ 164¹ 165¹ 166¹ 167¹ 168¹ 169¹ 170¹ 171¹ 172¹ 173¹ 174¹ 175¹ 176¹ 177¹ 178¹ 179¹ 180¹ 181¹ 182¹ 183¹ 184¹ 185¹ 186¹ 187¹ 188¹ 189¹ 190¹ 191¹ 192¹ 193¹ 194¹ 195¹ 196¹ 197¹ 198¹ 199¹ 200¹ 201¹ 202¹ 203¹ 204¹ 205¹ 206¹ 207¹ 208¹ 209¹ 210¹ 211¹ 212¹ 213¹ 214¹ 215¹ 216¹ 217¹ 218¹ 219¹ 220¹ 221¹ 222¹ 223¹ 224¹ 225¹ 226¹ 227¹ 228¹ 229¹ 230¹ 231¹ 232¹ 233¹ 234¹ 235¹ 236¹ 237¹ 238¹ 239¹ 240¹ 241¹ 242¹ 243¹ 244¹ 245¹ 246¹ 247¹ 248¹ 249¹ 250¹ 251¹ 252¹ 253¹ 254¹ 255¹ 256¹ 257¹ 258¹ 259¹ 260¹ 261¹ 262¹ 263¹ 264¹ 265¹ 266¹ 267¹ 268¹ 269¹ 270¹ 271¹ 272¹ 273¹ 274¹ 275¹ 276¹ 277¹ 278¹ 279¹ 280¹ 281¹ 282¹ 283¹ 284¹ 285¹ 286¹ 287¹ 288¹ 289¹ 290¹ 291¹ 292¹ 293¹ 294¹ 295¹ 296¹ 297¹ 298¹ 299¹ 300¹ 301¹ 302¹ 303¹ 304¹ 305¹ 306¹ 307¹ 308¹ 309¹ 310¹ 311¹ 312¹ 313¹ 314¹ 315¹ 316¹ 317¹ 318¹ 319¹ 320¹ 321¹ 322¹ 323¹ 324¹ 325¹ 326¹ 327¹ 328¹ 329¹ 330¹ 331¹ 332¹ 333¹ 334¹ 335¹ 336¹ 337¹ 338¹ 339¹ 340¹ 341¹ 342¹ 343¹ 344¹ 345¹ 346¹ 347¹ 348¹ 349¹ 350¹ 351¹ 352¹ 353¹ 354¹ 355¹ 356¹ 357¹ 358¹ 359¹ 360¹ 361¹ 362¹ 363¹ 364¹ 365¹ 366¹ 367¹ 368

1893 September.

- 46 *Piranga erythronelas* 4 ^{Green bird with (Oaks on}
^{black wings, 1 Tail (Holden's H.)} - 9 ^(as 8 & 2 young)
^(Holden's H.) 10 ^{1 calling chief alone}
^{at sunset on Holden's}
^{Hill.}
- 47 *Vireo solitarius* ♂
- 48 *Dendroica striata* ♂ 2 juv 8' juv 9' 12' 13' 16'
- 49 *Sayornis phoebe* ♂ (juv) 9' 10' ⁽³⁾ (juv) 13' (juv) 16' (do)
- 50 *Ardea virescens* ♂ ^{2 adults} (juv) 13' (juv)
- 51 *Zenaidura macroura* ♂ flying over G. Meadows,
- 52 *Megascops asio* ♂ ^{1 juv. seen at 6.05 P.M. North Chichester}
 ♂ at 6.05 P.M., North Chichester. ♂ at 10 P.M. clear
 at sunset but no moon.
- 53 *Dendroica virens* 9' ^{chase on}
 1/2 min tank
- 54 *Spizella pusilla* 9' ⁽¹⁾ on field
- 55 *Circus hudsonius* 9' 13' 16' ^{2 brown}
 birds
- 56 *Cortophas virens* 9' 12' ⁽¹⁾ (Loose P.) 1
- 57 *Galuscyptus carolinensis* 9' 10' 13' 16' ⁽³⁾ (juv. banks)
- 58 *Lurdus fuscus* 9' (Ball's H.)
- 59 *Ammodramus savanna* 9' ^{on breeding ground,}
 (juv. meadows)
- 60 *Coccyzus velox* 9' (juv. Hill)

Concord, Mass.

1893 September

- 61 Dryobates villosus 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Gron P.)
62 Phyaophilus otitarius 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Gron P.)
63 Spinus novboracensis 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Gron; Ann.)
64 Zotanus flavipes 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ (?) high on hill brook meadow.
65 Bastania longicauda 16 all heard there over Bell's Hill
at 8.15 P.M. Bird near but
not seen.

Boston to Portland Maine.

1893

Sept. 19. Sultry and rainy clearing at sunset.

Left Boston at 7.30 P.M. on Portland steamer. The sky was clear and full of stars, but a dense fog hung low over the water. As we were running down the harbor I heard migrating Warblers continually. They seemed to be wandering about aimlessly in the fog. After we were well out on the ocean they were also heard at frequent intervals. There has been more or less of a flight every night for the past week although the weather has varied considerably. Most of the Warblers migrating of late have been Black polls apparently. Their chirping is slightly different from that of the other species.

Boston to Portland Maine.

1893.

Sent. 20.

Clear and cool N.W. wind.

I missed the early (7.30 A.M.) train for Bethel and spent the forenoon sitting on the deck of the steamer reading. Also took a drive to the reservoir which burst last spring.

Started for Bethel at 1.30 P.M. arriving at about 5 P.M.

Although the ^{Autumn} coloring is not nearly at its height many ^{foliage} of the maples have turned and the ferns are everywhere golden or brown.

The wind blew a gale during the latter part of the afternoon and I saw no birds. The mountains loomed up finely against the evening sky but they had a cold and somewhat forbidding aspect.

Bethel to Lake Umbagog.

1893

Sept. 21.

Cloudless with N.W. wind the air perfectly free from haze.

Left Bethel at 10.30 A.M. in an open wagon, Mr. Lovejoy's brother driving, and reached Poplar tavern at noon. The mountains were wholly free from cloud or mist and all the details of cliff, trees etc. unusually distinct. The foliage was touched here and there with gold or crimson but on the whole the autumn coloring was less brilliant than that seen from the cars yesterday and certainly no brighter than in the woods about Concord when I left them. The high wind has doubtless driven most of the birds to cover, but I saw ~~two~~ large mixed flocks, one composed of Grass Finches, Chippies and Juncos, the other containing, in addition to these species, two Robins and at least a dozen Blue birds. An immature Bald Eagle, with whitish head and tail, soared majestically overhead as we were leaving Bethel and I saw a Solitary Sandpiper on Bear River near Poplar Tavern.

Small
birds.

Bald
Eagle.
Hatched

Bethel to Lake Umbagog.

1893.

Sept. 21.

(no. 2)

We dined at a farm house (Killgore's) just above Poplar Tavern. While the meal was preparing I walked down to the river where I started a Solitary Sandpiper from a bit of sandy beach bordering a pool. At 1.30 we resumed our way reaching Lakeside at about 4 o'clock. The wind abated as the sun sank in the west and the late afternoon was comparatively calm and the lights and shadows on the mountains singularly beautiful. Umbagog was very blue and ruffled by streaks of wind when I first saw it but it became nearly smooth before darkness set in.

Nothing seemed to have changed either along the road or near Lakeside during my two years absence. Indeed I did not miss a single tree or stump.

An adult Red-tailed Hawk soaring high above the woods, a flock of about thirty Tit-larks whirling over a grain stubble (at Thale Brown's) numbers of Juncos, Grass Finches and Chipping flitting about in the roadside thickets, a few Robins and Crows and now and then a Flicker startled by the rattle of our team from the green pastures or fields surrounding the scattered houses, Jays screaming in the woods, a Maryland Yellow-throat and two or three Hermit Thrushes in copses of mountain maples- these comprise all the species of birds that I was able to identify during the afternoon drive.

Red Tailed Hawk

Tit Larks

*Juncos, Chipping
Grass Finches*

Robins

Flicker

Bethel to Lake Umbagog.

1893.

Sept. 21. As twilight was falling I saw a small flock of Scoters *Scoters in*
(no. 3) pass Lakeside flying just above the water. The men on the *the Lake*
steamer afterwards reported seeing four or five flocks to-day.
One flock they thought contained upward of 100 birds. Shortly
after dark Jim Bernier heard a flock passing out over Upton Hill
There were none in the Lake on the 22nd.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Lakeside.

Sept. 22.

Cloudy and calm with light rain in the forenoon and a downpour in the afternoon.

At 10 A.M. I strolled out with Don and beat thoroughly the woodcock covers about Sweat's and hurriedly and superficially those in the Brown clearing. In the former Don found and pointed a Woodcock which lay in the brakes in an opening among spruces and gave me a very easy shot when it rose. This was the only game bird that I got--or saw--during the forenoon.

The woods and spruce-grown pastures were every where alive with small birds, not in flocks but scattered about singly or in small parties. The most interesting species noted were Red Crossbills, (a flock heard flying) two Pileated Woodpeckers, and a Horned Lark (flying over a grain stubble). Ten Black Ducks came from the direction of Upton and alighted in the Sargent Cove, where I also saw two Great Blue Herons.

4.30 P.M. Walking along the road to Sargent's. Rain over but trees dripping and mountains shrouded in mist. Pausing a moment at a spot (a little beyond the brook) where the road passes through a piece of woods, I am struck by the great variety of trees and shrubs about me. White pines, hemlocks, arbor vitae, ~~red~~ and white spruces, elms, yellow and paper birches, great-leaved poplars, (nearly 100 feet tall) aspens, yellow and

A trail
along the
brook road.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Lakeside.

Sept. 23. canoe birches, red, sugar, mountain and striped maples, alders

(no. 2) naked viburnums, hobble bush, red stemmed cornels, white and black ashes, -all these rise above or around me, and larches and beeches are not far off. Some of the sugar maples are deep crimson, the mountain maples ~~coppery~~ orange to pale yellow, the poplars and ^{birches,} old gold-but most of the foliage is still green. The road is bordered on both sides by scattering asters and golden rod, tall grasses and frost browned brakes. As I stand in the solitary road writing these notes, a crow is cawing and cows are lowing in the distance. About me is the steady rustle and patter of the rain (which has begun again) falling on and through the foliage. Now a Red Squirrel winds his clock. I have moved a few rods and stopped again in a little opening shut in by spruces among which a Chickadee and several Golden crests are chirping. A large flock of Titlarks pass overhead coming from the Lake and flying southward, doubtless on migration. A Sharp-shinned Hawk suddenly glides across the road like a shadow and alights on a fence post within 20 yards of me, sitting erect and still with breast towards me-a young female. The Chickadees and Kinglets chirp and the Hawk darts towards them like a flash of light and disappears among the dense evergreens. I listen for the scream of a captured bird but hear nothing save the usual cheery chirps and calls. Now a Hermit Thrush begins clucking among some elders. Sheep bleat in a pasture beyond the woods and a cow

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

10 Small Island The Great Road

Sept. 22. bell sounds at intervals.

- (no. 3) A hawthorne near me is laden with dark red fruit and the lighter more brilliant red of the berries of Viburnum opulus gleam among the thickets along the roadside. A sharp tchep in some alders attracts my attention to two Blackthroated Green Warblers getting their supper. Both are young birds. They are very active but occasionally pause and stretch up their necks to look at me.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point.

Sept. 23.

The sun shone brightly most of the forenoon but a bank of clouds in the west rose and finally overspread the entire sky. Winds light and variable. Air warm.

Left Lakeside in the steamer at 7.30 A.M. with Jim and Will Sargent. We landed at Pine Point where we spent the fore-noon preparing a place for our camp and cutting away the trees and bushes that interfered with the views. Fresh deer tracks were to be seen everywhere. A Red Squirrel was snickering, Jays screaming, both species of Chickadees chirping, a Nuthatch whining, a Kingfisher rattling by the shore, a Pileated Woodpecker shouting ⁱⁿ the distance. A Cooper's Hawk skimmed past among the trees. One Robin heard. Also a Black backed and Hairy Woodpecker.

After lunching we separated, the men going off in the boat in search of timber for our camp, I taking a sail in the canoe, crossing first to Moose Point and thence beating down the Lake to B. Point where the steamer overtook me.

The marshes at the outlet are in fine condition for Ducks but much too wet for Snipe. I saw nothing there except a Great Blue Heron. Out in the Lake I sailed within about 200 yards of four Scaup Ducks, all males with black heads and four adult Velvet Scoters swimming with them. Also saw three Loons, very

Butter marshes

Guards

Scamps

Loons

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Sept. 23. noisy giving the woo-lu-oo-o cry and also uttering a peculiar
(no. 2) low cup which I do not remember to have heard before.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1898.

Lakeside

Sept. 24.

Cloudless with strong, gusty north-west wind.

Spent the day at Lakeside taking a sail on the Lake in the fore- Sailing
noon and again just before sunset when the wind had fallen to on the lake
a good whole sail breeze. Saw two Eagles and several Herons Eagles, Herons
and heard a yellow-leg (flavipes) whistling in Sargent's Cove. See September
At about 9 P.M. a pair of Great-Horned Owls began hooting on B. Buto
Point and kept it up for half an hour or more.

Alva Coolidge came from Moll's Rock in the forenoon. He Abundant
reports seeing at least five hundred Ducks at Moose Point last of Lakeside
night, more than he has ever seen there before. They have been Moose Pt.
molested but little thus far, he says.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point.

Sent. 25. A gray sky and strong south-east wind which covered the ^{I go into} Lake with white caps and drove occasional showers of fine rain ^{Comp. then} across the landscape.

^{for the}
first time.

With Jim Bernier and Will Sargent I left Lakeside on the steamer at 8 o'clock this morning. We took with us my entire camping outfit and landing on Pine Point pitched the tents in a grove of young birches interspersed with firs, spruces and arbor vitae. The afternoon was spent in clearing away the ^{Clearing the} under growth and making a path to the ^{ground.} water's edge.

At 5.30 P.M. I rowed to Moose Point taking Don. Pushing ^{Moose Pt.} the boat in under the bank on the south shore I waited for the ^{at evening} Ducks. The first I saw were two Wood Ducks which swam out of ^{Wood Ducks} the grass near me. As I put up the gun one rose and I shot it. The other swam back into the grass. Both were young birds scarce able to fly. About 25 Black and Wood Ducks came into ^{Black Ducks} the marsh as it was getting dark but I had no more shots. ^{Wood "} Heard a Solitary Sandpiper and a Snipe. ^{Snipe.}

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point.

Sept. 26. A perfect day, warm cloudless with strong north-west wind falling to a steady breeze in the late afternoon. At day break a Loon Floating ^{off} ~~over~~ our camp made the woods ring with his loud ~~Loon~~ quavering cries. At night a Great-Horned Owl was hooting in the ~~Buck~~ distance and in the spruce woods near camp some night bird ~~Saw-whet~~ which I took to be a Saw-whet, uttered, at short intervals, a ~~Quail~~ loud whistle much like that of a man calling a dog. (About a month later, after I had left the Lake, Bill Sargent shot a Saw-whet (doubtless this same individual for it was in the same place) in the act of uttering this whistle.)

I spent the forenoon cutting a path out to the end of the Sailin spruce point. In the afternoon I sailed to B. Point and back. on ~~Boat~~ ^{flying} Saw two Bonaparte Gulls, ~~Bonaparte~~ about over the Lake. At Moll's Rock, ~~Bonaparte~~ where I landed to get some water from the spring, a pair of ~~Full~~ Great Horned Owls were hooting although the sun was still half ~~Bubos~~ an hour high. To Moose Point at evening taking Don. Saw about ~~hooting~~ 20 Black Ducks, as many Wood Ducks, three Great Blue Herons, ~~Coos~~ three Pectoral Sandpipers and an Owl, probably a Short-eared Owl. Shot a Wood Duck and missed a Black Duck with the other barrel. ~~Duck~~ I then got a shell stuck and disabled the gun after which, ~~Shooting~~ naturally enough, I had several good chances. The Ducks were very tame, especially Aix of which several alighted near me.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point.

Sept. 27. Another beautiful day after the fog which was very heavy in the morning, but cleared.

H. M. Spelman came on the steamer and joined me at camp at about 9. A.M. We spent the morning getting his tent pitched and his things arranged. In the afternoon we crossed to Moose Point where I first beat the marsh in search of Snipe, flushing Snipe two one of which I shot. The ground was in fine condition and shooting so thickly chalked that at first I supposed there had been a heavy flight of Snipe but the matter was explained when at Pectorals, length I started a flock of fully thirty Grass Birds. As they rose I made a double shot and afterwards killed two more.

We then took positions on the bank and waited for the even- at Evening Shooting noon 11 ing flight of Ducks. Only a few scattered birds came in. Spelman killed a Black Duck and I wounded a Wood Duck which went Ducks out over the Lake and was lost. A calm evening. Dytiscus beetles rising beetles rising and flying about. Some small Bats also.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Sept. 22.

Clear with light southerly winds during the forenoon changing to N.E. and blowing fresh at evening with clouds overspreading the sky.

Moose Point

At 10.30 A.M. Spelman and I crossed to Moose Point where we spent about two hours on the marsh. I shot 14 Grass Birds *Pectorals.* and 2 Rails. Spelman 3 Grass Birds. Of these Sandpipers there was a flock of about 30 and perhaps half as many ^{more} scattered birds. Most of my birds were shot singly and all flying. I killed eight in succession without a miss. Started only one Snipe. *Snipe*

At evening we went again to Moose Point. There was a good *Evening* flight of Ducks, fully 50 coming in. Spelman was ^{well} posted and *flight of* got ten or a dozen shots getting down only one bird which fell *Ducks* in the Lake and was lost. Only a few birds came my way. I fired four shots and killed one Black Duck.

In the afternoon Spelman and I blazed a trail to the cove north of Pine Point. We found the woods very beautiful with large trees and but little undergrowth. On reaching the cove and looking out through the stubs we saw a flock of thirteen *Gossander* Sheldrake swimming about close to the shore. One climbed to the top of a large rock and went to sleep in the sun.

Late in the afternoon we came suddenly upon an old male *Partridge* Partridge, doubtless the same bird which has been drumming these

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Sept. 23. last three days behind the camp. He was sitting on a log (not
(no. 2) the drumming log) with neck stretched up. As we advanced he
flew.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Sept. 29.

Cloudy with rain. Wind strong from S.E.

Spelman and I spent the day about camp cutting paths and putting in moorings for his and my canoes and attending to similar small matters. The evening was so rough that we did not go to Moose Point as usual.

Charley Tidswell who joined us this morning reported a "Sea Ducks" large flock of Scoters in the Lake near Great Island. The men ^{in the} on the steamer fired a number of times at them with rifles and ^{shot.} revolvers.

Jim went to the "Pond" ^{in the River} for trout but caught none. He found the Bull Moose men at a bark peeling camp greatly excited about a large bull seen ^{one} Moose which at about 2 P.M. passed within twenty yards of their ^{the} Camp. camp and within a still less distance of some of the men. No shots were fired at him so he pursued his way peacefully finally swimming across the pond to the islands which he explored thoroughly although there is now a house on one of them. His tracks led directly past this and not ten feet from a boat turned up on the beach. The men said he had a fine set of horns.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

1893.

Sept. 30. A sunny day with drifting cloud masses and most violent north-west wind.

The Lake was covered with white caps and the waves so *Sailing on*
high that Spelman and I were tempted to try our canoes in the *the Lake*
rough water off the point where we sailed and paddled about
for an hour or two without further harm than a good wetting.
This was in the forenoon.

After dinner we crossed to Moose Point where we found two *Moose Point*
flocks of Grass Birds, a Bonaparte's Sandpiper with one *lot* and *Bonaparte's*
Semipalmated with the other. The Grass Birds avoided the marsh *Pectorals*
to-day (although its condition has not changed) and clung close-
ly to the narrow sand beach along the outer bank although we
fired a number of shots at them. I could not help fancying
that the waves breaking on this little beach attracted them
perhaps by reminding them of the shores of the Ocean.
Spelman killed seven Grass Birds and the Semipalmated Sandpiper
I two Grass Birds and the Bonaparte's Sandpiper.

The marshes to-day, as on our former visits, were simply *Visits*
covered with chalkings which, as we could start no Snipe, I *Snipe*
attributed to the Grass Birds but as night was falling while we
were lying in wait for Ducks the Snipe appeared in considerable
numbers coming singly, evidently from a considerable distance

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Sept. 30. and from every direction, circling over the marsh at a
(no.2.) great height and then shooting down nearly vertically on half
closed wings. Those that passed near us made a noise (doubtless
caused by the air rushing through their wings) very nearly like
the hiss of a whip lash. It is evident that these birds feed
at Moose Point only at night and spend the day in places where
there is more cover.

Evening at Moose Point

Only a few Ducks came in to-night. I missed a single bird
which looked no larger than a Teal but had a disproportionately
long neck and large head. I killed a Wood Duck, a young drake, *Wood Duck*
one of a flock of five that passed behind me attracting my
attention by the whistling of their wings. Dytiscus beetles *Dytiscus*
were continually rising from the marsh and mounting skyward un-
til lost to sight. They must take very long flights. Sailed
to camp after dark through a rough, ugly sea.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 1.

Cloudy with violent N.W. wind and occasional dashes of rain. A gloomy and uncomfortable day.

Pine Point

We spent the forenoon in camp reading, writing and practising with our pistols. In the afternoon Will Sargent discovered two Black Ducks in the cove above Pine Point. I tried to stalk them but when I got to the outer edge of the drift wood they were still too far away for a shot. I watched them a long time as they swam about tipping up their tails and feeding in the shallow water. At length I tried the desperate chance of slipping over the top of a ledge to gain the shelter of stub which stood on the edge of the water. This plan so nearly succeeded that I got half way to the stub before the Ducks discovered me and flew. I fired both barrels at one of them but got only a few feathers. Spelman went to Moose Point and brought back a Grass Bird.

Black

Ducks

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1897.

Oct. 2. A superb day, cloudless and deliciously warm although the wind blew strong all day from the north west.

Spelman and I spent the day skirting the shores of the *North Bay*
North Bay, he in his open canoe, I in the sailing canoe. We saw
a good many Sheldrake one of which S. killed, stalking it as it *Yoursunday*
sat basking in the sun on the shore. I missed two long flying
shots. We lunched at the entrance of Sturtevant's Cove on a
clean sandy beach thickly marked with what I took to be Otter
tracks. About 30 Sheldrake and 10 or 12 Black Ducks flew out of
the cove when Spelman paddled around it. A Horned Greebe was *Horned*
fishing off shore. *Greebe*

Evening at Moose Point.

In the late afternoon we returned to Moose Point where we *Beetle-heads*
found two Beetle-head Plovers and a number of small waders. I *Pictoral*
shot a Pictoral, two Dunlins and a Bonaparte's Sandpiper. The *Dunlins*
evening flight of Duck was very light and we had no shots. Snipe *Bonaparte's*
came in at dusk in numbers, Dytiscus beetles were continually *Snipe*
rising from the marsh, a Horned Greebe mewed out on the Lake. *Dytiscus*

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Outlet Marshes, Sweet's M., Errol Hill Pond

Oct. 3.

Cloudless and very warm. Lake dead calm through the forenoon. A fresh South-east wind in P.M.

Spelman and I started off at 9 A.M. in the little open canoe crossing first to Moose Point where S. shot a Dunlin. Near the Outlet we found two Bonaparte's Sandpipers and a Beetle-Bonaparte's head Plover. The latter I shot flying after Spelman had fired Beetle-head at and missed it on the mud. Heading the canoe across Moll's Carry we paddled down river to Sweet's meadow seeing three Canada Jays on the way. There were no Ducks in Sweet's meadow. The water was very low and we had some difficulty in reaching the brook on the west shore where we lunched. A pool, where the brook empties, was literally alive with money bugs and water boatmen which had probably chosen it for a winter home. After Water Boatmen lunch we crossed the ridge to the little pond under Errol Hill. Errol Hill Pond. The paper birches along the trail were exceedingly beautiful for their foliage had reached the perfection of its autumn coloring, yet scarce a leaf had fallen. On the pond were three Whistlers, Whistlers a grayish-colored Duck which looked like a female Red-head, and Red head? Duck a Heron. We did not get a shot at any of these birds. Great Horned Heron

Returning to the boat we were about to embark when a Par-Partridgetridge came flying along the edge of the meadow and alighted on the ground among some alders. I shot at and wounded it but it flew away. We followed and I again fired at it on the ground.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1895.

Oct. 3. but it flew again. We found it dead a few rods beyond where
(no. 2) we lost sight of it. A little later a flock of 15 Black Ducks *Black Ducks*
came in and after circling many times alighted but it was too
late that we did not attempt to stalk them.

As we were paddling up the river a Pileated Woodpecker flew *Pileated W*
past within 20 yards "cackling" loudly- a fine bird worth coming
all the way from home to see. Near the mouth of the Megalloway *Robins*
we saw a large flock of Robins, fully 40 birds. *(a large flock)*

Evening at Richardson's Carry

It was late when we reached Richardson's Carry but we ran
the boat in shore and waited a little while in the hopes of
getting a shot at Ducks but none came near us. Snipe were *Snipe*
flying about in every direction and one drummed once directly *drumming*
over us. The Owls were hooting in the woods behind *Moll's Rock. -Bubo,*

At about 8 P.M. two parties were made up to hunt *Deer* by *a Deer*
jack light, Jim and Will going in the canoe to Glaspy Cove and *hunt by*
Spelman and Austen in my boat to Rapid River. No Deer were seen *jack light*
or heard by either party, but last night Jim and Will while out
with a jack saw one in Glaspy Cove and came very near getting a
shot.

Soon after sunrise this morning a Solitary Vireo began *Solitary Vireo*
singing near our camp and for more than an hour the woods rang
with his sweet voice. Chickadees, also, were singing and many

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 3. other small birds chirping and calling. I saw a beautiful
(no. 3) ~~Bar~~red-backed Woodpecker on the Spruce knoll and made some
notes on his call and behaviour.

Picoides
americanus *new*
camp

A Great Horned Owl hooted all the evening in the woods
behind the camp.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 4.

Cloudy with light South-east wind. A dismal day which we spent about camp.

Walter Marshes

In the afternoon we crossed the Lake in the canoes.

Spelman found four Bonaparte's Sandpipers on the flats at the *Bonaparte's* Outlet and shot two of them. I cruised about under sail and *Whistler* saw nothing but a Whistler and three Herons. *Herons*

Two Owls hooting all the evening, one behind camp, the other *Bubos* in the direction of Moll's Rock. *noisy*

Spelman left me about dark and rowed to Lakeside whence he *Spelman* starts for home to-morrow. *Lakeside*

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

1893.

Oct. 5.

Alternately cloudy and clear with light S.E. to W. winds. The weather continues warm for the season the thermometer these past three days ranging from 50 to 70.

The autumn foliage is passing its prime and the leaves are falling fast to-day. The first rain and strong wind will strip the birches and maples. The forests about the Lake shores and on the mountain slopes are like brilliant variagated carpets. The paper birches are old gold, the poplars and striped maples pure chrome yellow, the maples yellow orange and crimson. The dark spruces and balsams mingle most effectively with the deciduous trees

Spent the day at camp writing &c. Watched one Partridge drum this morning and noted a description of his performance on the spot. Few small birds about. A Nuthatch storing fir seeds in birch bark.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

1893.

Oct. 6.

An Indian summer day, cloudless, very warm and still, with butterflies and dragon flies out in numbers.

Spent the forenoon about camp. In the afternoon cut a trail past the cove and up the hill beyond to where Chase "logged" last winter. Passed some fine large spruces and hemlocks and one fir of unusual size.

Our Partridge did not drum at all during the morning but ^{Partridge} he began at about 4.30 P.M. I went at once to a point of observation which I had previously selected and watched him for nearly an hour making some good notes. All the while a Black-backed ^{Picoides arc.} Woodpecker was hammering away at a fallen spruce (the identical tree where the Barred-back was seen on the 3rd) not ten yard behind me and a Great-Horned Owl hooted occasionally in the hem- ^{Bubo} locks beyond.

At dusk an Owl which I have never heard before came close ^{fixed} to the camp making a noise much like the honk of a Goose but ^{hooting & hawking} hoarser and occasionally hooting. Its hoot was ho, ho-ho-ho, ho, ho, ho all the notes on the same key and equally emphasized, the tone most like that of the Barred Owl but softer and less deep.

Will and Jim heard the same bird in Glaspy Cove while out with the jack on the night of the 3rd but none of my four men

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 6. had ever heard it before. Its voice was loud and heavy suggest-
(no. 2) ing a large bird. Later in the evening we heard still another
new cry in the dense spruce woods behind camp. This was quoc,
quoc-quoc, very loud, much like the quack of a Duck but fuller
and rounder. Will thought it was the note of some Owl but it
was quite new to him as well as to all the rest of the party.

A Solitary Vireo was singing this morning and a Pileated
Woodpecker hammering and calling on the spruce knoll. Two
Canada Jays also passed near camp following the shore of the
Lake.

Solitary Vireo
Pileated W.
Canada Jays

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

1893.

Oct. 7.

It rained heavily in the night and a little during the forenoon. In the afternoon the sun came out but black clouds drifted slowly overhead bringing occasional showers. The weather continues remarkably warm for the season.

As I was eating breakfast the men were just beginning work ^{One of} on the western wing of the ~~camp~~. Suddenly Charlie who stood ^{my man} watching them gave a cry of horror, raised his hands to his face ^{has a} and rushed past into the camp. The next moment Austin appeared ^{bad} very pale and covered with blood, Jim and Will supporting him. ^{accident.} He had been holding a log while Will was chopping and the axe glanced and cut deep into his wrist completely severing the large cord which controls the thumb. We bandaged the wound as best we could and Will rowed him to Lakeside (in an hour and eight minutes) where he was at once driven to Andover. This accident cast a deep gloom over our little party. Will returned at noon.

I spent the forenoon in the camp writing. In the afternoon I spotted and partially cleared a trail to the northern end of Pine Point. The Black-backed Woodpecker was again at work on ^{Picoides are} his favorite spruce log and a Pileated Woodpecker was calling ^{Pileatus m.} not far off. The Partridge did not drum once to-day. Juncos ^{Small} and Hermit Thrushes flitting about in the undergrowth. A Winter ^{Woodhouse's} Wren very tame and curious coming within five or six feet of me ^{backs}

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 7. A shower drove me back before my work was finished. I had *a fine*
(no. 2) just reached camp when nine rifle shots were fired in quick *buck Deer*
succession in the direction of Moose Point. Presently Thurston *hurried on*
appeared and rowed into the landing to show us a fine buck he *Moose Point*
had killed. It entered the water near the Outlet and swam directly for Moose Point which it had nearly reached when the ninth shot (the only one that hit it) took effect in the neck killing it instantly. It had poorly shaped horns with five points and would weigh, I thought, fully 225 pounds. Its lay on its side in the bottom of the boat, the fore legs doubled the eyes wide open and not in the least dimmed or glazed. They seemed to look straight in my face with an expression of gentle curiosity but nothing of fear or pain. The bullet wound was invisible from where I stood and there was no blood stains, so that it was hard to realize that the beautiful creature was not alive. It had probably been driven to water by a hound which we could still hear baying on the opposite shore. (This Thurston (a young man from Errol) has been very lucky with large game. *Bull Moose*
He shot a very large bull Moose last year (in September) in the *shot near*
water near Moose Point. The head was so fine that it brought *Moose, 10.*
\$100.

The evening was still clear and warm. We sat in our open camp until ten o'clock talking and smoking. During this time

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

1893.

Oct. 7. nothing unusual was heard but soon after we had gone to bed the *Sh. Wren*
(no. 3) Owl which I had heard imperfectly and only a few times last even- *Owl*
ing began making the most unearthly sounds in the birch grove *beside our*
just west of the tents. The night was perfectly calm, and the *camping*
bird not 30 yards away. Its cries were loud enough to wake the *ground.*
soundest sleeper and sufficiently uncanny to make my flesh creep
and the cold shivers run up my back, despite my knowledge of
their origin, and the intense interest with which I listened to
them for nearly half an hour. The bird made three distinct
sounds which may be roughly characterized as a yell, a whistle
and a hoot. The yell was repeated from four to six times a min-
ute and was often continued for several minutes in succession.
Then the bird would hoot from one to three times and immediately
afterwards begin yelling again. It whistled only twice or
rather there were only two whistling periods. The yell varied
greatly in tone and expression and somewhat in form, one varia-
tion usually running gradually into another through intermediate
forms. The three typical or extreme forms were haink, very
similar to the cry of Ardra herodias, ah' ouk exceedingly like
the honk of the Canada Goose, and a snarling cat-like scream.
The haink was not louder than that of the Heron; the other cries
could probably have been heard a mile away.

The hoot ordinarily consisted of seven syllables (hoo, hoo-

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 7. hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo) with a distinct pause after the first and (no. 4) a slight pause after the sixth. An sl. wh. hoo was occasionally added, sometimes before, sometimes after the others. Once the bird called simply ho-ho-ho-ho-ho. Its voice when hooting was softer and less sonorous than that of the Great Horned Owl, less deep and hollow than that of the Barred Owl. Indeed, it was rather a coo than a hoot and possessed a gentle dove-like quality in strange contrast with the truly fiendish character of the yells which immediately preceded and followed it. It probably could not be heard at anything like the distances to which the hooting of the Barred and Horned Owls carries under favorable conditions.

The whistle is the same as that which we heard near the camp on the evenings of Sept. 26 and Oct. 5 and which we have hitherto attributed to a Saw-whet. It is possible of course that the whistle was made to-night by another bird but if so he and the hooter must have kept close company, for when the latter was behind the tent I heard both sounds in quick succession from apparently the same spot and later when the hooter had moved to the pines on the point near the landing the whistle came again thrice from that direction and on each occasion the yells ceased while the whistle was being given.

If I am not mistaken -and my men have the same impression-

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 7. this whistle was heard by us several evenings in 1889 and 1890
(no. 5) when we were in camp near Moll's Rock but the other cries, as
I have already said, are positively new to us all.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 8. Clear with light winds from every point of the compass.
Very warm for the season.

Sail on Lake.

Sailing on the Lake in the forenoon passing Moose Point and the Outlet. A Bonaparte's Sandpiper feeding on the flats. At *Bonaparte's* the latter was the only wader seen, a Whistler diving near Moose *Whistler* Point the only Duck. In the afternoon worked with Will on a trail from camp to Osgood's Point. The Partridge sat on his *Partridge* favorite log as I passed and Charlie heard him drumming afterwards. Very few small birds about to-day.

The evening was warm, still and cloudy. The jack light of some deer hunters glimmered faintly in the distance along the Block Island shore and at about 8 P.M. we heard them fire seven shots in quick succession.

A Horned Owl hooted five or six times ~~as twilight~~ was *dark* deepening into night and after I had gone to bed the deep sonorous voice of a Great Horned Owl came at regular intervals from the direction of Moll's Rock.

At frequent intervals during the evening and, at times, *Holboell's Grack* quite regularly, every half minute or so, a strange sound came to *calling at* our ears from the Lake, a sound which none of us had ever heard *night* before. To be more accurate there were two sounds which, although radically different, evidently proceeded from the same

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 8 source for one invariably accompanied or rather preceded the (no. 2.) other. The first was a peculiar pulsating whistle, hollow in tone and closely similar to the sound made by the wings of the Golden-eye. This was immediately followed by a strident crar-ar-r-r-r which was usually repeated two or three times. It was always preceded by and sometimes alternated with the whistle. Both sounds were loud enough to be easily heard at the distance of a mile or more. They came from the middle of the Lake and were distinctly made by some water fowl. Once the bird--whatever it was --flew up and down the Lake giving its strange cries repeatedly, as it passed our camp. Will thought that the whistle as well as the crar-ar-r-r-r was of vocal origin, and I had the same impression.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 9 Forenoon calm, clear and sultry--really oppressive in the sun.

Soon after breakfast we heard the same mysterious cries ^{very} *Holboell's Grebe* which I noted last night. They came from the direction of B. ^{calling by} Point off which floated a large bird which was too far away to ^{day} be made out distinctly, even with the aid of the glass, but which Jim Bernier, who came up on the steamer a little later, told me was a Red-necked Grebe. He knew this species perfectly well for I have shot several when with him. He says the steamer ran past it within short gunshot range and he had a perfectly good view of it. He also assures me that it was the only water bird of any kind which they saw above the Narrows & the Lake was as smooth as glass at the time. I now recollect hearing the crar-ar-r-r-r cry in Oct. 1890 and then attributing it to the Red-necked Grebe. While the evidence in the present case is not, of course, conclusive I have no doubt that the Grebe was the author, of these cries.

At about noon a threatening cloud rose in the west and we ^{Thunder} had two violent thunder showers which were ^{showers &} ~~succeeded~~ by a gale ^{a gale} from the north west which lasted all night. I have never known ^{of wind} the wind blow harder. At sunset the Lake was covered with great white-capped waves the crests of which were frequently picked up by the fierce gusts and carried in wreaths of snowy spray for

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 9 miles like drifting snow.

(no. 2) I spent the entire day about camp working with the men much of the time. Saw but few birds and nothing of especial interest.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 10. A gloomy day the sky filled with clouds which drove rapidly overhead, the Lake lashed by a furious north west wind.

In the forenoon walked nearly to Rapid River following a ^{Changed} ~~Methods of~~ spotted trail which led through an extensive tract devastated by ^{lumbering} Chase's lumbering gang last winter. The demand for small spruce logs for paper pulp has made a radical change in lumbering. Formerly only the large trees were cut; now almost everything is taken and the woods are being fast ruined. This tract presented a sad and depressing appearance. There were no birds except a few Chickadees and a Creeper or two.

In the afternoon I walked to Osgood's Point and afterwards ^{traps set for} ~~wood mice~~ set 24 traps for mice and ~~Shrews~~ No Owls in the early evening but when I went to bed a Grest Horned was hooting near Moll's ^{Bubo hooting} Point. Four shots were fired in quick succession at 9 P.M. in the direction of the Narrows--possibly a deer.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 11. A heavenly day, cloudless, very warm--yet not in the least sultry or oppressive--with light steady west wind.

As soon as breakfast was over I made the round of every trap and took from them four mice, three Red-backed and one White-footed: A fourth Red-backed was killed with a spade by one of the men. This "trapping gnomes" is indeed a fascinating pursuit and my first Red-back Mouse seemed as great a prize as a rare Warbler. I spent the forenoon skinning the specimens. In the afternoon sailed to the Outlet following the shore closely.

Near Moose Point a very large number of Sheldrake were swimming *Trapping for Wood Mice.* *Goosander* about in the shallow water or sitting on the beach. I counted forty-two and there were probably eight or ten more. Two *Whistlers* Whistlers were with them and three Great Blue Herons were standing on the shore a little beyond, the whole making a pretty picture of bird life. The only Wader on the flats at the Outlet was a Bonaparte's Sandpiper which was so tame that I had great *Bonaparte's* difficulty in making it fly. When I splattered water over it with the paddle it would dodge behind a tussock and then peep out at me. Although the evening was calm and mild we heard no Owls *The* hoot but the mysterious species came about the camp in the twilight and whistled a few times. *whistling Owl visits camp*

The woods were alive with small birds in the early evening

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point

Oct. II. but there was no singing. Our Solitary Vireo has not been heard
(no. 2) for several days and has doubtless departed. A flock of 12 *Bluebirds*
Bluebirds and one of 16 Robins passed high overhead at sunrise *Robins*
heading due south and doubtless migrating. *migrating at sunrise*

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 12. / Another glorious autumn day the morning especially perfect.

Chickadees, Kinglets, (satrapa) Nuthatches, Juncos, a Hermit *Early morning*
Thrush, a Winter Wren, and a Purple Finch flitting about the *at Pine Point.*
camp. Also a Black-backed Woodpecker on the trunk of a tall
dead spruce, hammering and calling. One of the Juncos sang steady- *again*
ly for several minutes. Out on the Lake a Gull floated on the *swinging*
calm water and a Horned Grebe was diving. Through the glass I *heard and*
could see Sheldrake and Whistlers swimming near the end of Moose
Point. Visiting the traps I found in them three Shrews (of two *species*
species) two Red-backed Mice and a White-footed Mouse. Four *Shrews taken*
more Red-backed Mice were caught during the day. They were evi- *on the*
dently by far the most numerous of the small mammals which in- *habit*
habit these woods yet had it not been for the cyclone trap I
might have continued to come here for twenty years more without
seeing, or at least recognizing one. Will Sargent says that they
do not lay up stores of food like the White-footed Mice. Our
traps have caught only two of the latter species.

In the afternoon I walked through the woods to Osgood's *Gooseanders*
Cove where I found some Sheldrake. They swam about, fished play-
ed, washed and dressed their plumage, and dozed on the rocks
during the half hour that I watched them. There was also a Tree *Tree*
Sparrow, the first I have seen, in alders near the water. *Tree Sparrow*

Although the evening was calm and very warm we heard only

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 12. one Owl, a Great Horned, hooting on the Moll's Rock shore. *15 min hooting*
(no. 2)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 13. A sunny day the warmest of this phenomenally warm October. Lake perfectly calm from sunrise to sunset. Sky slightly dimmed by filmy clouds and mountains obscured by dense plum-colored haze

The early morning was even more beautiful than that of *Early morning* yesterday. I awoke at daybreak and for more than an hour lay *at Pine Point* looking out of my tent down the Lake. A dense bank of fog hung over the lower arm of the Lake extending a little above the Narrows where it ended in a wall, as abrupt and well defined as the face of an iceberg. The outline scarce moved or changed its shape but the rising sun tinged it first with rose, next with rich salmon.

Bird voices
There were many bird sounds. Fox Sparrows clucked and chirped, Juncos twittered, Crows cawed, Jays screamed, a Woodpecker drummed and Robins called on every side. But the first bird I heard was a Hermit Thrush which sang gloriously (although in low tones) directly in front of the tent. Out on the Lake a Loon laughed again and again. Soon after sunrise a loud hoarse cry rang out very near. I took it at first for the voice of our mysterious Owl and rushed out of the tent at once feeling sure of getting a good view of the bird, but it proved to be a Great Blue Heron which was perched in the top of the tall pine in front of the camp.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 13. Our Partridge began drumming as soon as it was fairly light (no. 2.) and kept it up for an hour or more (he was silent all day yesterday) (My three men looked at him in turn through the glass and all agreed with me that his wings did not strike his body. (see notes). *Partridge drumming*

After breakfast a 6 Banded Woodpecker came about calling incessantly and flying from tree to tree finally alighting on the front of the camp the logs of which he tapped *Picoides americanus*

A Pine Grosbeak also paid us a visit and I heard a Pine Finch and a Purple Finch. A Pileated Woodpecker swept past our very door and seeing us rose above the trees and flew off across the Lake flapping steadily like a Jay or Crow. I had only seven traps set last night but they caught two Red-backed Mice and a tiny Shrew like the two that I skinned yesterday. This must be the smallest of our mammals. *Pine Grosbeak*
" Finch
Purple "
Pileated W.
Mouse
Shrew

In the forenoon a Golden-crested Kinglet sang many times in succession near the place where we were at work on a trail. *Golden Crested Kinglet*

In the afternoon I walked through the woods to Osgood's Cove. Two Black Ducks feeding there very alert and suspicious. They finally saw me and flew. *Black Ducks*

It was a little after sunset when I got back to camp and

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Pine Point.

Oct. 13. and went out on the extreme end of Pine Point in the hope of *Am. Goshawks*
(no. 3.) getting a shot at Sheldrake which I had observed flew past this *shot off*
point with some regularity at morning and evening. A flock of *ten birds*
five passed soon after my arrival and I brought down one with *no wing*
my first shot missing with the other barrel. A few minutes *flashed*
later three birds came and this time I made ^a successful double
shot. No one of these birds was killed outright. Don followed
and captured the first after a long swim, and we had to use a
canoe to overtake the other two. / As we were returning an immen- *Atalapha*
se Bat, which I took to be *Atalapha cinerea*, passed over us high *seen*
up flying very fast and in a nearly straight course.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 14. A wild day on the Lake. The wind blowing a gale from the *Heavy* south all the forenoon with frequent heavy *gale* showers. In the afternoon the sun peeped out every now and then and the wind sank for an hour or two then blew again with great violence far into the night.

The steamer was to have called for us about noon. She did indeed come up the Lake and touched at Moll's Rock taking off a Mr. Mills who has been camping there but when she put about and attempted to cross to our shore the Captain with good reason became frightened, for the boat made slow headway against the wind, and the waves broke entirely over her, threatening to extinguish the fires. As we watched her we could see the spray fly over the top of the smoke stack. She returned directly to Lakeside.

All the while big waves beat ceaselessly on the rocks in front of our camp and the wind roared and whistled overhead. The tall pines tossed and swayed, and one after another, at wide intervals, three large firs came crashing down not thirty yards in our rear. A big birch which leans directly over my tent started a crack that extended from the ground to a height of six feet or so. This crack kept opening and shutting as the blasts came and passed but the tree stood through the gale nevertheless.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 14. After dinner we decided to each take a boat and make the ^{We break}
(no. 2.) attempt to reach Lakeside. The wind had fallen considerably but ^{Camp &}
we met an ugly head sea as soon as we got of our sheltered little ^{return to}
cove and our progress was at first slow and uncomfortable for the ^{hook up}
boats all shipped more or less water. I went in the sailing ^{in boat}
canoe and used the double paddle. By the time we reached Metal-
luc Island all the strength had left my arms (although I was not
otherwise tired) and the men by turns had to tow me through the
Narrows. The wind meanwhile had sunk to a mere breeze but
before we reached Great Island it began blowing a gale again.
Jim attempted to tow me still further but the rope parted three
times in succession under the strain of the big waves. After a
short consultation it was decided to leave the canoe at the
Tidswell place, whence I walked through the woods to Jim McLeod's
while the men kept on with the boats. I found the trail ob-
structed by many freshly fallen trees and it was nearly dark
before I reached my destination where Jim met me and ferried me
across to Lakeside. During the passage of the Lake we were treat-
ed to a succession of the most beautiful cloud effects. Every
now and then the clouds would part and reveal a mountain, on
which perhaps, the sunlight shone. Then they would close in
again as black as midnight. There were several fine rainbows ^{Bonaparte}
We saw but five birds, several Sheldrake, three Bonaparte's ^{Gulls}
Gulls flying together over the Lake near B. Cove and just below

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Oct. 14. the Narrows, a Mallard flying in company with four Black Ducks. *Mallard*
(no. 3) In the woods I heard Robins, Juncos, Hermit Thrushes, Kinglets, *Small*
and Chickadees. *no. 10000 8000*

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1893.

Lakeside

Oct. 15. Another wild day with violent westerly wind and frequent brief showers.

Spent the forenoon settling matters of business. Austen appeared with his hand still in a sling but doing well he said. Mr. Sherman also made me a visit.

Mr. Sherman

In the afternoon Will and Jim helped me to collect a number Collecting of young trees and shrubs, for transplanting, -firs, spruces of two kinds both kinds, striped maples, yellow, hobble birch etc. I was much to carry him surprised while thus employed to hear a Purple Finch in full Purple Finch song at intervals, although the sky was cloudy and the wind in full song blowing and roaring through the tree tops at the time.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1898.

Lakeside to Bethel.

Oct. 16. Colder, the wind north west and still blowing strongly.

Frequent squalls with snow or hail.

Left Lakeside at 9 A.M. and drove through to Bethel in about five hours. Roads in terrible condition after the recent heavy rains. A great many small birds by the way, chiefly Juncos, Small Song and Tree Sparrows, Whitethroats, Jays, Robins etc. Flocks birds of Titlarks whirling about the fields on Upton Hill and in Gratton. A fine old Red-tailed Hawk perched on a tree by the road- Red Tail Hawk. side just above the Notch. A Lincoln's Sparrow plainly seen Lincoln's and positively identified in Newry. It was feeding in the road Lincoln's and flew to a fence rail when disturbed by our approach.

Birds noted at Lake Umbagog, Maine in Sept & Oct. 1893.

(Annotated lists in Note Books)

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 <i>Sialia sialis</i> | 32 <i>Otocoris alpestris</i> . |
| 2 <i>Merula migratoria</i> | 33 <i>Scolecophagus carolinus</i> . |
| 3 <i>Turdus pallasi</i> . | 34 <i>Perisoreus canadensis</i> . |
| 4 <i>Parus atricapillus</i> . | 35 <i>Cyanocitta cristata</i> . |
| 5 <i>Parus hudsonius</i> . | 36 <i>Corvus americanus</i> . |
| 6 <i>Regulus calendula</i> . | 37 <i>Ceryle alcyon</i> . |
| 7 <i>Regulus satrapa</i> . | 38 <i>Picoides arcticus</i> . |
| 8 <i>Empidonax hyemalis</i> . | 39 <i>Picoides americanus</i> . |
| 9 <i>Citta canadensis</i> . | 40 <i>Dryobates villosus</i> . |
| 10 <i>Certhia americana</i> . | 41 <i>Dryobates pubescens</i> . |
| 11 <i>Anthus pennsylvanicus</i> . | 42 <i>Troglodytes pileatus</i> . |
| 12 <i>Dendroica virens</i> . | 43 <i>Cataglyphis aculeatus</i> . |
| 13 <i>Dendroica coronata</i> . | 44 <i>Bubo virginianus</i> . |
| 14 <i>Cathartes trichas</i> . | 45 <i>Syrnium cinerea?</i> |
| 15 <i>Vireo olivaceus</i> . | 46 <i>Syrnium nebulosa</i> . |
| 16 <i>Vireo solitarius</i> . | 47 <i>Nyctale acadica?</i> |
| 17 <i>Tinicola canadensis</i> . | 48 <i>Accipiter cooperi</i> . |
| 18 <i>Caprimulgus vociferans</i> . | 49 <i>Accipiter velox</i> . |
| 19 <i>Lopia minor</i> . | 50 <i>Buteo borealis</i> . |
| 20 <i>Spinus tristis</i> . | 51 <i>Falciatus leucocephalus</i> . |
| 21 <i>Spinus pinus</i> . | 52 <i>Bonasa togata</i> . |
| 22 <i>Poocetes gramineus</i> . | 53 <i>Larus canadensis</i> . |
| 23 <i>Ammodramus savanna</i> . | 54 <i>Charadrius virginianus</i> . |
| 24 <i>Junco hyemalis</i> . | 55 <i>Charadrius belveticus</i> . |
| 25 <i>Spizella monticola</i> . | 56 <i>Philohela minor</i> . |
| 26 <i>Spizella socialis</i> . | 57 <i>Gallinago delicata</i> . |
| 27 <i>Zonotrichia albicollis</i> . | 58 <i>Tringa maculata</i> . |
| 28 <i>Melospiza fasciata</i> . | 59 <i>Tringa fuscicollis</i> . |
| 29 <i>Melospiza georgiana</i> . | 60 <i>Tringa alpina</i> . |
| 30 <i>Melospiza lincolni</i> . | 61 <i>Ereunetes pusillus</i> . |
| 31 <i>Passerella iliaca</i> . | 62 <i>Totanus flavipes</i> . |

Birds noted at Benton Umbagog, Maine in Sept & Oct. 1893.

(Compiled from Annotated lists in note Books)

- 63 *Phyacephalus solitarius*.
- 64 *Chalaropus filicarius*.
- 65 *Holox herodias*.
- 66 *Pezomachus carolinus*.
- 67 *Anas obscura*.
- 68 *Tringa borealis*.
- 69 *Spermophila discors*.
- 70 *Actitis hypoleucos*.
- 71 *Colaptes auratus*.
- 72 *Fulix marila*.
- 73 *Melanocitta velutina*.
- 74 *Oidemia americana*.
- 75 *Oidemia* — ?
- 76 *Eristalis rubida*.
- 77 *Merganser americanus*.
- 78 *Larus smithsonianus*.
- 79 *Larus philadelphia*.
- 80 *Limosa longirostris*.
- 81 *Podiceps cornutus*.
- 82 *Podiceps holboellii*.
- 83 *Podilymbus podiceps*.

Game Birds and Water Fowl killed at L. Umbagog, Maine.

1893

September

October.

By W. Brewster

22 25 26 27 28 30

2 3 4 13

| | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|---|---|----|---|---|---|---|----------|
| <u>Woodcock</u> | 1 | | | | | | | 1 |
| <u>Wood Duck</u> | | 1 | 1 | | 1 | | | 3 |
| <u>Black "</u> | | | | 1 | | | | 1 |
| <u>Wilson's Snipe</u> | | | 1 | | | | | 1 |
| <u>Pectoral Sandp.</u> | | 4 | 14 | 2 | | 1 | | 21 |
| <u>Bonaparte's "</u> | | | | 1 | | 1 | | 2 |
| <u>Carolina Rail</u> | | | 2 | | | | | 2 |
| <u>Dunlin</u> | | | | | 2 | | | 2 |
| <u>Sheldrake</u> | | | | | | 3 | | 3 |
| <u>Ruffed Grouse</u> | | | | | | | 1 | 1 |
| | | | | | | | | <hr/> 37 |

By H. M. Spelman

| | | | |
|------------------------|---|---|----|
| <u>Black Duck</u> | 1 | | 1 |
| <u>Pectoral Girdle</u> | 3 | 7 | 10 |
| Bonaparte's " | | 2 | 2 |
| <u>Sheldrake</u> | 1 | | 1 |
| | | | 14 |

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 25.

Clear, still, warm,--the typical weather thus far this remarkable month. Since I returned from Umbagog (on the 18th) there has not only been no frost but the weather has been really uncomfortably warm. The gardens are still bright with flowers--and last night autumn crickets were chirping outside my window although most of the trees are as leafless as in the winter.

I came to Concord on the 22nd driving up from West Newton having agreed to shoot with Melvin every day this week. It rained heavily all day on the 23rd and during the morning of the 24th, which I spent at Cambridge.

I drove to Carlisle this morning and with Melvin beat all the Woodcock ground we know in this region about the Parker Lot. We started nothing but four exceedingly wild Partridges and did not fire a shot all day. Small birds were rather numerous, especially Robins and Juncos. I returned to the Thoreau House (where I am staying) before sunset.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 26. Clear and cooler. Ther. 36° at sunrise.

Drove to Carlisle at 8 A.M. and met Melvin at Mr. Robbins's. We beat Farrar's Hill, Melvin's Run, Woodcock Hole, Parker's Lot and Wadleigh's Run without starting a single Woodcock. Flushed 5 Partridges, one of which I killed. In the afternoon drove to the hill top west of Carlisle where we found four Partridges. I fired twice, one a long shot, the other through dense bush. We did not get a single bird, We had three shots, two very fair, open ones. In another place, a swampy run, we started two more Partridges but did not shoot at either.

On my way home at evening I drove directly beneath a Red-tailed Hawk that was sitting in an elm over the road. He flew when I stopped the horse. A Hairy Woodpecker in a wild apple tree was the only interesting small bird seen during the day.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 27. Cloudy with damp, warm S. wind and every indication of rain which, however, did not come.

To Ball's Hill at 8.30 A.M. driving to the Buttrick's and thence sailing down in the Stella Mario. The wind was light at first but it gradually increased to a strong breeze. The aquatic and semi-aquatic vegetation is now as lifeless and brown as in midwinter but the pastures are still green. Saw one dragon-fly and several butterflies.

There were a good many birds--a Red-shouldered Hawk, a fine old male, was sitting on a fence post eating what seemed to be a mouse, which it held down under its feet, drawing out a long string of entrails and swallowing them with some difficulty.

A large flock of Crows were assembled in the chestnuts on Holden's Hill making a great clamor and finally going off Southward. I counted 52. A little later the lisping calls of Robins attracted my attention to a flock of 47 of these birds which were passing over at a height of fully 1000 feet. They were steering due south and unquestionably were migrating at the time (about 10 A.M.). Ten or a dozed Tree Sparrows were rollicking in an alder thicket on the river bank. One of them sang a number of times. Its voice was as loud and sweet as in spring. Tit-larks were flying about over the meadows piping but most of them

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 27. were single birds although once I saw five of them together.

(no. 2) I dined at the cabin and walked through the woods to Holden's Hill in the forenoon, - to Davis's swamp in the afternoon. Met two flocks of Chickadees and a few Tree Sparrows and started one Partridge. As I was crossing the large opening just north of Ball's Hill Swamp a Fox trotted out of the bushes into the path not thirty yards from me. I stopped instantly and squeaked a little. He took a few steps towards me stopped, looked at me a moment without apparent fear, then turned and trotted off along the path through the swamp. As soon as he disappeared among the bushes I followed walking very fast but silently. When I reached the further side of the swamp I again saw him still trotting on sedately across an opening. He was a large Fox of somewhat peculiar coloring- a dull yellowish brown with very gray about the head and back. I was struck by the crafty almost sinister expression of his face when he looked towards me. From the top of Bensen's Hill I saw a large water bird swimming about near the lower end of Pad Island, As I watched it, it began diving disappearing with all the grace and ease of a Grebe and remaining under water for a somewhat unusual length of time. It was so far away that I could not identify it even by the aid of my glass but a little later I went to the place in my canoe and the only bird I could find there was a Coot (*Ferlica*) which swam into the reeds as I approached. Lower down (a little below

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 27. Davis's Hill) I saw three Pied-billed Greebes together. They
(no. 3.) took to diving before I got very near.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 28 Morning rainy, afternoon clear.

I spent the day in Cambridge where I saw White-throats in
ourgarden and heard a Brown Creeper.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 29. Clear and much cooler with blustering wind.

In the forenoon I drove to Goose and Sandy Ponds. The former was exceedingly beautiful with much brilliant coloring about the shores. Jays screaming, a flock of Juncos among scrub oaks, a fine cock Partridge crossed the road in front of the horse and, with expanded ruffs and tail, scuttled off through the bushes until nearly out of sight; then flew.

To Ball's Hill at 10 A.M. sailing down. The wind very strong and gusty, the river white-capped opposite the Hill. In the afternoon walked to Davis's Hill but saw nothing except a Yellow-rump, three Song Sparrows and a flock of Chickadees. Red Squirrels are exceedingly numerous in my woods this autumn. The abundant crop of pine cones probably forms the attraction. I saw no less than five on the 27th and three to-day. A hard paddle up river against the strong wind. A flock of 37 Titlarks flying over the meadows, and a few Crows were the only birds I saw. Heard a Swamp Sparrow chirping.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 30. Clear, with moderate W. wind. Early morning cold (25°) but most of day delightful.

Drove to Carlisle at 8 A.M. meeting Melvin at Mr. Robbins's. We beat Farrar's Hill, Woodcock Hole, Woodcock Flat, and Parker Lot without seeing any sign of a Woodcock. Concluding that the birds had all gone south we turned our attention to Partridges which we hunted the remainder of the day chiefly in Gallagher's run and at Robbins's Mills. Started 26 birds in all, I killed two, Melvin nothing. One of my birds flew out of sight and was afterwards found dead by Don. Both dogs worked beautifully, making a number of points. I missed one very fine shot and two long and difficult ones. Small birds scarce to-day. Saw nothing of especial interest.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 31. Clear and cold with moderate N.W. wind.

To Carlisle at 8 A.M. Melvin returned to Newton last evening but Mr. Robbins agreed at once to go with me to-day. We drove to Gallagher's and spent the forenoon beating the ground thereabouts putting up six Partridges. Four of them were together among dense young pines on the edge of an opening. They rose one after the other in quick succession and I fired three shots missing with the first two (which were not good chances) and killing the third bird, at which Mr. Robbins also fired. The afternoon was spent about Robbins 's Mills where we started 11 Partridges. Don pointed one in a pasture where it burst suddenly out from some trailing blackberry vines within a yard of me giving me a perfectly open and very easy shot. Another rose from some bushes on the border of a brook but although I had a very good shot I missed. A moment later a third bird started and flew past me over Mr. Robbins--we both fired and the bird fell. After this we tramped for hours through the densest covers flushing a number of wild birds but getting only one difficult shot, which I missed. Heard a Red-tailed Hawk uttering the Blue-Jay-like scream and saw a Hairy Woodpecker and a Yellow Red-poll Warbler. There were few small birds about to-day. A small flock of Robins, two Juncos, several Fox Sparrows, a number of Tree Sparrows, two Hermit Thrushes and a few Jays being all that

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Oct. 31. I noticed. It is evident that the bulk of the Juncos and Tree
(no. 2) Sparrows had passed south before I began shooting here.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Nov. I.

Clear with strong South wind. Early morning very cold (the ground frozen hard for the first time this autumn) but the middle of the day soft and warm with crickets chirping again in the fields.

Spent the day hunting Partridges going over precisely the same ground as yesterday, but this time alone. Started 16 and bagged 3, firing 11 shots. Most of the misses were hard snap shots but two were fairly good chances. One of my birds was shot sitting being started by the dog and taking a pine where it perched low down on a dead branch. I have had singularly bad luck with straight away shots this autumn, but have missed almost no good cross shots—the reverse of my usual experience in Partridge shooting.

While looking for a Partridge among some dense young pines in the heart of an extensive tract of woodland, I came upon a Northern Shrike. The dog started it from the ground when it flew up into a pine and sat erect and still, looking down at me.

On the wooded hillside east of Robbins's Mills and two hundred yards or more from the brook among large white pines not far from a wood path, I found a balsam fir about 8 feet in height very vigorous and healthy looking, the first of its kind that I have ever detected in this region. It hardly seems possible

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Nov. 1. that its presence in this remote place can be due to any other
(no. 2) than natural causes.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Nov. 2.

Clear with strong W. wind. A beautiful day just pleasantly warm the air dry and bracing.

To Ball's Hill at 9 A.M. sailing down. The strong steady wind drove the canoe through the water as swiftly as a steam launch. Dined at the cabin and spent the afternoon cutting down trees on the Blackmore land. Very few small birds about. Heard a Robin and saw Tree Sparrows along the river. A Pied-billed Grebe was diving opposite the cabin in the afternoon.

Sensational, 1893.

1893.

Nov. 3.

Very still the sky overcast most of the day with a dash of rain in the forenoon. The sun just ~~before~~ setting peeped out beneath the curtain of clouds that hung low in the west.

Drove to Ball's Hill at 9 A.M. and spent most of the day there. There was a flock of fully 30 Robins in Benson's field and upwards of 200 Crows passed overhead in the early afternoon flying southward. A brown Marsh Hawk was beating about over the meadows in the forenoon.

At 3 P.M. drove to Faltyland where Harry Tuttle started four Partridges yesterday. He was very confident that I should find them in the same place to-day and to my surprise he proved to be right. At least I found a bird in each place, one under a wild apple tree in a fence corner, the other on the edge of a swamp. The first gave me an open shot but I had to fire very quickly and missed. The second rose among dense brush and I missed with the first barrel but an instant later it (the bird) rose above the trees and my second barrel killed it at long range. After this I walked around the pond starting another Partridge among some pines and seeing a Black-poll Warbler in birches. It was dark when I reached the house.

Concord, Mass.

1898.

Nov. 4.

Cloudy with rain beginning at about 10 A.M. and continuing into the night.

Although the morning was dark and lowering, the north wind and some light streaks along the western horizon gave some promise when I started for Carlisle at 8 A.M. that the day might be fair. False hope! By 10 o'clock it began raining and before noon the woods were drenched and too uncomfortable to afford us any pleasure.

I had agreed to shoot to-day with Arthur Robbins who took me first to Melvin's Upper Run where we started three Partridges one of which R. shot. We next beat Gallagher's Run which proved a blank as far as game was concerned, but I killed a Saw-whet Owl there. It was in a grove of tall young white pines sitting erect on a branch close to the trunk surrounded by an excited and very noisy mob of Chickadees and Kinglets. There were at least twenty of the former and as many of the latter. The Chickadees kept up an incessant dee-dee-dee and the Kinglets a tsee-tsee-tsee and both flitted around the little Owl in a circle of two or three yards in diameter thus betraying the exact position of the object of their fear and hatred. As is usual on such occasions they all became silent and flew off in various directions when I walked in under the tree.

Concord, Mass.

1893.

Nov. 4. In a brushy corner beyond Gallagher's we started three Partridges one of which tried to pass me to the right an error which cost it its life. It was a fine young cock in the gray phase of plumage. Although it was rainy when we reached the buggy we drove to the Carlisle station and beat an extensive tract of woods where we found two Partridges both of which rose wild and went off unshot at. A large swamp here was filled with larches and black spruces and a neighboring hilly pasture was thickly studded with both these trees, which gave the place a distinctly northern aspect. Some of the spruces in the swamp were 30 to 40 feet in height with stems 5 or 6 inches in diameter. Those in the pastures were remarkably vigorous and flourishing. There were also extensive beds of bear berry vines.

The drive back to town in the rain was chilly and disagreeable. Saw two large flocks of Tree Sparrows by the roadside.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

May, 9.

Cloudless with light N. wind a beautiful late autumn day with cool sparkling air.

In the early forenoon I walked eastward from town about half a mile crossing first a hilly pasture where the sandy foot-path was dotted thickly with the tracks of Skunks and Foxes, next passing through a weed grown vineyard alive with Juncos and Tree Sparrows, and finally entering the woods on the ridge behind the Moore farm. A broad wood path led down past a little pond entirely encircled by woods. Here I lay down in the sun under a pine for half-an-hour or more. Chickadees were chirping and Jays screaming near at hand and occasionally a Crow and once a Red-shouldered Hawk passed overhead. A yellow butterfly and several hornets flitted about in the sun although the air was sharp and frosty.

On the way back Don ran down into a deep hollow thickly grown up to pines and presently I heard four Partridges fly in quick succession. Two of them came towards me and crossed the wood path within three or four rods of me giving me very easy shots had I had a gun. The spot where I saw the birds was but little more than a quarter of a mile from the heart of the village. Besides the birds above mentioned I saw during this walk a Nuthatch, (in the cemetery) and several Goldfinches.

Concord, Mass.

1893

Nov. 11

Clear, calm, and for the season, very warm.

Went to Concord this morning by the 9.23 A.M. C. and E. R. S. accompanying me. After laying in a stock of provision in the village we were driven to Ball's Hill where we dined together in the cabin. E. R. S. returned to Cambridge by an afternoon train but C. spent the night with me.

After dinner I walked for an hour or more visiting Holden's Hill and Benson's Hill. Started a Partridge among pines and saw a flock of Chickadees and another of Tree Sparrows. The last were among bushes on the river bank and every few minutes one or more of them would sing nearly as well as in spring.

From Benson's Hill we espied a Coot (*Fulca*) swimming about in the river at the lower end of Pad Island, its white bill and lateral under tail coverts showing plainly although it was then or four hundred yards away. As we were watching it Evans's Steam Launch appeared and when it reached Pad Island three shots were fired by some one in the bows. He feared at first that our Coot was the victim but through my glass I distinctly made out the bird which one of the men lifted from the water to be a Red-billed Grebe.

Concord, Mass.

1893
Nov. 12

Cloudy and nearly or quite calm most of the day the air, especially in the afternoon, peculiarly soft and fragrant.

At daybreak C. heard a Screech Owl waiting near the cabin. When I stepped outside a little after sunrise Snow Buntings were whistling over the meadows, apparently high in air.

C. left for Cambridge soon after breakfast and Spelman arrived a little later having ridden from Cambridge on his bicycle. We took a short walk in the park doing nothing of much interest but before this—at about 8.30 a.m.—I rambled off alone and met with a number of birds. The first were a large flock of Tree Sparrows on the edge of Brewster's field. They were flitting about among some bushes and there was a good deal of really fine singing from the old males. In the pines near the glacial hollow I & eight Chipping Sparrows, a Red-bellied Nuthatch and a Golden-creeper were busy feeding. The Nuthatch, a fine male, was ~~also~~ extracting the birds from pitch-pine cones.

Looking off on the river I quickly discovered two Coots, one in precisely the same spot where the bird was seen last evening, the other a little above well out in the open water, both swimming about in various ways, feeding, this bird, and picking up food of some kind from the water. A Red-bellied Hawk was also in sight perched on a ~~branch~~ near the river.

In the afternoon Spelman & I took a long walk to Brewster's fine old woods and beyond, started two large flocks of Sparrows from weed fields. One flock contained over 40 Tree Sparrows and two or three juncos, the other about 15 juncos, 8 Fox Sparrows & 10 or 30 Tree Sparrows. We also saw a flock of 14 Fox Sparrows among pines. It was night & very dark when we reached the cabin.

1893

Nov. 12

(No 2)

Cane creek, Minn.

At about 9 P.M. as we were sitting in the cabin with the door open a Fox began barking on the meadow directly across the river and apparently very near the water's edge. Strangely enough it was the first time that I had ever heard the sound but I have questioned many people about it that I recognized its author at once. There were about 8 barks in all, delivered in a regular series with rather long pauses between the notes. The first two were different from the rest and not unlike the cry of a Night Heron Spelman thought. The next five were so very similar to the bark of a small dog that I should not have noticed them especially had I heard them near a house or village. The last note was wholly different from any sound that a dog ever makes. Several of the hunters at Umbagog have described this terminal cry as a "squall" and I can think of no better term for it was much like the howl of an angry cat. There was something about the whole series of cries or barks peculiarly spiteful and defiant as if the animal were hurling across at us from his stronghold on the lonely shore a challenge of hatred and scorn. There is a new catch on Bell's Hill very near the cabin and the Fox which imitates it has been repeatedly seen by Benson & Pat and once by me this autumn.

The bark of
the Fox

Red Squirrels are very numerous in my woods this season. I had five in sight at once this morning in the pines near the Glacial Hollow. They have probably been attracted to this locality by the abundance of white pine cones. We saw only one Gray Squirrel to-day.

Squirrels

1893.

Nov. 13

Cowd, Mass.

Cloudy with patches of blue sky showing every now & then.
A strong, rather chilly W. wind.

At daybreak the Screech Owl paid us another visit
giving the coo-coo-coo cry very near our little house.

Spelman mounted his river boat and hurried off
to catch an early train having us to put the house's
cabin effects in order. After accomplishing this I
spent the remainder of the forenoon peering down
of the young pines on the Blakmore ridge from the
two close embraces of the crowded young oaks which have
been growing up around them. The weather was so
gloomy and windy that the small birds kept out
of sight & hearing. I noted only a few Crows and
Jays flying over.

After a solitary dinner in the cabin I got
Benson to ferry me across the river and caught
the 3.25 train at the W. Bedford Station, reaching
Cambridge on home later.

Concord, Mass.

List of Game birds killed.

1893.

| <u>Oct.</u> | 26.-- | 30.-- | 31. | <u>November.</u> | I.-- | 3.-- | 4.-- | Total. |
|--------------------|-------|-------|-----|------------------|------|------|--------|--------|
| <u>Partridges.</u> | I.-- | 2.-- | 3. | | 3.-- | I.-- | I. --- | II. |

Cambridge & Watertown, Mass.

1893

Dec. 7

Cloudy and calm. a dense blue haze shrouding the
landscape.

Winter came suddenly this year - on the 5th when
about eight inches of snow fell. It has been cold since
and the skinking is now excellent. I drove around
Mt. Auburn and Fresh Pond this morning with
The river was full of floating ice over which a few
Crows were hovering. In the pine woods just
beyond where Arsenal Brook passes under the road
the Robins flew out as we approached. All looked
like males. A Flicker was also seen on this stretch
of road.

Fresh Pond was open (some of the coves were frozen over)
and at least three hundred Herring Gulls were resting,
near the middle floating on the water in a broad
straight band two hundred yards or more in width.
I saw nearly double as many in the same place
last month. The park watchman, it is said, shoot
at these birds a good deal with rifles in the
vain attempt to drive them away from the pond
because they are thought to pollute the water being,
as one of the men said to my informant, "unclean
birds". The amount of lead which is discharged
into the water does not seem to be considered. The
truth of the matter is that Clark, the head of the
park force, is an old sportsman (he used to shoot
ducks on the pond in the old days) and he
is glad to invent a pretext for indulging in his
taste.

Concord, Mass.

1893
Dec. 8

Cloudless, calm and for the season warm although the thermometer fell to 20° last night.

Took the 9.15 A. M. train for Concord. The trees, bushes, tall weeds etc. were thickly encrusted with hoar frost (which melted & disappeared before noon, however). One apparition bed which I saw from the car window was the most beautiful thing of all - a delicate tracing in white against a white background.

At Concord I heard in the village a White breasted Nuthatch and saw a Shrike among the evergreens near North Bridge. The drive to Benson's was delightful for the thrilling was perfect and the air crisp & bracing yet wholly without chill. [A few Crows flying about over the fields, a Cuckoo in an elm, and a Blue Jay flitting through an orchard, and a flock of jolly 20 Tree Sparrows along the roadside on the east slope of Parkstone Hill were the only birds seen by the way. There were 8 or 10 more Tree Sparrows and one Junco feeding in a weed patch just below Benson's barn.]

Birds seen

I walked across the fields to Benson's knoll and thence through the swamp to the cabin. My Fox had gambled about freely since the snow fall and I found where he had dug out and eaten a mouse and again where he had apparently devoured a Rabbit whose fur was scattered about in little tufts on the snow. Fox tracks led into & from both entrances to the new cattle at the east end of the Hall's Hill ridge and just outside one of the holes lay a short-tailed by a Fox. Snow which although badly mottled and with the skull

Fox signs

Bears killed

Concord, Mass

1893

Dec. 8
(No 2)

Crushed to a jelly was intact. Apparently the Fox had brought it from some distance but why had he taken this trouble since, evidently, he had not cared to eat it. It had been dead some days at least.

Crows were flying to & fro over the river at intervals and one alighted on the ice within twenty yards or less of the cabin and devoured some decayed apples which I had thrown out.

Crows

I dined alone in the cabin and at 3.30 P.M. walked to Burrin's where the Horse & Rider met me & took me back to town where I caught the 4.17 train for Cambridge.

The river was completely frozen over at Ball's Mill and nearly everywhere else save at the most rapid stretches but the ice looked treacherous and I dared not cross to W. Bedford.]

I saw surprisingly few tracks in the woods & fields - those of Gray Squirrels in two or three places, one of a Red Squirrel, one of a Partridge, less than half a dozen mouse trails and not one of a Rabbit. Can it be that the Rabbits do not ramble about as much at this season or have the Foxes caught them all? I should fully expect to find the snow bedded all over with their footprints in the Ball's Mill Swamp but it was unmarked save by two Fox trails both looking thought across.

Scarcity of
tracks of
small mammals
no Rabbit tracks



